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IN WAR TIME.

V.

SEVERAL days had elapsed since the rebel captain lay dying in the hospital. He had been buried quietly, with but two mourners, Miss Wendell and his child, and the world of events had gone by and left him. The child remained for the present at Dr. Wendell's; and now it was night in his house, and Hester was safe in bed in Ann's room, while the brother and sister sat in the little library. The last few days had been full of unusual incidents, which were to be more fertile in consequences than they could guess; and the woman had been busy, and the man, for once, hard-worked. The hospital was full to overflowing, and the largest affair in his life as a physician had come to him in the shape of a request to take charge of Major Morton, whose country home lay within a mile or two of the doctor's house. Altogether Wendell was pleased and busy. The new call flattered and interested him, and was professionally a distinct lift. Ann herself regarded the matter as proof of her brother's fitness, and, in her calm New England way, as a substantial gain, to be dealt with as a new duty, and used as a means to get on honestly. For Wendell it was more complicated. He felt, or believed himself, equal to any medical call upon his intelligence,—a feeling com-

mon enough among younger men, and apt to fade as years go on. But, besides all this, it had for him another value, which would have amazed his sister, could she have known it. He was naturally a refined and also a very sensitive man, cultivated, not deeply, but over much surface, and he felt the want of such appreciative and responsive companionship as makes talk about certain things possible. He liked sympathy, and, as is common with such natures, women pleased him more than men; nor, indeed, was he well fitted, on account of his self-regard and his girl-like tenderness, to contract strong and virile attachments to men. In the Morton household and its surrounding circles of friends and relatives, he felt himself in an air which he breathed, if not at once with ease, certainly with pleasure. The poor whom he attended he did not like, because their houses were often uncleanly and their ways rough. Indeed, he disliked all that belonged to poverty, as he did other unpleasing things. He saw this class of patients knowing that he must, but made brief visits, and found true interest impossible where his senses and taste were steadily in revolt.

Perhaps as a doctor of the rich alone he might have done better. It seems probable that he should never have been a doctor at all.

What he had felt when he first saw Mrs. Morton he felt more and more as he came to be socially at ease in her circle. The quiet ways, the calm readiness for all social accidents, and the habitual automatic attention to the wants and feelings and even the prejudices of others struck him as comfortable; and without distinct analysis of the cause, he came to recognize that he was thrown among people who, for some reason, were acceptable to him, and among whom it would be very agreeable to pursue his profession. Had he heard the conversation which led finally to his being asked to see Major Morton, he would have been less satisfied; but perhaps could we hear all that is said behind our backs, existence would be nearly impossible except for the few, who would then make what was left of it intolerable.

Mrs. Morton had said a few words to Dr. Wendell as to her desire that he should see her husband at his country home; but she had by no means looked on this as a finality, and indeed did not decide the matter until, in prospect of the major's removal, she had a further talk with her old acquaintance, Dr. Lagrange.

She saw him at the hospital, and was accompanied by a friend, who was a somewhat inconstant companion, but who generally came usefully to the front, as was said in war slang, when no one expected to see her, or when there was some real need for her presence; "not," as she remarked, "that I am of the slightest value, my dear, but one's friends become so interesting when they are in trouble."

Mrs. Morton drove with Mrs. Westerley to the hospital; and when the second lady's pleasant face appeared at the window of her friend's light German-town wagon, with its well-matched pair of Morgans, three men in uniform, lounging at the gate, rushed forward in a competitive effort to open the carriage door,

and to anticipate the tardy descent of the footman.

"Do you go at all to the hospitals?" said Mrs. Westerley, as they entered the doorway. "I have been absent so much that I have scarcely seen you this summer, and I have n't caught up to your present ways."

"No," said Mrs. Morton, "the Sanitary is all I can attend to; and what with Mrs. Grace and one or two other obstructives, it promises to be more than any one person ought to be called upon to manage. As long as it meant have-llocks and tooth-brushes and pocket-handkerchiefs, it was dolls' play; but now it is very serious business, as you know, dear."

"For my part, I like the hospital work best. But I never was here before. How neat it is! What clever housekeepers these men make! They told me at Chestnut Hill hospital that they made quite a good income out of the eggshells and coffee-grounds."

At this moment an orderly approached, touched his cap, and asked if they would wait in the surgeon's office. Dr. Lagrange would be at leisure in a few minutes.

"Might we stand at the ward door, and hear the band?" said Mrs. Westerley.

"Of course, ma'am," replied the orderly. "The surgeon's visit is over." Accordingly, they lingered, looking across the vast ward, once an armory drill-room, while from the lower floor the strains of one well-known air after another floated upwards, and in far corners here and there roused memorial echoes in bosoms weary of war and camps. Evening band play was always a cheerful interruption of the grim monotony of sick life, and when, presently, with the neutral disregard of the raging contest far away found in hospitals, the band struck up Maryland, My Maryland, the rebel wounded roused themselves, and some bluecoat cried out

cheerfully to a graycoat near by, "Good for you, Johnny Reb!" "Ah," said Alice Westerley, "if we women kept hospitals, there would be no rebel music, my dear. We are too good haters."

"And there should be none," returned Mrs. Morton, gravely.

"I thought as much," said her companion. "But surely it is well. Perhaps we had better not wait any longer. How peaceful it is! I could stay an hour."

Then they turned away, followed by pleased glances from beds near by, and were presently standing in the surgeon's official waiting-room, the furnishings of which amused Mrs. Westerley immensely, as in fact few things failed to interest her, from an animal to a man.

"What is this?" she asked. "It looks like a diagram of a crab. Bless me, it is the plan of the Stump hospital! What in the world, Helen Morton, is a Stump hospital? And here — do come here! This is a diet table. 'Ordinary diet,' 'Extra diet,' 'Number 4 diet'! I think I shall introduce the system at home. And did you ever see such neatness? Look at the table; really, the man has three pen-wipers!"

At this moment Dr. Lagrange entered.

"We were admiring the perfect order of your arrangements," said Mrs. Morton.

"It is simply a necessity, in a life like mine. I am glad you like it."

"But you must like it yourself."

"Yes, I do, and I wish others thought as much of it as I do. It would make life easier. Now I have the utmost trouble about letters: people write them on such different sizes of paper, and when you come to file them they don't match. In the hospital and in the service generally we have the same difficulty."

"I see," replied Mrs. Morton, "how very vexatious it must be."

"One has a like annoyance about

people's opinions," remarked Mrs. Westerley, with entire gravity.

The surgeon looked puzzled.

"Yes, certainly," he said, in some doubt, being a slow thinker, and not having time to consider the matter.

Mrs. Morton availed herself of his hesitation to say, "I came to consult you as to whether you still think it will be wise for me to ask Dr. Wendell to see Mr. Morton. There seem to be reasons for and against it. What do you think, doctor?"

"Hum!" replied Lagrange; "on the whole I should ask him. He knows the case and its needs. He lives within call, and I suspect will feel the summons so flattering that you will get from him — indeed can ask from him — more frequent visits than an older man would be apt to pay. I think I would put the case in his hands; and, if agreeable to you, I will myself see my old friend, now and then."

"Oh, that would remove all my objections."

"Wendell is older than he looks," said Lagrange.

"Of course," returned Mrs. Morton, "it is very, very absurd; but I have always had doctors whom I knew, and who have had a certain knowledge of one's life and ways. You understand me, doctor?"

"Yes, I suppose I do. Wendell has been brought up among plain New England people."

"But he can't put his manners into his pills, you know," said Mrs. Westerley.

"It is his manner more than his manners," explained her friend.

"Oh, it's the singular, not the plural, you object to!" laughed Mrs. Westerley. "For my part, I would take him and educate him. I think, if I were ill, — which I never am, — I would like the task myself. He is very good looking, and if he dressed well would be presentable enough."

Lagrange smiled approval. "I think I would risk it;" and so then and there it was settled that Dr. Wendell should become the medical adviser of Major Morton.

Meanwhile their talk had been interrupted a half dozen times by reports of contract physicians, orderlies, provost marshals, messengers, and the officer of the day. Lagrange disposed of each in turn with careful precision of well-considered reply.

"Do you never lose your temper?" said Mrs. Westerley to him, as they descended the stairs together. "You are a first-rate housekeeper. But pray tell me, what is the Stump hospital? It must be a new one."

"It is for men who have lost limbs," he replied.

"How droll!" said Mrs. Westerley. "Where do they send generals who lose their heads?"

"How absurd you are, Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

The surgeon did not smile, and was still curiously examining the question when they left him at the hospital gate. He had himself what men call dry humor, and like persons so endowed was often slow in giving a jest the hospitality of mirthful acceptance. Perhaps it had to undergo a preliminary process of assimilative desiccation.

A few days afterwards, as I have said, in the late evening, Dr. Wendell sat at home with his sister. He was happy, as usual in an hour of leisure, over a family circle of rotiferæ, which he had found on the shore of Fisher's mill-pond, and he only looked up now and then to reply to Ann, or murmur some result of his observations without taking his eye from the glass. Ann Wendell sat, meanwhile, busily sewing.

"We have a great many things to talk over, brother," she said.

"Yes, I know. Go on; I can hear you."

"But I wish you would listen, really."

"Oh, I'll listen! What is it? When I stir these fellows up they look very much as we must have looked to some higher intelligence at the beginning of this war. It's almost laughable! Hum! what a curious representation of threes in the cilia, and the same in the allied species! Certainly, Swedenborg was right about the mystical value of that numeral."

A shade of vexation crossed Ann's face. She altogether disapproved of Swedenborg and the New Jerusalem and all mystical numbers whatsoever. She said abruptly, "I think that girl upstairs is more important."

"Yes, relatively, my dear."

"What can we do with her? The school-mistress says in her letter that she has not been paid for a year, and cannot take the child back. No one in the South will claim her. She is on our hands, so far as I can see it. Who is to support her, I would just like to know?"

"Mrs. Morton," replied Wendell, "says"—

"Says"—yes, I know; but do you suppose it will last? It's not reasonable to think it will last."

"Oh, well, we'll just keep her, and see. She is a nice child. Did you notice how interested she was about that emperor moth I caught last night?"

"Keep her"! I suppose we must. We can't turn her out into the street, or send her to the almshouse."

"Then why, my dear Ann, should we discuss it? Upon my word, there's a queer rotifer. I don't think I ever saw it before."

Ann sighed. "You won't think it worth while, or right, under the circumstances, to put the child in black? It is only an added expense."

"Do just what you like, Ann."

Ann's needle flew nervously, and a little faster, until it broke, and there was a moment's pause while she sought and threaded another, when, wise with woman's wisdom, she changed the talk.

"What did her father die of, brother?"

"Pyæmia, we call it."

"There was a post mortem, was n't there?"

"Yes, but it did not change the diagnosis. And oh, by the bye," he added, with sudden animation, "such a droll thing! During the examination, yesterday, I found the ball. When Major Morton happened to speak of Gray's death, I mentioned it casually, you know, thinking that he might feel an interest. When I did so, he asked if it was a *minié*. I said No; a pistol ball."

Ann looked up, startled. "A what?" she said.

"A Colt, No. 6. I really begin to think Morton was troubled about what that poor fellow said in his wanderings, because he remarked to me how odd it was that it should turn out to be a pistol ball."

"Do you think he really shot him?"

"Stuff, Ann! The notion was simply ridiculous! But suppose, for a moment, that Morton had shot him. It was his duty. It was what he was there for."

"I would n't like to think it."

"No, I suppose not. No woman would. Just sharpen my pencil. I must draw this fellow while he is so lively. How these vibrios bother one!"

Then Ann, having done as he desired, rose, and, putting aside her work, said, "Good-night, brother. I am sorry to trouble you about the child, but how can I help it?"

"Oh, it's all right," he returned. "The thing settles itself. We must wait."

In fact, waiting was a great resource in Wendell's life; nor, in this case, did Ann's homely sense help her to any more acceptable solution.

"Well, good-night, brother. I am tired,—tired all over."

Wendell looked up at her. "Yes, I was afraid you were doing too much. Can't you keep a little more quiet?

There is no need for you to go to the hospitals. You look run down."

"I don't know. I'm more weary than tired; and I miss the sea, and the old home, and—and—Ezra—the chickens—and at night I want to hear the rots of the water on the beach."

"We might manage a little visit up there, when Major Morton gets better."

"I don't think we could afford it."

"Oh, yes, we'll manage. Good-night. Now don't worry yourself," and he kissed her kindly. "Good-night, again."

There was on Ann Wendell's mind another and a graver subject. She would have liked to speak out her regret that no minister had seen the sick soldier before he died, but she knew that on all such matters it was useless to look for sympathy from Wendell. She was firmly anchored, and he was carelessly adrift as to all spiritual beliefs.

VI.

Wendell was about thirty when he came to Germantown, and his years and some previous experience had made his way easier than is usual with new-comers; while at the same time his comparative maturity rendered the up-hill toil among the lower social classes difficult to bear. He had once before gone through the same sharp test of character,—the test which makes or mars, degrades or ennobles, every physician in degrees which are determined by the nature of the moral capital with which he starts, and also more or less by the intellectual interest with which he regards his profession.

As to this alone, Wendell was more fortunate than many others. His work attracted him, but not continuously; and, as I have said, the contact which he began to have with the refined classes made him more comfortable in his circumstances, and better pleased with himself and his surroundings. Thus far he

had cared little about children, save in a mildly sentimental way. They exacted sacrifices, and as a rule did not seem to give much in return. His own unusual culture lifted him so much above the range of the somewhat hard, practically educated school-mistresses of his New England home that he had found in the women he had known little that was attractive, and had been merely repelled by their business-like, over-active conscientiousness. Now, with the prolonged stay of Hester Gray under his roof, and the novel world opened to him through the Mortons, an unread leaf of the life book was turned over before him, and pleasant enough he found it.

The child had few memories of home or family, and in childhood the wounds of grief or losses heal as readily as do those of the physical frame. Very soon the rather monotonous school-days and the sudden and strange hospital scenes faded, along with the shyness born of contact with strangers. Then the little bud of active, alert, maidenly life began to put forth rosy petals with modest coyness, one by one, and to take with instinctive eagerness delight in life.

To his surprise, Wendell became gradually interested in the girl, while to his sister she was a constant and often a bewildering phenomenon. Nevertheless, Ann looked carefully after her dress and food, and soon found it not unpleasant to resume, with an apt and clever pupil, her old work of teaching; so that the new charge was in no way a weight or a cause of anxiety to Wendell. Like most men of his type, he got at first a mere sentimental pleasure out of the child, and either shirked all care of her, or gave her mere material life no thought whatsoever.

The last days of October had come, and one afternoon, as was now quite often the case, Dr. Wendell called cheerfully for Hester. Ann appeared at the head of the stairs. "She has yet an hour to finish her lessons. I would n't

take her away from them," she said. "It is so difficult to form regular habits, if you always insist on her going to walk just when it is most inconvenient. I can't give her the time in the morning, because of the house, and the afternoons you are all the time spoiling."

"I am not always insisting, Ann. I want her to see the Mortons as often as possible. It is an excellent lesson for any girl to see such a woman as Mrs. Morton."

"Don't talk so loud; she will hear you," replied his sister, descending the stairs half-way. "I am not sure that a poor orphan like Hester is at all the better for such folks. It may not do much harm now, but when she gets older she will see a great many" —

"Oh, yes, my dear sister," he said, interrupting her, "perhaps so, perhaps not! All questions have two sides. I must have her to-day, anyhow."

Had Ann persisted, he would have yielded, as all but merely brutal men do yield to gently urgent women in their own homes; but it was not in Ann to deny her brother any pleasure.

"Well, this once," she said; and so Hester, joyous as a bird at the relief from confinement, was presently at the doctor's side, in the street.

These afternoon walks had become more and more frequent, as the summer waned and the tempered heats of September prevailed. It was still needful for Wendell to visit Major Morton twice a day, and whenever his duties permitted escape from the afternoon round at the hospital he was apt to secure Hester as his companion, and start early enough to allow of a rambling walk, ending in a call on his patient.

The question of a horse and carriage had become a subject of discussion between the brother and sister; but despite some need for them, too much immediate expenditure was involved for more than mere thought at present, and the Mortons were as yet the only pa-

tients at any distance. These walks at this pleasant season were to Wendell a great delight, and the intelligent little companion, so strangely cast into his life, made them a yet more agreeable and varied source of happiness.

Far up the main street the sunlight shone on the gray and dusty turnpike, and lit the maples, aglow with red and gold, and caressed the mottled boles of the few stately buttonwoods, still erect in front of some grave-looking houses with Doric portals and green window blinds, standing back from the street, as if shunning the common line of lesser stone dwellings, the gray fronts of which were half covered to their hipped roofs with the gorgeous autumn blazonry of the Virginia creeper. At last, with the child at his side, he turned into School Lane, where he lingered a moment to show her the old schoolhouse, with the royal crown still shining on its little spire; and so along past modern villas to the Township Line road, where, turning to the right, down the hill, they soon found their way into the wooded valley of the Wissahickon. At the little old covered crossing, long known as the Red Bridge, they passed over the brown, still stream.

"And now for a scramble, Hester," he exclaimed, and led the way up a shady hill, taking a short woodland path to Morton's house, which stood on a bluff looking down on a long reach of quiet water overhung by trees. A slight breeze was stirring the hazy atmosphere of the October woods, and the air was full of leaves, red and brown and yellow, sauntering lazily downward to help make up the brown gaps in the rustling carpet of red and gold. It was alike new and delightful to the bright little maid, this gorgeous mask of autumn. Wendell went along supremely happy, all his sensuous being alive to the color of the leaves, the plumed golden-rods, the autumn primrose, and the cool woodland odors.

"See, dear," he said: "this is the sumach, and it turns crimson; and that is a gum-tree, always first to get red, and now nearly all its beauties are gone. And aren't the ferns a nice brown? Let us get all the colors, and see how many we can find. Look at this sugar maple: the leaves are red and bordered with yellow. And here on the wood verge," he added, halting, "I found some aphids yesterday. They are rather late. Oh, here they are! Do you know, they are the cows which the ants keep;" and he told her all the queer story of the ants' domestic economy, while the little fellows made incomprehensibly tortuous journeys, vast to them as that of Columbus.

Meanwhile, the child listened with rapt attention, gathering the leaves in her hands, and presently she flitted away in chase of a splendid moth, which she stored in her handkerchief, gathered into a bag, where it found itself in queer company with a beetle or two, and a salamander captured in a rill which crossed the path.

"Won't the long red thing get hurt?" asked the child. "Won't the beetle eat him?"

"No; if you even cut off his tail, it would grow again."

"But his legs?"

"If he were a crab, even his legs would grow again."

"But would mine?"

"No, I rather think not."

"Why would n't they?"

"I don't know."

"Oh!" The child was silent. It seemed to her strange that there should be anything that he did not know.

"Is n't it getting late?" she then said.

"Bless me, — yes!" cried Wendell. "Come along. It is nearly six, and I have to meet Dr. Lagrange. How came you to think it was late?"

"Miss Ann said I was to remind you; and I remembered, did n't I?" she added,

with a quaint little triumphant sense of having fulfilled her small duty.

"Women are queer things," murmured Wendell; "big and little, they are queer!"

The girl overheard him.

"What is queer, sir? Am I queer?"

"No," he cried, "you are only nice," and he kissed the attentive, earnest face looking up at him. His own very natural act gave him a moment's shock of surprise. It was the first time that he had thus caressed her, and the small personage was somehow pleased; but she still recalled her office, and said, "We must hurry, or we'll be so late."

"Yes, come along," he replied. "Forward march."

By and by they came out on the crest of the hill, and looked back on the wonder of the autumn woods.

He paused again in thought. "Some people fancy colors are like sounds of music, Hester."

"Like music, sir? I don't understand. Will I understand some day?"

"Perhaps. Now if each color was to become a sound, and all these trees were to sing, what a music that would be!"

"Would n't the birds be frightened?"

"Rather," said Wendell, laughing. He delighted to talk a little over the child's head, to see what answers he would get. "Oh, there is Mrs. Westerley!" he exclaimed, as they climbed a fence, and began to walk over the lawn towards the house. He knew Hester was timid and shy, owing to her want of frequent contact with the outside world of men and women, so he said quietly, "Don't be afraid, Hester."

"No, sir."

"And this is the little girl I have heard about," said Mrs. Westerley, cool and handsome in white muslin, for the day was warm, and holding her straw hat swinging in her hand. "Dr. Lorange is waiting for you, but I know you will have some delightful excuse.

He has been here half an hour. I envy you doctors your wealth of excuses! I would like to join an apology class. I think, with time and practice, I could learn to fib quite agreeably."

Wendell was not yet up to the matter of small social badinage. It embarrassed him, and he hated to be embarrassed. "I was delayed," he said, gravely, "and" —

Hester felt stirred with some sort of vague consciousness that her pleasant companion was being taken to task. "I wanted him to stop too long in the woods for the leaves," she explained, and then proceeded to display as evidence a handful of her treasures.

"Oh, terrible infant!" laughed the lady. "A dangerous advocate, doctor. She was just in time to save your conscience."

Wendell flushed almost imperceptibly. "I was detained," he said. "If you will take care of Hester, I will go to the house."

"I will look after her," returned Mrs. Westerley. "Come, Hester, I love little girls. Let us go into the garden. There must be some peaches yet."

"Oh, that will be nice!"

"Well, come, and let us look for them; and as to peaches, I will give you a wheelbarrow load."

They were fast friends in ten minutes, and in a half hour returned to the house, Hester having eaten twice as much as was good for her.

Meanwhile there had been a consultation. Wendell had become uneasy about his patient's condition, and it was yet more plain to the elder physician that the drain of so grave a wound was being badly borne, and that Morton's increasing irritability and nervousness were the growing results of his condition.

"What do you think of my husband?" said Mrs. Morton to the two surgeons, as they met her at the foot of the staircase.

"Dr. Wendell will tell you," said Lorange, who was precise in all the little

matters of the rights and functions of the attending physician.

"I hope that Dr. Lagrange will feel free to say what he thinks," replied Wendell, not sorry to shift an unpleasant burden.

"I am glad that one doctor, at least, can forget this eternal etiquette," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, a woman much used to have her own way and to set aside all obstacles to her will, and now troubled out of her usual calm of manner.

"You will pardon me, I am sure, if I say that it is good manners, not mere etiquette, my dear friend," answered the surgeon, smiling; "but with Dr. Wendell's permission, I am wholly at your service. I don't—I should say, we don't quite like Morton's condition. He does not come up as he should do."

"Is he in danger?"

"No, he is in *no* immediate danger."

"Do you think he will get well?"

"We hope so."

"But what are his chances? I had no idea he was so ill! Why did you not tell me before?"

"We have only of late felt so uneasy. It is a question of strength of constitution, of physical endurance, and of power to take food. How competent these will prove no one can tell."

"But I must know," she said. "Are you sure that you have told me the whole truth?"

"Yes, so far as we know it."

"And you are certain?"

"Physicians can rarely be certain. Those who are most wise are the least apt to be so. If you were not in great trouble, I am sure that you would not have asked me again."

"You must excuse my impatience, doctor, but I wish I could have something more definite."

"I wish I could also, my dear lady. That is just one of the miseries of our profession. If it would make you feel easier to have any one else to see him

with us, I am sure nothing would be more agreeable to Dr. Wendell and myself."

"Of course," said Wendell. This was not precisely true. He already had enough help in the way of sharing responsibility, and he distrusted in his inward consciousness the addition of some one of celebrity, who might possibly disturb his hold on an important case and family; for already he had been consulted as to the condition of Mrs. Morton's elder son, who was an invalid.

"No," returned Mrs. Morton wearily, "I only want to be sure, and I don't suppose any one can help us more than you. If you cannot make me sure, no one can."

The younger man felt that he might reasonably have been included in this statement of confidence.

"You will come often, and watch him closely?" she added.

"You may rest assured that nothing will be left undone," said Lagrange.

"What with Mr. Morton's state and Edward's, I am worn out," she returned.

"I am sorry for you, Wendell," said Lagrange, when they were parting. "You will probably have a losing fight to make. But it will not be the last one in your life. Good-by. See you on Thursday. And by the way,—and as I am an old fellow you won't mind it,—I would be a little more punctual. I don't mind it much myself, but these people think themselves important, and they will."

Wendell was never very patient under advice, and disliked it always; but he wisely thanked the elder man, and said good-by.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Westerley and Hester, laughing and happy, appeared on the back porch, which looked out on the garden, and extended along the back of a somewhat roomy and old-fashioned gray stone house.

As Mrs. Westerley looked up, she saw Mrs. Morton seated near the hall

door gazing dreamily into distance. Arthur, her younger boy, knelt at her side, holding her hand, and her older son, a tall, broadly built, but pale young man of twenty, stood with one hand on her shoulder, his face disturbed and grave, and his eyes filling. As Mrs. Westerley came near, he left his mother, saying to the new-comer, "Mother has just heard from the doctors that my father is not so well. In fact, they are very uneasy about him."

"Oh, Edward, this seems very sudden! It can't be so bad. Let me talk with her alone. There, Arty, take my young friend to Dr. Wendell."

The younger lad, rising, kissed his mother's cheek, took Hester's hand, and followed by his brother, who moved with a certain feebleness of step, went into the house.

"Is this really so, Helen?" said Mrs. Westerley.

"Oh, I don't know. They say so. I cannot understand how a man of his vigor and health could be so pulled down. It is n't only his body, Alice, but he is irritable and exacting beyond belief."

"But you don't mind that, dear, in a sick man."

"Oh, no, I don't mind it." Yet she did. Sickness was to Mrs. Morton a sort of unreasonable calamity, and held for her always some sense of personal wrong. When her children were ill, and especially Edward, this feeling of being directly injured rose to a pitch of angry indignation, and she then showed, despite her admirable tact and good breeding, that curious, wild, half-animal instinct of protective and defiant maternity which made the doctor's task no easy one. If she had analyzed the matter, she would have seen what was clear to her shrewd friend, that her children were far more to her than her husband. He had disappointed the keen ambitions with which she had begun her life with him. He had sympathized

with her early dream of a political career for him until they were married, when, by degrees, it became clear that the small disgusts and coarse contacts of such a life were amply sufficient to defeat any display of energy in that direction, and that his love of power was incompetent as a motive to do more than to make him a selfish, amiable, well-bred despot in his own home. Then, as he had never balked his tastes, he had had some unpleasant intimacies, quite too much talked about for Helen's comfort. And so at last, having failed to arouse him to assert himself in any nobler fashion, the woman had come to feel that life was over so far as any aspirations for him were concerned, and to look to her two boys with anticipations which their young lives bade fair to fulfill. Then came the war, and Morton was drawn into that wild vortex, with a vague hope on his wife's part that at last he would illustrate a name which in former days had won a brilliant reputation in the colonial and later history of his country. And now this hope, too, was gone. His career in the army had been successful. He was brave, as all his people had been; and Helen Morton had felt a novel access of tenderness and seen new possibilities of happiness in his success. Two days before, she had learned that he was gazetted colonel of his regiment, and now it was all over! There was for her some feeling of defeat in all this, some sense of a too malignant fate. Throughout her married life she had writhed under the humiliating sense of feebleness that strong women feel in the face of ineffective struggles to urge a lower masculine nature into activities which shall gratify the desires for position and a career denied to themselves by the thralldom of social usage.

Then of late her temper had been sorely taxed. All that was worst in Morton was being accentuated by sickness, and, like most people on the rack

of pain and weakness, he was undergoing the process of minor moral degradation which chronic illness brings to so many. Acute brief disease may startle us to better and graver thoughts of our aims and our actions, but prolonged illness makes more noble but a rare and chosen few. Mrs. Morton sat some time in quiet, and at last said abruptly, —

"Alice, this is the bitterest time of all these bitter years."

Mrs. Westerley knew in a measure what this meant, but she felt that it was necessary, as a matter of good sense, to ignore anything hidden in her friend's complaint, and to deal only with the palpable present.

"I don't think you ought to say that, my dear. You have those two boys. They do seem to me two of the nicest, sweetest-mannered fellows! It is touching to see how they hang around you. And as to the major, — we ought to call him 'colonel' now, I suppose, poor fellow! — he is only as yet an ill man. No one despairs about him."

"Oh, it is n't only that, Alice; although," she added, "God knows that is bad enough."

"I think I understand, dear."

"No, you don't. Indeed, how could you? No one understands but myself."

"Well, perhaps not all, not everything. But here is the nurse." Then Mrs. Morton went into the house, and Mrs. Westerley joined Hester and the doctor, who, having written his orders, was about to depart.

"There is a bit of twilight yet," said the lady. "I will walk with you to the creek."

"Shall we take the road?" he asked, moodily.

"If you please."

Wendell was uncomfortable, and he hardly knew why it was so. As there are people who feel slight atmospheric changes or electric conditions of the air, so there are others who are exquisitely alive to the little annoyances of social

life. They are like a musician, who automatically feels the defects of this or that player in a great orchestra, and is made unhappy by the keenness of that very appreciativeness which fits him to enjoy the perfection of harmony. If our eyes were microscopes and our ears audiphones, life would be one long misery; and a too delicate sense of the moods and manner of those about us is an almost equal calamity. Wendell had learned that there was some sting possible for him in the ways and talk of even the best bred, when tormented by trouble into naturalness of speech. It surprised and hurt him; nor could his reason prevent it now from causing one of those abruptly born senses of depression to which he was subject. Feebly yielding, as usual, to the mood, he walked beside the gay widow in silence.

"You seemed troubled about Mr. Morton," she began. "Are you troubled?"

"Yes," he said, glad to accept any excuse for his speechlessness. "Yes, I am a good deal troubled. It's an awful thing to see death coming closer and closer, and to feel that you are in a measure held to be responsible."

He had not meant to go so far, but his depression colored his talk.

"Surely," she returned, "you do not mean that he will die?"

"No, not surely, — of course, not that exactly; only that he is ill, very ill."

"Is n't it rather sudden?"

"It is always so, you know. A patient gets worse, and the time comes when you have to say so. Then it always seems to be sudden."

"I don't believe that he will die. You don't know these Mortons, doctor. They have such constitutions! I am sure he will get well."

Mrs. Westerley had no belief in anybody's dying. Generally the people she knew were alive, and she herself was too much so to feel death at all as a common and relentless factor, getting, as

time went on, increasing value in the complicated equation of being.

The convict somehow singularly comforted Wendell, who, like other doctors, felt deeply the tone of those about him who held relation to the sick.

"You are very good to say so," he replied. "I find it often as hard to believe in life as you do in death."

"I do not wonder at that," she said. "But it is rather grim talk for the child! There, run on, Hester, and get me a bunch of those red ash berries. What a charming little woman she is! I would like to know who her people are. She has a pleasant, quiet flavor of the old manners about her,—such as used to scare me in my grandmamma Evelyn. I once knew a Mr. Gray from Edisto. I wonder if she belongs to that family? They were very blue blood, indeed, and I dare say did their wicked best to get us into this present muddle. I wish, for my part, we could tow Massachusetts and South Carolina out to sea, and anchor them together, and let them settle their difficulties!"

Wendell laughed. "It's well you're not a man. You would soon get into Fort Lafayette."

"Oh, that's just one of the many advantages of being a woman! Don't you think I am horribly disloyal? I talked so to old Wilmington, the other night, that he says I am dangerous, and to-day he would hardly speak to me; but then he had been taking a great deal of the major's madeira, and his nose shone like a cheerful lighthouse!"

Wendell could not help being amused. He wished faintly in his heart that Ann Wendell, who was always good-humored in a level, even way, had some of this woman's gaiety.

"I shall not inform on you," he said, smiling.

"It would n't be of any use. I gave a whole regiment tooth-brushes, once, and when I get very bad I discipline myself and comfort my friends by send-

ing a check to the sanitary commission."

"Rather dear penitence," he returned.

"Yes, is n't it? But one must do something, in these days. Now if I only were a man"—

"A man! Why?"

"How can you ask? I should be in it, in the war, at the front, I mean. I hate to see a man about the streets, when I know that we could crush it all out so easily if we just put forth our strength. I pity that boy, Edward Morton. He does so want to join the army, and is so wretched over his weak health."

"He is certainly much broken," said Wendell, "and I am afraid has little else than a life of invalidism before him; and what is worse, he cares for nothing really but out-of-door life,—to shoot, fish, or ride,—and simply yearns after that wild cattle rancho in Texas."

"Yes, I pity him," she said, with sudden softness, wondering a little that the strong, healthy man at her side did not seem to quite take in the sadness of this broken life. "I pity the disappointed! Life has been so sweet and soft for me, and so joyous, every breath of it. Oh, I could build a very nice heaven out of this earth's possibilities!"

"Would n't it lack something?"

"Yes, it might; surely it would. But you must not put my gay moods to serious question. You have been so pleasant that I have come twice as far as I meant to. I hope you feel it to be your fault. Where are my mountain ash berries? Thank you, you dear child! How nicely you have tied the stems together! Good-night! And by the bye, I want to call on Miss Wendell. Pray tell her that I hope she will be at home to me, whether she is out to others or not. I must see that child again. Good-night!"

Wendell was flattered, amused, and puzzled. This was a new creature to him. The odd recklessness of statement, the sudden changes of position in

regard to questions discussed, the touch of malice in her talk at times when she sketched a friend, these all bewildered the doctor. Mr. Wilmington said of her that she dealt little in amiable phrases and never did an unkind thing; and that to be her friend was a frightful risk of character, and as good assurance of mild calumny as running for Congress.

"But then, my dear Mr. Wilmington," said the widow to that old gentleman, when in a moment of utter exasperation he betrayed his annoyance in this satirical sentence, "it is of no use to abuse my enemies; besides, I have none but you. I think my friends must like it, for they do not desert me; and I never abuse you, Mr. Wilmington, — never!"

S. Weir Mitchell.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS OF *HÂFIZ*.

THE only original text of the *Divân* of *Hâfiz* which can be read with any degree of pleasure, or without impairing and imperiling even the strongest eyesight, is contained in three beautifully printed volumes edited by the late Professor Brockhaus.¹ The Persian Shaikh or Mullâ may prefer to peruse his favorite poets in *Ta'lik* or *Shikasta* manuscripts, or in the lithographic facsimiles and typographic imitations of them issued at Shirâz, Tabriz, Calcutta, and Bûlak; but for Occidental scholars such editions are a wanton waste of time and patience and paper, and, if not otherwise preventable, ought to be prohibited by the police.

The pathway of the Orientalist is rough and thorny at best, and he finds in his legitimate pursuits inherent difficulties and unavoidable obstacles enough to surmount, without having unnecessary burdens imposed upon him by being compelled, as he plods along, to perform penitential works of supererogation in atonement for the sins of editors and publishers. If Oriental literature is ever to break through the barriers of the school, and become something more than the well-fenced close of a few specialists,

who, by their isolation from the common interests and sympathies of mankind, are liable to lose all sense of proportion in knowledge, and to fall into vexatious habits of pedantry and micrology; if it is ever to exert its proper influence upon Western taste and culture, and upon the general development of modern thought, by putting us into full possession of that rich and peculiar intellectual heritage of which the East is the proud and often too jealous guardian, more than ordinary pains must be taken to invite and facilitate the study of it by rendering its representative works both externally attractive and easily legible.

In this respect Brockhaus has set an excellent example: first, by making use of the clear and compact Naskhi characters; and, secondly, by vocalizing them throughout, thereby determining the proper pronunciation as well as the immediate and correct understanding of the words. The simple process of printing the vowel-points not only saves a great waste of mental energy in mere efforts of memory, but also insures a degree of precision and accuracy not otherwise attainable even by the most accomplished Persian scholar. Very commendable, too, are his system of punctuation and his helps to the right

¹ *Die Lieder des Hâfiz*. Persisch mit dem Commentare des Sudî. Herausgegeben von HERMANN BROCKHAUS. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1854.

scanning of the verses. The latter is all the more necessary because the metrical recitation not only serves to bring out the exquisite rhythm and liquid melody of the poetry, but also furnishes efficient and often indispensable aid in settling the sense of difficult or ambiguous passages, in which the metre is finally decisive as to the meaning. The text of Brockhaus' edition is essentially a reprint of the recension of the Bosnian Turk Sûdî, and is provided, as far as the eightieth ghazal, or ode, with the annotations of this learned and judicious commentator, and also with the variants of the Calcutta edition. Thus a firm foundation has been laid on which it is possible to build anew, and by a further collation of codices and a happy combination of philological criticism with poetic taste, and the inspiration and illumination that come from genuinely Oriental sentiment and sympathy, to eliminate from the works of *Hâfiz* the errors and additions of copyists, and restore them to their original form; in short, to do for the Persian poet what classical critics and philologists have done for his lyrical next of kin, Horace and Anacreon.

No Eastern poet is more popular than *Hâfiz*. He is the favorite not only of the Persians, but also of the many Asiatic peoples to whom the Persian language is what French used to be to the nations of Europe, the chief medium of social and diplomatic intercourse and elegant literature, and an essential element of intellectual culture and refinement. His odes are recited on the banks of the Oxus and Yaxartes, the Ganges and the Danube, with no less enthusiasm than

"On Ruknâbâdah's water-marge and on Musalla's bloomy ways."

His erotic and convivial songs and sententious strophes are repeated with as much zest in the steppes of Turkistân, the fertile plains of Malabar, and the cinnamon groves of Ceylon as in the fa-

mous rose gardens and cypress avenues of Shirâz and Ispâhân. The poet himself was fully justified in boasting that the fame of his magic art extended from Egypt to China, and from Rai to Rum, and that

"Murmurs of love have reached 'Irak and the Hijâz,
Tones from the dulcet lays of *Hâfiz* of Shirâz."

Nothing, indeed, is more common in the Orient than to hear disputants elucidate a controversial point, or clinch an argument, by an apt quotation from *Hâfiz*, whose poems abound in pithy sayings and quaint conceits, and the keenest strokes of satire aimed at every form of pretentious pietism and Pharisaism. There is a story told of a notorious bandit, who, having been captured and condemned to death, sent to the governor of the province a petition for pardon, in which he set forth his own distinguished merits, and claimed that, instead of suffering decapitation, he should be taken into the public service, where his head would be of more value than on the block, and his superior talents and long experience in brigandage would find a fitting field for their exercise in detecting crime. This remarkable document, worthy of the genius of a "practical statesman" of the Guiteau type, was returned to the petitioner, inscribed with the following couplet from *Hâfiz*, as the governor's sole reply:—

"'T is sad that in grief's grime such bird should rest;
From hence I send thee to fruition's nest."

Next to the Kur'ân, *Hâfiz*' writings are most frequently consulted as an oracle for the purpose of divining the future. The usual method is to breathe on the volume, and utter an invocation like the following:—

"O *Hâfiz* of Shirâz, impart
Foreknowledge to my anxious heart."

The book is then opened at hazard, and the first passage which meets the eye is regarded as an answer to the given question. It is stated that Nâdir Shâh, dur-

ing a campaign against the Afghâns, made a pilgrimage to the poet's tomb, and there had recourse to divination through the Divân in order to ascertain whether the expedition would be successful. Fortune favored him: as he unrolled the scroll his eye fell upon the final distich of the fifty-seventh ode:—

"O *Hâfiz*, by thy dulcet song 'Irak and Fârs are
raptured;
Now haste, that Baghdâd and Tabriz may in
their turn be captured."

Encouraged by this auspicious omen, he attacked these cities, and rescued them from the Turks. Countless stories of this kind, some true and many well invented, are current in the East. About three centuries ago, Husayn of Kaffa collected more than one hundred and fifty of these anecdotes in a work entitled *Kitâbi fa'li Diwâni Hâfiz*, or Book of Sortilege with the Divân of *Hâfiz*. The poet *Jâmi* also praises the verses of *Hâfiz* for their augural virtue; as revealers of the will of Heaven, they still enjoy a reputation like that of the once-famous *sortes vergilianæ* or the old Norse runes.

In consequence of their permanent popularity and wide diffusion, the poems of *Hâfiz* have been reproduced in innumerable copies, and corrupted by a multitude of glosses, interpolations, expurgations, and emendations. Odes have been introduced wholly destitute of the delightful and delicate spirit, and only clumsily imitating the mellifluous rhythm of the original models. In many cases the order of the couplets has been changed, and new couplets have been inserted, to suit the whim of the reader, or alleviate the rhyming itch of the scribe, or satisfy the orthodox scruples of the Muhammadan scholiast, who has too often been tempted to smooth the pathway of exegetics, and remove the most obvious and offensive stumbling-blocks by botching and bungling up the poet's heresies:—

"With patches, colors, and with forms being
fetched
From glistening semblances of piety."

The elimination of all this spurious stuff and the complete reintegration of the text is a task which Brockhaus has not attempted, and which yet remains to be accomplished. To do this will require great patience and industry, a broad and accurate scholarship, fine but not finical, an extended knowledge of Eastern life and habits of thought, and a well-disciplined and discriminating taste, prompt to detect and competent to rectify all transpositions of motives and incongruities of style and sentiment, so that the editor may be able to decide with something like intuition, in the case of each poetic abnormality, how far the critical scalpel is to be applied, and whether to

"Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts."

In no department of learning is there more urgent need of this revisional and reconstructive criticism than in Oriental literature, and nowhere should it be conducted with greater care and caution, especially in giving scope to ingenious conjectures and the suggestions of merely individual fancy and feeling. *Hâfiz* himself complains of contemporary poetasters, who tried to palm off their pinchbeck for his gold; the city-shroffs themselves becoming counterfeiters and issuers of base coin. He also ridicules these forgers as men who braid split reeds into coarse mats, and imagine themselves to be embroiderers of fine tissues and rich tapestries:—

"Each dullard who would share my fame, each
rival self-deceiver,
Reminds me that at times the mat seems golden
to its weaver."

"Cease, *Hâfiz*! store as ruddy gold the wit that's
in thy ditty:
The stampers of false coin, behold! are bankers
for the city."

It was not so much from plagiarists that he suffered as from personators, who stole his seal and signet in order to give

currency to their own inferior productions, and thus injured his reputation; and if he was annoyed by the circulation of these counterfeits in his native city and during his lifetime, one can easily fancy what dimensions the evil assumed in remote places and after his death.

Of the several attempts which have been made to render Hâfiz into English verse, Bicknell's translation is unquestionably the best.¹ It is based on the text of Brockhaus, and, with the exception of three odes not contained in the latter, and a few slight *variæ lectiones* and unimportant deviations in the succession of the couplets, is, so far as it goes, identical with it. Of the five hundred and seventy-three odes (*ghazliyat*) printed by Brockhaus, Bicknell has translated one hundred and thirty-one entirely, and portions of fifty-five others; he has also rendered all of the forty-two so-called fragments (*kit'ât*), and the sixty-nine tetrastichs (*rubâ'iyât*), two of the six binorhymes (*masnaviyât*), namely The Cupbearer's Book (*sâkinâma*) and The Minstrel's Book (*mughannînâma*), a few stanzas of the two idyls or panegyrics (*kasâ'id*), and the concluding pentastich (*mukhammas*). From this summary it will be seen that Bicknell's volume comprises about one fourth of the odes which alone constitute the Divân proper, and a still greater proportion of the other poems which are also comprehended under this title, when used in a wider sense to denote an au-

thor's collected, and especially his posthumous works.

A Divân, in the strict signification of the term, consists of a series of odes, or ghazals, arranged in the alphabetical order of the rhymes. Theoretically, a ghazal² should never have less than five nor more than ten couplets;³ but this rule is by no means rigidly adhered to in practice. Both lines of the first couplet and the second line of each succeeding couplet in the ghazal must rhyme, and the rhyme must end with the letter of the alphabetical section to which the ghazal belongs. Thus every ghazal under *Alif* must rhyme in *Alif*; every ghazal under *Be* in *Be*, and so on through all the thirty-two letters of the Persian alphabet. This binding letter is called *rawîy*. Furthermore, the final couplet of each ghazal must contain the author's name, as a sort of signature, or sign-manual, and usually expresses some purely personal sentiment, such as self-laudation, despair, admonition, flattery of a friend or patron, censure of a rival or foe, praise of the Supreme Being, or longing for the loved one.

Composing ghazals is therefore very aptly compared to piercing and stringing pearls; the same word, *nazm*, being used for both acts, and the monorhyme forming the continuous thread which runs through the whole row of couplets and holds them together. It is this analogy which leads Eastern poets to speak so often of their verses as pearls, preserved in the nomenclature of the different parts of the verse. The stich is compared to a double door, of which each hemistich is a fold (*misrâ'*). Thus the distich resembles a diptych. The last foot of the first hemistich is called the tent-pole (*'arûz*), the last foot of the second hemistich the tent-peg (*zarb*): terms derived from the corresponding functions which they are supposed to perform in the verse. The intermediate feet are regarded as the quilting or stuffing of the cushions (*hashw*). The word for metre is *bahr*, which signifies sea, and also the space inclosed by the tent. The Arab or Persian poet, in essaying to "build the lofty rhyme," conceives of himself as an architect, and of each couplet as an edifice, in which to house some tender sentiment or delicate conceit.

¹ *Hâfiz of Shirâz*. Selections from his Poems. Translated from the Persian by HERMAN BICKNELL. London: Triibner & Co. 1875.

² The term *ghazal* is derived from a verb signifying to spin, and means a twist or twine; that is, something spun out. Figuratively, it means also a poem spun out, in the same sense as a sailor is said to spin a yarn. The *kasida* does not differ essentially from the ghazal in structure; it is, however, longer and more elevated in tone, and is usually elegiac, panegyric, or satirical in character. It is regarded as a higher flight of the Muse than the ghazal; and this distinction is expressed in the root of the word, which means to make exertion, or put forth effort.

³ *Bayt* means, primarily, house or tent; secondarily, verse, distich, or couplet. This analogy is

and to characterize a halting distich as a half-bored pearl (*gawhari nâmsuft*). The metaphor has to their minds a peculiar fitness and force which we fail to appreciate. Thus Hâfiz, in *The Cup-bearer's Book*, commends Nizâmi as a peerless poet, from whom he

"cites three couplets full of import wise,
More precious than bright pearls in Reason's eyes."

This compliment, however, is made to reflect glory upon himself, since he elsewhere declares that his own songs, pure as pellucid pearl (*durri khwushab*, pearl of fine water), excel in lustre those of Nizâmi. Again, in a generous tribute to his contemporary, Salâmân, court poet of Sultân Uvais at Baghdâd, he repeats the same figure of speech:—

"At night my Genius to my Reason cried,
Supreme in grace by the good Lord supplied,
'Oh, say, what pearl-string in the world excels
The priceless gems which lie in 'Ummân's
shells?'"

To me she answered, 'List, and those disdain
Who vaunt this idyl, or that lyric strain.
Dost know that lettered man to all preferred,
If simple truth, not dreams and lies, be heard?
Salâmân, the lord of language, sagest sage,
Adorns religion, and instructs the age.'

In one of the binorhymes, not translated by Bicknell, it is said that the wise men who first called our earthly habitation a hostelry bored a pearl of truth, or, in more prosaic Western phrase, hit the nail on the head.

The *Divân* abounds in quaint conceits and queer similitudes, drawn from the supposed magical and medicinal qualities of gems, the strange virtues they were thought to possess as philters and phylacteries, and the curious notion that they contain perfectly pure water, frequently compared to the water of knowledge or the water of life, which trickles from them when they are perforated. In the following passage, this idea is carried out in one of those obscure and elaborate metaphors of which the Orientals are so fond:—

"Had merit's lustrous gem been placed within
the beggar's breast,
The circle of his shame's fixed point on water had
found rest."

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In other words, if the beggar only possesses the pearl of a noble nature, his shame will expand from the minutest point, in an ever-widening circle, by virtue of the water in this pearl, until it embraces his whole character, just as a pebble thrown into a pond produces a movement which gradually covers the entire surface. This couplet furnishes a good illustration of the difficulty of giving a close and at the same time an intelligible translation of Persian poetry.

According to native grammarians and prosodists, the ghazal is preëminently what Dr. Johnson used to call an "amatorian ode." Sweet music, ruby lips, and ruddy wine are the constant themes of Hâfiz, who never tires of touching his lyre to strains like these:—

"My ear to the voice of the flute is inclined, and
the harp's harmonious sound;
My eye to thy rubies is constantly turned, and
the goblet speeded around.

"Say naught of the lusciousness candy contains;
e'en sugar unmentioned may be;
For all, save the sugar possessed by thy lips, is
wanting in value to me.

"Since dolorous love as a treasure has lain in the
ruined shrine of my breast,
The nook of the vintner's apartment alone has
yielded me shelter and rest.

"A wine-drinker am I, to giddiness prone, whose
glances and manners are free;
And where among those who inhabit this town
is one who resembles me?"

"Withhold from the Muhtasib's knowledge, I
pray, the story of error like mine;
He also, with ardor that equals my own, unceasingly
searches for wine."

The last couplet has been oddly misunderstood by both Hammer and Rosenzweig, who interpret it as meaning that the Muhtasib, or superintendent of police, is also a tippler, whereas his search after wine is for the purpose of suppressing its sale and preventing scandalous indulgence in it. To speak of him as "begabt mit Trunklust" is to miss the very point, and to lose the whole wit of the ambiguous phrase.

It is further stated by Persian writers on poetics that the subject matter of the ghazal, "whether it be the joy of meeting or the pain of parting, should be continued to the end." In other words, each ghazal should unfold a single thought, and preserve a uniform tone of sentiment. *Hâfiz* never adheres pedantically to this *jus et norma loquendi*, but obeys rather the suggestions of his own genius. On one occasion he was taken to task by *Shâh Shujâ'* for his frequent violations of poetic unity by weaving a didactic strain, or a subtle thread of *Sûfi* mysticism and metaphysics, into the same ode in which he sings the passion of love, or the gladdening presence of wine. The *Shâh* himself was a dabbler in verse, and felt no little pride in the technical correctness of his productions. He possessed some literary taste, considerable intelligence, and unusual force of character; he only lacked the one thing needful for the true poet, — creative imagination. He was among bards what the ostrich is among birds, — a creature that by sheer strength of shank and sinew manages to get over a good deal of ground in a short space of time, but with all its leaping and flapping never rises into the air and soars, and would naturally turn its "feeble eyen" towards the sky with stupid wonder at the eccentric and tremulous movements of the lark mounting heavenward, and making the empyrean ring with melody, as it pours its

"full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

To the strictures of such a critic *Hâfiz* replied, "The words which fall from the gracious lips of your majesty contain the very essence of truth, and it is doubtless due to the defects of my poems that they are sought after in distant lands, whilst the excellent verses of other poets never get beyond the gates of *Shirâz*." This response so enraged the *Shâh* that he caused *Hâfiz* to be cited before the inquisitorial tribunal of

Ulamâ, on a charge of heresy, based on a couplet in which the doctrine of a future life seemed to be denied, or at least derided. By the advice of a legal friend, *Hâfiz* introduced an additional couplet, putting the offensive words into the mouth of a Christian who had just taken his morning dram. The poet was acquitted by the hierarchical court, on the ground that "the citation of an heretical opinion does not constitute heresy." The couplet which gave rise to the trial and the one which rose out of it, literally translated, are as follows: "How sweetly came to me these words, which, at dawn, a Christian sang to pipes and tabors near the wine-shop door: 'If that's the Muslim's faith which *Hâfiz* holds, alas that to-morrow should follow in the footsteps of to-day!'" The man who could detect anything condemnatory in these lines must have had a scent for heresy as keen as that of a Spanish Dominican.

Oriental poets are very fond of showing their skill in overcoming self-imposed and superfluous difficulties by cramping and contorting their verses, and compressing their ideas into all sorts of whimsical shapes, to which they sometimes attach a symbolical significance. It is an absurd and crudely unæsthetic confusion of the imaging and the speaking arts, to attempt to give to poetry a plastic character, to burden the pen with the superadded functions of the brush and the burin, to work in words as the sculptor works in clay and the painter in colors. Thus the Hindus exercise their ingenuity in constructing poems in the form of a lotus (*padma-bandha*), a drum (*muraja-bandha*), a sword (*khadga-bandha*), a bow (*dhanur-bandha*), a garland (*srag-bandha*), and a tree (*vriksha-bandha*.) In all this metrical and mental procrusteanizing there is reflected something of the arbitrary and autocratic spirit of the Eastern despot, who takes a morbid delight in freaks of nature, dwarfs, giants, and monstrosities,

which he propagates by artificial selection, or even creates by actual surgery, to suit a cruel caprice, after the ghastly fashion of L'Homme Qui Rit. The poet is not satisfied with his *oratio vineta* or *gebundene Rede* until he has not only bound it hand and foot, but also mutilated and distorted it in the most fantastic manner. He seems to find the same childish pleasure in forcing his thoughts into attitudes which render their free and vigorous movement impossible that rude boors and rustics do in the floundering efforts of men to run races with their feet in bags.¹

A great genius, like Hâfiz, never consents to play the clown in this wise: he is not ambitious to compete with the mountebank, nor to rival the feats of the prestidigitateur; he has no wish to manacle his wit, and can put the fine frenzy of his imagination to nobler uses than to exhibit it to a gaping crowd struggling in a strait-jacket. Yet, notwithstanding his freedom from all such artificial restraints, as well as from all forced and obscure inversions in style, and the remarkable simplicity, naturalness, and perspicuity of the language in which his easy numbers flow, it is evident from the very nature and structure of the ghazal, as already defined, that it involves restrictions and imposes hampering conditions which make the translation of his poetry into another tongue, and especially into English, a task of extreme difficulty.

Furthermore, when we consider that in his Divân there are, for example, seventy-seven ghazals rhyming in *Mim*, ninety in *Te*, and one hundred and sixty-seven in *Dâl*, we can easily imagine that even the graceful and consummate skill of a Rückert, with a medium at his command as pliant and adaptable as German, might despair of reproducing the

rhythmic and rhymic peculiarities of Hâfiz' verse with any degree of elegance and exactness.

In addition to this clog of the monorhyme, there is also a constant succession of puns, antitheses, alliterations, and all kinds of miniature word-painting and curious word-play, in which the poet indulges far more freely than accords with Occidental taste, and which it is well-nigh impossible to retain or to represent. Persian writers are constantly and almost irresistibly tempted to err in this direction, not only by the peculiar structure of their language and its system of unwritten vocalization, but also by the fact of having, besides their vernacular vocabulary, the word-magazines of Arabic, Hindûstâni, and countless local dialects to draw from; so that they are never in want of brilliant equivoques and other many-colored explosives for displays of verbal pyrotechnics. Thus the distinguished Dilli poet, Amir Khusrâu, relates in charming verse how, as he was walking on the banks of a stream, he saw a beautiful Hindû lady, with long, disheveled hair, performing her ablutions. "Oh, lovely image," he exclaimed, "what is the price of a lock?" The fair damsel replied, "*Dur dur muy*." In Persian her answer would mean, "A pearl for every hair;" whilst in Hindûstâni the same words would express the sharp reproof, "Begone, begone, thou scamp!" Such *double-entendres* are of frequent occurrence, and afford infinite entertainment to the Oriental mind.

What Cervantes affirmed of translations in general is preëminently true of the translation of a Hâfizian ode: it is at best like the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, which shows the artistic designs only in rough outlines, the interwoven figures marred, and the delicate shades

¹ The same fancy was frequently indulged by mediæval poets. It was also customary to write portions of the Scriptures in the form of sacred persons or symbols. A curious specimen of this kind is still preserved among the treasures of the

Royal Library in Munich, namely, the Septem Psalmi Penitentiales, which the famous calligraphist Wolf wrote for the Emperor Charles VI. in the form of David playing the harp, and which resembles the finest pen-drawing.

of color blurred. It is easy enough to paraphrase a Persian ghazal, as Sir William Jones has done, amplifying and embellishing the theme, and introducing an occasional strain or suggestion of the original, like a musician improvising variations to a popular melody; but to produce a version at once accurate and readable, and so closely corresponding to the original as to be in some degree a substitute for it, is a labor requiring no inconsiderable power of intellectual assimilation and poetic execution.

The Germans, who are justly recognized as pioneers and *facile principes* in this branch of literary labor, already possess two complete translations of *Hâfiz*: the first by Joseph von Hammer (2 vols., Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1812-13), and the second by Vincenz von Rosenzweig (3 vols., Vienna, 1858-64). The former, notwithstanding the reputation which it has enjoyed for more than half a century, is in reality a very faulty and flawed piece of workmanship. The fact that such an extremely imperfect production was once highly and universally praised proves how much the standard of translation has risen during the past seventy years. Scarcely an ode can be said to be satisfactorily rendered; serious errors, which pervert the meaning of the original, constantly occur; and many odes, like that on *Hârût* and *Mârût*, for example, are botched and bungled almost beyond recognition. But, with all the defects that mar these volumes, one turns their embrowned and thumb-soiled pages with a feeling of reverence and gratitude, remembering that from them came the first impulse and chief incentive to Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*. Hammer's merits, too, as an Orientalist were far greater than this translation would lead us to infer. Both by his learning and his personality he exerted a wide and lasting influence in this direction, not only in Austria and Germany, but also throughout all Europe. His writings show great research

and erudition, and an intimate and accurate knowledge of Eastern life and character. Rosenzweig, Kremer (*Culturgeschichte des Orients*), and Baron von Schlechta are all either pupils of Hammer, or propagators of the movement he originated and the interest he excited in Oriental literature and history. Indeed, *The Revolutions in Constantinople in the Years 1807 and 1808* (Vienna, 1882), by Baron von Schlechta, is essentially a supplement to Hammer's celebrated *History of the Osmanic Empire*. Rosenzweig's version of *Hâfiz* is quite close and correct, and is accompanied by the Persian text, although printed in the obscure and eye-straining Ta'lik characters, which no European editor ought to use. Selections from *Hâfiz* have also been translated by Daumer (Hamburg, 1846, sqq.) and by Nesselmann (Berlin, 1865): the former is fluent and quite spirited, but much too free and fragmentary; the latter is far more faithful, and has very skillfully preserved many of the peculiar features of the original.

Still more recent is Bodenstedt's *Singer of Shirâz*,¹ an anthology of entire poems and isolated couplets, culled with excellent taste and discrimination from the flowery fields of the *Divân*, and "germanized" with the rare poetical facility and the intimate acquaintance and intense sympathy with Eastern customs and habits of thought which distinguish the author of *Tausend und Ein Tag im Orient* and *Die Lieder des Mirza Schaffy*. Regarded strictly as a translation, it by no means takes rank with that of Bicknell, already referred to. But it must be borne in mind that each had in view a different aim and ideal. Bicknell wished to produce an exact and, so far as possible, linear version of the original, and has been remarkably successful in the accomplishment of this

¹ *Der Sänger von Schiras. Hafisische Lieder verdeutscht durch FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT.* Berlin. 1877.

extremely difficult task. Bodenstedt's standpoint is clearly indicated by the use of the word "*verdeutscht*" on the title-page. His object, as he states it, is "*den altpersischen Dichter heimisch zu machen.*" But this attempt involves dangers similar to those which attend the domestication of rare and delicate beasts in a *jardin d'acclimatation*; if they survive the process, they undergo a change, and suffer the loss of some of their finest qualities and most distinctive characteristics. The ghazals of Hâfiz can never be acclimatized and thoroughly naturalized in Western literature. They resemble, in this respect, those exotic plants which, with us, thrive and preserve their native bloom and perfume only in hot-beds and the artificial atmosphere of green-houses, but in the common soil and common air of other than their indigenous climes either perish or become transformed and assimilated to the flora of the land to which they have been transplanted.

It is easy to predict for Bodenstedt's *Hafisische Lieder* a wide and permanent popularity in Germany, rivaling that of his own *Mirza Schaffy* and of Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*; but only by the sacrifice of whatever is most peculiarly and preëminently Persian and Hâfizian will they be able to attain and maintain this prominent place in German literature. Hâfiz and all the Persian poets often resort to metaphors and allusions which appear to us not only far-fetched and obscure, but also dreadfully prosaic and ignoble. Nevertheless, no translator is justified in eliminating all this imagery, merely because it is not readily intelligible, or does not accord with what we call good taste. On the contrary, this is the very reason why it should be scrupulously retained and, if need be, explained. The comparison in which the poet represents himself as a sugar-eating parrot ought not to be omitted simply because "it strikes the German ear comically." We do not prize a dark

mole on the cheek as an element of beauty, nor call a heartless coquette a Turk; but the fact that such expressions and figures of speech do not occur in our erotic poetry, and that such spots "do not have for us the poetic charm they possess for an enamored Persian," does not give us the right to erase them; otherwise the dictates of individual fancy and caprice would alone set limits to the work of expurgation.

In every genuine poem and truly artistic creation, the thought and the phrase, the conception and the form, are inseparably interfused. It is not enough, therefore, to communicate the plain sense of a verse, however clearly and elegantly it may be done. The original method of expressing it, the die with which the imagination first stamped it and gave it currency as coin, the rhetorical adornments with which the thought is embellished and the similes by which it is illustrated and enforced, must all be reproduced. For these things are not mere accidents and accessories, but integral and essential parts of the poem, and cannot be discarded without depriving it of its peculiar tone and color. A few passages will suffice to illustrate this principle, and to show how far Bodenstedt has deviated from it. Thus he sums up the beautiful ode in which Hâfiz laments the death of his son as follows:—

"Es klagt die Nachtigall weil eine Rose brach,
Der alte Vater weint dem todtten Sohne nach.

"Mein eignes Herzblut ist versiegt mit seinem
Blut,
Mein Hoffen, all mein Glück verschlang die
Schicksalsflut.

"Ich liess ihn unvermählt und nun steh' ich allein;—
O Hâfis, leichten sinns schufst Du Dir schwere
Pein!"

Compare this epitomized version with Bicknell's faithful rendering of the entire ode:—

"A Bulbul drank his own heart's blood, his joy
was in a rose;

Then envy's blast with hundred thorns assailed
his heart's repose.

"With sugar for his chief delight a Parrot's heart
was gay ;
Then suddenly a fatal flood swept Hope's conceits away.

"My eyes' bright light, my heart's sweet fruit,
was he : be unforgotten
That he who passed so lightly hence made burdensome my lot.

"Driver, my camel-pack has fallen ! give help,
for God's dear sake :
I looked for kindness when I chose this litter's course to take.

"Slight not my face's dust, nor dew dropt from
my eyes : the Sphere
Of turquoise from this mortar made our hall of pleasure here.

"Alas ! that from the high Sphere's moon, which
envious glanced below,
The sepulchre contains my Moon, whose eyebrows were a bow !

"Thou didst not castle ; now the time, *Hâfiz*, has
passed away.
What can I do ? the Cycle's freaks occasioned my delay."

The German translation conveys the plain sense of the original as clearly and concisely as possible, but the Oriental hues are all washed out of it: "the gorgeous East" is stripped of its "barbaric pearl and gold;" we do not get the slightest suggestion of the curious and often confused play of the Persian poet's fancy and his tropical exuberance of expression. What the reader wishes to familiarize himself with is not merely *Hâfiz*' thought, but also the figurative language in which he clothes it, with its mixed metaphors and obscure allusions, which the translator should elucidate but not eliminate. The camel-driver invoked in the fourth distich is the poet's friend, from whose sympathy he hopes for strength to bear the burden of his grief as he follows his son's bier to the grave. Heaven (the turquoise sphere or azure vault) has built our earthly habitation, ironically called a hall of pleasure, out of mortar made of the mingled dust and tears which gather on the face during

life's pilgrimage. The highest compliment a Persian can pay to a person's beauty is to call him or her a moon. Thus *Hâfiz* declares that heaven's moon through envy has slain his young moon, whose crescent suggests eyebrows arched like a bow. The last distich contains a metaphor taken from the Oriental's favorite game of chess. The sad father laments that he did not cover the king with a castle, — that is, did not give his son in marriage, — so that he might now enjoy at least the society of grandchildren, and find consolation and comfort in their companionship. This neglect he ascribes to "the Cycle's freaks," or to the diversions of the days which made him thoughtless: *bâzî'e ayyâm marâ ghâfil kard*. Present happiness, all-absorbing, rendered him heedless of the future. Few Europeans, perhaps, would understand this figure of speech; nevertheless, it is far more satisfactory to preserve it and explain it in a brief footnote than to substitute for it the bald prose of Bodenstedt's verse: "I left him unwedded, and now stand alone."

In an ode written during his visit to the Shâh of Yazd, *Hâfiz*, lamenting the fate that has cast his lot among strangers, and longing for his native land, exclaims, —

"With largess dropped from my eyes will I deck
with gold, as thy hair,
The feet which shall hither come with a greeting
sped by thy care."

This truly Oriental imagery means simply that he will welcome with tears of joy the messenger who shall bring tidings from the beloved one at home; or as Bodenstedt renders it: —

"Freudenthränen will ich weinen auf des Liebes-
boten Fuss,
Der, mich suchend in der Ferne, mir von Dir
bringt holden Gruss."

The feeling here expressed is as universal as home-sickness; it is only *Hâfiz*' manner of expressing it that is specifically Persian, and this distinctive feature disappears entirely from the German

translation. With the tendency of the Eastern imagination, in pursuing a metaphor, to run down any chance game that bears the slightest and most superficial resemblance to it, the tribute of glad tears is compared to the small gold coins which are scattered among the people on festive occasions, and this largess (*nîsar*) suggests the gold thread which the Persians are wont to weave into their hair, and thus calls up the image of the absent friend. In this wild chase of tropes, the poet, like an ill-trained hound, is constantly led astray by cross-scents and counter-scents, and during the course of the hunt will have bayed perhaps half a dozen different kinds of quarry. If he started a stag, he will most likely bring in a squirrel. But the translator must not omit this peculiarity, nor attempt to correct the author's rhetorical divagations, if he would truly represent the original.

Again, of the eighty-seventh ode, Bodenstedt translates only the first, second and ninth couplets thus:—

"Gottlob, die Weinhausthür ist aufgethan!
Ich bin auf's Neu' am Ziel der alten Bahn.

"Die Krüge steben des Feuergeistes voll—
Symbolisch nimmt's der Thor im frommen
wahn.

"Ich aber nehm' es, wie es schmeckt;—O Hâfiz!
Dich kennen nur die Fackeln brennen sah'n!"

The same couplets in Bicknell's version are as follows:—

"Thank God that open is the wine-house door;
My looks unceasingly that gate implore.

"The jars, all drunk, a boiling ferment bear;
For not symbolic, but true wine is there.

"Friends, who would know the fire by Hâfiz felt,
Question the taper made to burn and melt."

In the German translation the second couplet is linked to the ninth by the insertion of a wholly foreign phrase ("I take it as it tastes"), which supplants the first hemistich of the ninth, so that the second hemistich of the couplet thus mutilated makes no sense whatever. In

the Persian ode, which is given entire neither by Bodenstedt nor by Bicknell, Hâfiz passes, with the third couplet, by a natural transition from the intoxication of wine to that of love, confines himself during the rest of the poem to the latter form of inebriety, and concludes by comparing himself, as regards his ardent and consuming passion, to the taper made to burn and melt. These examples will suffice to illustrate the manner in which Bodenstedt has conceived of and executed his task. The result is an attractive volume of poems, but a very inadequate version of Hâfiz.

Notwithstanding the fine appreciation of Persian literature shown by Jones, Nott, and Hindley, and the real value of their labors in this field of learning, no one nowadays would claim that the few translations they printed, however excellent as poems, give the reader any proper conception of the original which they pretend to represent. They were made on the false and now happily exploded theory of "translation with latitude," in accordance with which Sir William Jones expanded the eighteen lines of a Hâfizian ghazal into fifty-four lines of English, and thus succeeded in producing a very smooth and pretty poem, from which every distinctive feature of the original was conscientiously eliminated.

Bicknell, indeed, is the first English scholar who has translated a Persian ghazal linearly, faithfully, and poetically, and in achieving this result has proved himself not merely a ready rhythmizer and rhymist, but also at least *ex alieno ingenio poeta*. That even in his hands the delicate and delicious wine of Shîrâz should lose much of its native flavor and bouquet by decantation is inevitable; but he has not diluted it for domestic consumption, nor adulterated it with foreign ingredients to suit unseasoned palates. On every page of the magnificent and, we regret to add,

memorial volume, in which are garnered the mature fruits of many years' study and travel, we find ample evidence that he possessed, both as a linguist and a metaphysician, the rare learning and peculiar qualities of mind necessary to grasp and to interpret the half-mystic and half-material subtleties of thought which pervade the lyrics of Hâfiz, and constitute a chief element of their irresistible and enduring fascination.

Mindful, too, of Goethe's maxim, —

"Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichter's Lande gehen," —

he resided for some time at Shirâz, and there became familiar with the favorite haunts of the poet and the places made famous by his song, and acquired also a thorough knowledge of the character and customs of the Persian people. Had he lived to see his work through the press, he might have added here and there a finer touch, and given to the whole a more perfect finish; but even in its present form, issued as it was without his final revision, it is unquestionably the very best version of the Divân extant. The selections are made with excellent taste and judgment; the notes which follow each ode are pointed and compact; and, as far as it extends, it is uncontestedly superior to any other translation of Hâfiz accessible to the English reader. Doubtless the critic, who regards it from a purely literary standpoint, will find plenty of prosaic passages and some clumsy verses. But these defects are incidental to every

translation of this kind, which aims at the strict fidelity of a prose version, whilst preserving, as far as possible, the metrical character of the original. The exact reproduction of the ghazal, with its peculiar richness of rhyme, has not yet been achieved in any European language, and no Persian scholar expects it ever will be.

Typographically, too, Bicknell's volume is an elegant specimen of book-making, highly creditable to the publisher and well worthy of the contents. The illustrations, consisting of three chromo-lithographs and six woodcuts representing appropriate Oriental scenes, the tasteful floriated title, the numerous vignettes and arabesques, and the rich Persian border, printed in green and gold, and adorning every page of the clear letter-press, render the book a perpetual delight to the bibliophile. The harmony of the whole is disturbed only by a single discord: the sacred color of the prophet, which produces such a charming effect upon the inner illuminations, should have extended to the exterior, and the volume have been bound in green and gold instead of purple and gold.

A translation of the entire Divân by Professor E. H. Palmer was announced as "in preparation." But as it has not yet appeared, it was probably not ready for publication at the time when the sudden and tragic death of this accomplished Orientalist at the hands of Arab assassins occurred.

E. P. Evans.

A PISAN WINTER.

"THEY have come, *babbo*," announced a young man, as he entered the great arched chamber in one corner of which Dr. Girolamo Berti was ensconced in the depths of an armchair, with his news-

paper and his pipe. "They have come," repeated he, as his father did not look up, or make any sign of having heard him.

"Well, and what if they have?" said

Dr. Berti slowly, laying down his paper, a twinge of pain contracting his face, as he moved his gouty foot upon its cushion. "I suppose they are not going away again to-night? And pray shut the door. I don't like the hurried ways you have since you came from Paris."

Paul Berti closed the door, and came forward into the small circle of light which two candles on the table made in the smoky darkness of the immense, sombre-tinted room. He lighted a cigarette, and sat quietly by his father, while the latter resumed his reading. Presently, however, having satisfied his sense of dignity by this deliberation, the old gentleman laid down his paper, and peered over his spectacles at his son, who seemed absorbed in meditation.

"What sort of people are they?" said he. "Mad English, I suppose, as usual."

"They are Americans, babbo. Very nice, quiet people. I am sure you will like them. And there are two children who are really angels!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the old doctor. "Is the gentleman very ill?"

"In consumption, evidently. He was too tired to talk, but madame his wife told me something of his case. She calls it bronchitis, and hopes much from relief from business and the air of Pisa. *Ma—*" And the young doctor's expressive shrug and gesture said the rest.

"How old is he?" inquired the father.

"About fifty, I should say. His wife is much younger; does not look over twenty-five. I thought at first that she was his daughter. They hope to see you in the morning, babbo."

"Very well," growled Dr. Berti. "If I can go, I will; if not, you must attend to them. *Per Bacco!* these *forestieri* have n't any consideration: they think nobody ought to be ill but themselves."

Dr. Berti's week of seclusion, with gout for company, had not improved his always irascible temper, and he was

never over-fond of *Inglesti*, in which term he was wont to include all who spoke the English tongue. He detested their hot fires and open windows; he did not understand their aversion to his lancet; in short, he was as impatient of their "outlandish" ways as any Italian doctor of the old school could possibly be. His son had been in Paris for a part of his medical education, and had imbibed the progressive spirit of "young Italy" at home; so that between filial reverence, always strongly developed in an Italian, and the consciousness that his father's system was an outgrown one, he sometimes had a hard time of it. But the old doctor's reputation was established, and the Pisans looked with doubt and distrust on the new-fangled ways of Dr. Paul. True, some fever cases which he had undertaken had turned out wonderfully well; but it was doubtless the Madonna who had interfered to prevent harm from so much fresh air and bathing and beef-tea; when all good nurses know that a fever patient ought to be kept closely shut up, and have no changes of linen or exciting diet. For all that, it was said in Pisa that Paul Berti was a fine young man; and it was a thousand pities that he could not be content to walk in the steps of his respected father.

Old Dr. Berti felt better the next morning, and about eleven he stepped out of his carriage at the door of the Hotel Vittoria, and caused himself to be announced to the American family. Dr. Paul was with him; probably having come either to give the support of his arm, or to see those angels by daylight.

The invalid, too, felt refreshed by his night's repose, and was enjoying the bright sunlight and soft air of the October morning. He was lying back in an easy-chair by a window, looking upon the Arno; his wife had her hands full of home letters, just brought her from the banker's, and was reading to him bits here and there; the children, two

little girls of six and four years, were playing softly in a corner. As Paul Berti came in, he thought he had seen few pleasanter family pictures.

The room itself had already taken on a look of homelikeness from the few individual belongings scattered about it: there was a great bunch of roses in a vase, a few photographs, a work-basket, and a heap of books and newspapers on the table, and gay shawls on the sofa, which had been pulled towards the window. Mrs. Ashley came forward to greet the gentlemen with frank cordiality. Before the doctor could grumble out his formal phrases of courtesy, she had installed him in a delightful arm-chair at her husband's side, and, on seeing his apprehensive glance at the open window, had closed it, without even asking if it inconvenienced him.

"It is very kind of you," she said, "to come to us when you are yourself far from well. But I hope we shall not be very troublesome. Mr. Ashley already feels better for your soft Pisan air." She spoke in French, which was another relief to the old gentleman, and the professional conversation which followed was also carried on in that language. Meanwhile, Paul had withdrawn to the end of the long *salon*, and was coaxing the children to come to him. The eldest was shy, and would not be tempted; but little Alice was evidently attracted by the stranger, and was soon on his knee, listening to a wonderful tale, told in rather broken English, — a tale which all Italian children know by heart, but which proved quite new to the little American lady. Gradually curiosity got the better of timidity, and Minnie too approached and leaned against Paul's chair.

Dr. Berti had seen at a glance the hopelessness of the patient's condition, and, as usual in such cases, put on his most cheerful manner. "We will leave an exact diagnosis to another day," he concluded, after he had talked with the patient for some time. "Meanwhile,

my dear sir, make yourself as comfortable as you can; go out when the sun shines; take nourishing food; and as to sleep, I will send you a sedative this evening. *A rivederla*," and he bowed himself out, followed by Mrs. Ashley, who detained him in an ante-room to beg for his real opinion of her husband's state.

"Impossible to say exactly at present, my dear madame," replied Dr. Berti, in his brisk manner. "He is fatigued with the journey; he needs rest. In a week or two we shall see, — we shall see. Let us hope that there may be an improvement. But he must be careful, madame, — very careful; no exposure; no excitement, above all," said he, eying the pretty woman with a terrible frown.

"Oh, I assure you," answered the wife, smiling, in spite of her anxiety, at the idea of excitement in such a place as Pisa, "we shall be very quiet, and shall observe your directions strictly."

Paul noticed the smile, and divined the lady's thought. To him, also, Pisa was not exactly an exhilarating locality. Could he do anything to render the winter before this fair young woman a little less tedious? He thought about it, at intervals of leisure, all day.

It proved a mild and lovely winter. Every day the invalid seemed to gain healing from the tranquil life in this soft climate. He was able to walk slowly for a considerable distance; he liked wandering about the Duomo, and amused himself with listening to the comments of tourists on the Leaning Tower; and still more, when he had the grassy piazza to himself, he enjoyed the beauty of this delicate architecture, relieved against the intense blue of the sky. At other times he sauntered by the river, and watched the lazy, good-humored street-life of Italy, or the mild gayety of the afternoon promenade, when all that little Pisa holds of fashion drives solemnly up and down the Lung' Arno.

He had made friends with one or two invalids, like himself, and had now and then a game of chess with the English clergyman. It was not life exactly, this kind of existence; but neither was it the suffering which had racked him for months previous. He strove not to look backwards or forwards, but to take thankfully this not unbearable present, which was sometimes shot by gleams of hope. Mrs. Ashley was entirely deceived by this rally; she began to talk confidently about summer plans, and to set herself to make the most of these winter opportunities. She presented their letters to English and American residents, and exchanged calls with them; but she did not accept evening invitations, and there was a good deal of sameness about the afternoon entertainments, where one always met the same people. She said so, one day, to Paul, who had dropped in for an hour, as he often did. Both husband and wife liked the young man, and got into the way of talking freely with him about all sorts of subjects. He was clever, and yet child-like in his simplicity; devoid of bitterness, and yet with a certain delicate humor, quite different in quality from the Anglo-Saxon, which flashed out unexpectedly, like lightning from a summer cloud, and showed that, quiet as he was, he had observed and entered into every meaning.

"I went yesterday," Mrs. Ashley was saying, "to Mrs. Parker's kettledrum. Her rooms were lovely, and she had one or two old cabinets that I would have liked to sit and look at all the afternoon. They were so much more interesting than the people. But I had to listen to the dreadful discoveries about Mrs. Jameson. It appears that she has been supposed to be the niece of a duke, whereas she is from quite another family, and has actually been a governess. Lady Somebody, who employed her, has just been in Pisa, and of course told everybody."

"Did Mrs. Jameson herself pretend to such greatness?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"Not that I could find out," said his wife. "It seems she is a rich widow, and as people wanted to frequent her house they invented a social status for her which would permit them to do so. There was quite a council over her case, I assure you. Then there was an American family, just arrived, who were dreadfully disappointed in Italy: the olives were melancholy, the houses damp, and the streets dirty; but their special grievance was the smallness and muddiness of the Arno. And then I was attacked about the new church scheme, and the High Church and Low Church ladies quarreled over me, until I told them that I was a Unitarian, and then they both let me severely alone. I don't think I care to go to any more kettledrums," she added, rather wearily.

"But you have not delivered your Italian letters yet," said Mr. Ashley.

"No; and that reminds me to ask what is the Countess Barbani's day."

"It is Wednesday," replied Paul. "Has madame, then, the intention to honor our Italian society?"

"I should like immensely to see something of it," declared Mrs. Ashley. "I am sure it will be more interesting than I have found the foreign element in Pisa to be."

A curious expression crossed Paul's face. "It is interesting — to a certain point," he remarked. After a pause he continued: "If you would be so good as to give my aunt, the wife of Professor Feroni, the pleasure of seeing you, she would be delighted. She has heard me speak of you and is anxious to make your acquaintance. And," he added, slightly hesitating, "so is her daughter."

"I shall be most happy to know them," answered Mrs. Ashley. "When does Madame Feroni receive?"

"On Monday evenings. May I tell her that you will come next week?"

"I shall be glad to do so, if all is well at home. It is Mr. Ashley's chess evening, so he will not miss me."

In fact, on the next Monday it was possible for Mrs. Ashley to keep her promise. Dr. Paul called for her, and presented her to his aunt, a tall, fair, well-preserved woman, who greeted her with much cordiality. The gentlemen were talking by themselves at one end of the salon, while the ladies were gathered at the other around the great fireplace, in which two tiny sticks of wood, standing on end, gave forth a smouldering, fitful blaze, as if they were afraid of being chidden for burning too rapidly. The marble floor sent a chill through Mrs. Ashley's frame, and she was glad to reach the oasis of carpet in front of the fireplace, and devoutly wished that she had kept on her shawl. Madame Feroni presented her to the ladies, and there was a little stir to give the new-comer the place of honor on the sofa. Professor Feroni detached himself from the group of gentlemen, and came forward to pay his *devoirs* to the stranger. He was a fine-looking, white-haired old gentleman. While he talked with her she was conscious that his piercing eyes watched her with a curious intentness; she thought that he was observing her as a new transatlantic specimen. The ladies gave her a formal welcome: she could not exactly determine whether it was a haughty or a timid one. They seemed to make a sort of mental reservation, in addressing her, and she could not divest herself of the thought that they would report the conversation to their spiritual directors. They appeared anxious to avoid expressing opinions, and confined themselves to personal topics, mostly in the form of direct questions, of which Mrs. Ashley had her share, and was evidently expected to reciprocate. Had she been married long? What was her husband's complaint? Was she fond of children, and did she not greatly desire a son? After half an hour of this inno-

cent but hardly exhilarating entertainment, Mrs. Ashley began to grow rather weary. At this moment a young girl came into the room, and stopped, on her way to the ladies, to speak to Professor Feroni and Dr. Paul. "Who is that?" asked Mrs. Ashley of her neighbor on the sofa.

"Oh, has she not been introduced to you? That is Emilia, our hostess' only child. She is to marry her cousin Paul, you know."

"No, I did not know it," said Mrs. Ashley. "Have they been long engaged? She looks so young."

"It was all arranged long ago; in fact, when they were children. The Berti and Feroni estates will thus be kept together. As each family has but a single child, it is so fortunate that one is a son and the other a daughter."

"But," suggested Mrs. Ashley, "the young people themselves, — they love each other, I suppose?"

The lady turned her large, sleepy eyes full upon Mrs. Ashley. "They are both good, obedient children," she said, "and I have no doubt they will get on well together, when they are married."

"Surely," said Mrs. Ashley, "their parents would not force them to marry unless they cared for each other?"

"Oh, as to that, we do not look upon these matters as you do. I have even heard that in America the young man speaks to the young lady before consulting her parents."

"Certainly he does," replied Mrs. Ashley, with some spirit.

"It is not our custom," said the other languidly, but as if from such an answer there could be no appeal.

Just then Madame Feroni brought up her daughter. Emilia was a girl of true Southern type, not in the least resembling her Piedmontese mother. Her dark skin glowed with rich color, her black eyes were large and set far apart, her hair was abundant, her teeth were

small and perfect. She was sixteen, and just out of the convent, where she had passed the last eight years. She sat down by Mrs. Ashley, shyly glancing at her, and saying nothing. Mrs. Ashley's manner, however, was so kind that the girl's timidity quickly vanished, and she was beguiled into telling all about her life at the convent, and the dear mother abbess and sisters, whom she was going to visit at Easter. She was much interested, also, in the children, of whom Paul had spoken to her. "He always calls them the '*due angeli*,'" she said, smiling; and she promised to spend an afternoon with Mrs. Ashley soon, and get acquainted with them. Altogether, that talk with Emilia was the pleasantest part of the evening to Mrs. Ashley. She liked Madame Feroni's gentle manner, and felt a real interest in watching the two lovers, if such they could be called. They had no special conversation together, during the evening; but when Emilia sang her little song, Paul duly stood at her side, and made her his compliment when it was finished.

After this, the two families saw a good deal of each other. Professor Feroni would drop in of an evening for a smoke and a chat with Mr. Ashley on geology, which was the business of the one and the recreation of the other. They differed delightfully, and never got to the end of their arguments. But every now and then Mrs. Ashley was surprised to find the piercing eyes of the professor fixed upon her, with the same inscrutable expression which she had noticed at their first meeting.

As the spring came on, and the snow melted from the Carrara Mountains, so that there was no longer the faintest breath of winter in the air, Mr. Ashley was able to extend his drives to the pine woods, and even to the sea-shore. The Feronis often accompanied the Ashleys in these drives, while Paul would attend them on horseback whenever his engagements permitted. He was a fine rider,

and very fond of the exercise. He looked and talked his best at these times, and Emilia's heart began to awaken as she glanced at him. Her face took on a more thoughtful, womanly expression, and her blushes came oftener when Paul spoke to her. Mrs. Ashley, too, was always happiest in the open air; she loved sunshine, variety, motion. Mr. Ashley watched her with a tender, half-compassionate smile; he did not deceive himself as to the criticalness of his situation, but he could not bear to dampen his wife's transient enjoyment. As for Paul, he did not analyze his feelings. He basked in the sunshine of the hour; he was happy and at ease in the atmosphere of kindness by which he was surrounded, and he was more and more attracted by the fascination which Mrs. Ashley exercised over all who came within her influence. Clara Ashley was not beautiful, but she had that charm of expression and manner which, with men especially, is more powerful than beauty. Her dress was always perfect, — a little sober for her years; but somebody has laid it down as one of the rules of beauty "to dress so that the face shall be the most youthful thing about the person." But I do not think Mrs. Ashley knew this; she had taken to the habit of wearing sober colors during the early years of her married life, from annoyance at being so frequently taken for a daughter instead of a wife. She had married at seventeen a husband of forty. He was a man of splendid appearance, high position, and fine character. His choice of her first flattered the young girl, and then aroused in her a genuine, if not passionate affection. She was not made in a heroic mould; as his wife, she had had a life of calm happiness, with every wish forestalled and every care warded off. Upon this peaceful life Mr. Ashley's illness broke, as the first inroad of sorrow. But Mrs. Ashley had had little experience of illness, and had never despaired of her husband's eventual re-

covery. For Paul she came to entertain a sincere friendship, half sisterly, half motherly; a married woman always feels herself older than an unmarried man of equal age, and Paul had been from the first so thoughtfully kind and helpful in every way that it was natural to make no arrangement without consulting him, both as a doctor and as a friend, especially as Dr. Berti's gout laid him up for the greater part of the winter. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ashley felt that there was a great deal that was trying in Paul's position, and admired the silent, courageous way in which he bore the disappointment to his hopes, in having to return to Pisa just when a coveted opportunity for hospital work in Paris had presented itself to him, and also his patience under his father's criticisms and complaints. They used to talk to him about coming to America, and map out a career for him there, laughingly weighing its discomforts and its advantages, and giving him, as no books had ever done, glimpses of the wonderful opportunities for a man of energy in that great New World. These conversations, in contrast with the petty annoyances of his daily life, were to him like the opening of a window in a gloomy room, upon a wide prospect. Mrs. Ashley would also talk of Emilia, to whom she was becoming much attached. They were exchanging lessons in English and Italian, and one day, when a reference to Romeo and Juliet had caused Mrs. Ashley to repeat their story to Emilia, she was surprised to find the girl's eyes full of tears. "I ought not to have told you such a sad story," said she. "I suppose I have heard it so often that the impression has worn off. Besides, I have seen Juliet's tomb at Verona, which is too absurd; and her house is now a dreadful little inn. On the whole, I am glad that we don't live in those romantic days. Are not you?"

"I don't know," said Emilia thoughtfully. "A lover that would die for you,

—no, I suppose that is not to be expected, in these days."

"But you have one who will live for you, which is better," answered Mrs. Ashley, lightly. "Come, don't let us go to moralizing. Paul is better than any Romeo."

"Paul is very good," said Emilia, still serious. "But he does not like Pisa," she added, after a pause.

"Well, would not you like to see something of the world? He is fitted to make his way in it, and it does seem a pity that his talents should be under a bushel here."

"It may be so," replied Emilia, with a little sigh; "but you who travel so much cannot know what it is to me to think of going away from home to live. Since I have known what our parents meant for us, — though you know we are not actually betrothed, and perhaps we shall not marry," she said, with a little catch in her breath, — "I have always supposed that Paul would settle down here with his father and my parents, and it would be almost as if I had not left mamma at all. But since he came back from Paris, I have seen that he is not happy here." She wiped away the tears that were beginning to fall, and went on in a trembling voice: "Dear signora, I have thought of a great many things this winter. I was just a child when I came home from the convent, last autumn; and Paul was almost a child when I saw him last, before he went to Paris. Now, he is so old and so learned, and he talks of so many things that I do not understand, just as you do — and I — I feel so far away from him, sometimes."

Mrs. Ashley took Emilia into her arms and kissed her. "Don't trouble your little head with thinking too much about these things," she said. "A wife gradually comes to be interested in what interests her husband, in a general way, and that is all he will want. I am sure you will make the dearest little wife in

the world. But come, now, it is such a lovely day, and Mr. Ashley has not had his drive. We will go to the woods and get some violets, and you shall have a great bunch for the Countess Barbaui's party, this evening."

One warm morning in April, trusting to the uncommon beauty of the day, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley thought that they might carry out a long-cherished wish to visit the Carthusian convent in the Val dei Calci, among the Pisan hills. It was the first long excursion that the invalid had attempted, and that he might not fatigue himself by talking they went alone. To both it seemed like an escape from the restraints of illness. Mrs. Ashley was in joyous spirits, and Mr. Ashley himself yielded to the influence of the sweet air and the brilliant sky. The road is very charming, with views of the Carrara peaks and occasional glimpses of the Mediterranean. The convent stands under the shelter of the castle-crowned Monte Verruca, and is a fine old building still, in spite of restorations. After having lunched in the strangers' parlor, Mr. Ashley was made comfortable for an hour's repose, while his wife wandered about the cloisters and the church — the only parts of the convent which a woman's foot would not desecrate — with a friendly and loquacious monk, whose duty it was to show the building to strangers. Suddenly she became aware that the light was growing dim, and in a moment a gust of wind shook the windows of the church and moaned about the building. With apprehension she perceived that the sky was becoming overcast.

"Is it going to rain?" she said to the monk.

"Possibly, madame," he replied; "we have frequent showers among these mountains. But it will pass quickly, let us hope."

"At any rate, I must go back to Mr. Ashley," she exclaimed, and hastening to the parlor, she found him pacing the

room impatiently, and anxious to start at once for home. The coachman thought that the rain would not set in for an hour or two, and by fast driving they might escape it. They were politely offered such accommodations as the convent afforded, if they chose to remain there for the night; but it was such a comfortless place, and Mr. Ashley was so averse to staying, that, with many misgivings, Mrs. Ashley consented to start.

The storm did not, in fact, come on until they were close to the gates of Pisa; but the strong sea wind which delayed it was damp and cold, and though the carriage was closed as tightly as possible it crept through the badly hung doors and windows, chilling them both severely. On arriving at their hotel, the invalid was at once put to bed, and every precaution taken. The exposure, however, had been too great: the cough returned with violence, a succession of hemorrhages followed, and in a week Mr. Ashley had ceased to live.

During these trying days Paul Berti was indefatigable, not only as a physician, but also as nurse and friend. He spent every night in the sick-room, and it was in his arms that Mr. Ashley breathed his last. At the beginning of the attack, Mrs. Ashley's brother had been telegraphed for, but he could not reach Italy till all was over; and the last sad arrangements fell upon Paul. Mrs. Ashley herself was ill from a cold taken on the day of that fatal drive, as well as from sorrow and watching. She seemed like a child deprived of a parent's love and care, and in her helplessness she involuntarily leaned upon Paul for advice in every particular. It was easy to see that even in the weakness of declining health her husband's mental strength and firmness of will had kept their grasp of all that concerned the comfort of his wife and children. The Feronis had taken the children home as soon as the sick man's case had become

hopeless, and they were much with the widow, who came to regard this little group of friends with a sense of intimacy and gratitude which only strangers' kindnesses awaken. Emilia's gentle sympathy was specially soothing to her: the girl was so reverent to her sorrow; she touched it with such a tender hand, and without a trace of that critical curiosity which is apt to mingle with the condolences of even the best intentioned people. She did not feel curiosity; she had not yet learned to apportion either grief or sympathy according to worldly weights and measures.

Mrs. Ashley's brother at length arrived, and in a few days all was in readiness for her departure with him. Madame Feroni, Emilia, and Paul spent the last evening with them; Emilia busying herself in some small preparations for the journey, and crying a little over them. The whole party were very silent. Paul looked pale and ill, as well he might, after the fatigue he had undergone. The children drew him apart for one more story, but they complained that it was a dull one, and had a bad ending. Mrs. Ashley was still weak, and they left her at an early hour, all feeling a sense of relief when the good-bys were over. Paul, however, had insisted on seeing his friends off in the morning, and was at the station when they arrived. It was rather late; they went directly to the *coupé* which had been reserved for them; and a few medical directions, with a silent handshake, were all that Paul had time for, before the train moved off, and they were gone.

Paul had not slept all night. He had begun, in these last few days, to understand what this winter had been to him, and what would be left him when the dream was past. As long as her husband lived, he had striven to blind himself to the nature of his feelings towards Mrs. Ashley; but during the last weeks, when he had temporarily found himself

in the place of her nearest friend, he had abandoned himself to the sweetness of imagining what life might be in her companionship. Now, the future stretched out before him like a gloomy plain, monotonous and dreary, and he longed to break all the bonds that held him to the present, and pursue his dream, even if it were but a mirage, to delude and escape him at last.

When the train was out of sight, Paul slowly gathered himself together, and walked towards home. He felt benumbed; he was astonished that this moment, which for days he had been dreading, should have passed without the rush of some emotion impossible to conceal. He had betrayed nothing of his suffering,—of that he was sure; nay, he had erred on the other side, and his farewell must have seemed cold and indifferent.

Dr. Berti was this morning in one of his worst tempers. "Here you are at last!" he cried, as Paul came in. "The Marchesa C—— has just sent for me, and you know I am not fit to go out. Where have you been, pray?"

"I have been seeing the Ashleys off, babbo."

"I don't see what need there was of your going to the station. You are not a *facchino*. Are they really gone?"

"Yes," said Paul, wearily sinking into a chair; "they are gone."

"Well, I am glad of it. Here I have been working myself ill to leave you free for these Inglesi, who are as helpless as babies and as exacting as kings. Now I am going to rest, and you can attend to the patients." And here followed a long list of cases and directions, Dr. Berti never seeming to observe his son's looks, or to imagine that he too might need rest after his vigils. It was better, perhaps, for Paul that weeks of incessant employment were before him; so, at least, he put away reflection, and deadened feeling for the time. But as months passed on, and his father's health

grew stronger than it had been for many years, Pisa became intolerable to Paul. He felt that he was living a lie in regard to his relations with the Feroni family. True, there had been no formal betrothal between him and Emilia, nor any private interchange of vows, as in lands more favorable to love-making; therefore there seemed to be no possibility of his making any explanation as to his aversion to a marriage with Emilia. And if he did make it, what reason could he give? He had no definite hope for himself, — nothing but an ideal, a longing, stood in his way; but that ideal so completely filled his heart as to shut out all else. One thing he could do: he could go away. He resolved on going to Vienna to study for a year; beyond that he would not look.

Mrs. Ashley had written to Emilia several times since her arrival in America, and once to Paul, — a few cordial words of thanks, in her own name and that of her family, for his great kindness. Paul knew that she was living in her father's house in New York, and that her health was reestablished; but Emilia never showed him her letters, and he was too self-conscious to dare to ask questions. Mrs. Ashley had, in fact, settled gratefully into the shelter afforded her. Protected and cherished still, she mourned her husband, indeed, but she had not the intensity of feeling to suffer deeply. Her children gave her employment, her friends flocked around her; she led a life as different from that which Paul's fancy had endowed her with as it is possible to conceive.

The disappointment of Dr. Berti, when his son announced his resolve, may be imagined. He did not divine its true cause, but attributed it to the restless spirit of the times, which he was forever deprecating. Professor Feroni's sharp eyes, however, had long ago surprised Paul's secret; but he was also keen enough to see that nothing was to be gained by thwarting the young man.

"Let him go, — let him go," he said to Dr. Berti. "Have patience. He will come back to us, and when he comes he will stay."

Towards the end of Paul's second winter in Vienna, he was seized by a fever that was raging in the hospitals, and though he had it in its lightest form he did not recover strength, as he had hoped. During his convalescence, in the long hours of weakness and weariness, when the leisure which in health he had shunned was forced upon him, his thoughts, escaping from his control, would continually revert to Clara Ashley. He saw her, not as she had sometimes passed before him in the delirium of fever, mocking at his sufferings, and refusing him a touch of her cool white hand, nor even as when she had been bright and hopeful, during the first months at Pisa, but as in those last days, when in her sorrow and weakness she had leaned on his manly strength. Suddenly an irresistible desire to see her once more awakened in him.

"What would a sea-voyage do for me?" he asked one day of his physician, who had been scolding him for not getting well more rapidly.

"It would be the best thing possible for you," replied his friend. "Your suggesting it encourages me about you. Hitherto you have not helped us to cure you. But you must not go to a warmer climate."

"I should go to America, if anywhere," returned Paul.

"Very well," assented the doctor. "You can go by the Bremen line with little fatigue. I can't allow you to take the long overland journey to Liverpool, nor to go to Pisa for good-bys."

"I should not like to go without seeing my father," said Paul.

"Why can he not come to you?" suggested his friend. "It would do him good to have a little change of scene. I will write to him myself."

Thoroughly alarmed by the doctor's

representations as to Paul's state, Dr. Berti lost no time in setting off for Vienna, though with many lamentations at being obliged to take such a journey. Once arrived, however, Paul's friends gave the old gentleman such a cordial welcome, and the professors under whom Paul had worked were so enthusiastic in their praises of him, that Dr. Berti forgot to grumble, and really enjoyed his visit. He accompanied Paul to Bremen, yielding to, rather than approving of, his voyage, and urging him to make as short a stay as possible in America. He had several times attempted to introduce the subject of marriage. Emilia's good qualities were his favorite theme. She had been spending a year in England with a sister of her mother's, and the old doctor had had a dreadful fear that it would spoil her, or that she would get into some foolish love-affair there; but on the contrary, she had come back, as far as he could see, without harm to heart or mind, "for which the saints be praised," devoutly added the doctor, evidently considering that she had run a terrible risk. If he had known human nature better, Dr. Berti would not have been encouraged by the calm assent which Paul gave to all that was said of Emilia's goodness; but to every proposition that concerned his marriage the young man turned a deaf ear, and his father was fain to be content with his son's reputation among his Viennese comrades as a confirmed old bachelor. "At any rate," he said to himself, on his way home, after seeing Paul off, "no foreign hussy has turned his head. I shall tell Feroni that."

It was a bright morning in May when Paul drew near the end of his voyage, and gazed with delight on the beautiful bay of New York, alive with ships of all nations, and the city rising grandly from its waters. The steamer came to her moorings amid a crowd of boats, and unfamiliar shouts, and deafening clatter on the quay. It was a new and strange

sight to Paul, — the hurrying, jostling, pushing throng which filled the streets as he drove to his hotel. He had a sense of uselessness, among so many serious-looking faces, intent on their own affairs, and almost expected to be questioned as to his business in a place where work seemed to be the law of life. The very wind was sharp with suggestions of having traveled a long way from snowy hills, and the air was keen and electric. In his state of invalidism Paul was sensitive to all these influences, and they made him feel curiously despondent, and almost regretful for having come. Recognizing this as a morbid feeling, he resolved to counteract it by a stroll in the streets. He wandered up Broadway, still meeting the same down-pouring currents of humanity, and much struck by the sharp, fresh look of the buildings, clearly defined against the cold blue sky. He found his way back, at length, tired and excited, and feeling more than ever a stranger in a strange land. He did not try to see Mrs. Ashley on that day, nor on the next. An undefined prophecy of change and disappointment lay heavy on his heart; he dreaded to break the spell that had brought him over the sea. At last, on the third day, he drove to the address which had been on her letter. It was a long way from his hotel, but finally the carriage stopped, at the door of a large and handsome house. A servant in livery replied, to his inquiry, that Mrs. Ashley was out, but would be at home in an hour. The glimpse of her home had given another shock to Paul: she had lived so quietly in Pisa that he had never thought of her as surrounded by fashionable appointments and the ostentation of wealth.

He dismissed the carriage, and walked on without any other plan than to pass away the hour as best he might. Suddenly he found himself at the gate of a great park, and, feeling tired, went in and sat down upon a bench, to watch

the throng, who seemed as seriously intent on pleasure as they had been on business in the morning. Streams of carriages passed him; lovely children, with their nurses, were playing about him. He gazed abstractedly at the procession, in which nothing had an individual interest for him, and whose gay colors and noisy sounds fell with a bewildering confusion upon his eye and ear. He had risen to seek a more secluded spot, when, just as he was watching his opportunity to cross the drive, a carriage came dashing along, from which a familiar face—the face he had been longing for so many weary months to behold—looked out. For a moment her gaze rested upon him as on a stranger; then a sudden flash of recognition in his eyes quickened her remembrance. She gave the signal to stop the carriage; and almost before he knew it Paul was standing by her, listening to her ejaculations of wonder and inquiries as to when he had arrived in America. She presented him to her mother, Mrs. Embury, a stately old lady, and made him enter the carriage and drive on with them.

She was looking very lovely; but as Paul gazed at her from his seat opposite, he seemed to himself to be in a dream. Was this bright, girlish-looking creature the pale, sad-eyed woman to whom he had bidden farewell at Pisa only two years before? She was dressed in some fabric of misty gray, with creamy lace about her throat and wrists and a bunch of violets in her belt. How well he remembered the violets in the Pisan woods, which they had found together! He felt, as he sat there, farther away from her than when the ocean had divided them; and he knew that the distance would increase.

Mrs. Ashley was unfeignedly glad to see Paul, and spoke with a shade of tender sadness overcasting her bright face of his kindness to her during "those dark days at Pisa."

"But I want to hear all about yourself," continued she, in a more cheerful tone. "Where have you been all this time, and have you come to America to remain? Is Emilia with you?"

Thus she poured forth her questions upon the young man, who was obliged to summon back his wandering thoughts to meet them, and to give her in a few words the outline of his life since they parted.

"But Emilia," she persisted, as he did not mention her. "You are not married yet, then?"

"No, madame," said Paul, gravely; and something in his manner warned her to change the subject.

"You will come and dine with us? Must he not, mamma?"

"We shall be delighted," said Mrs. Embury. "Dr. Paul Berti seems to us all like an old friend." Her smile was very sweet as she spoke, and Paul felt more at home with her than with Mrs. Ashley. He attempted to excuse himself from accepting the invitation, but both the ladies overruled his plea of being in morning dress, and he was obliged to yield.

"The children have grown so much," said Mrs. Ashley. "You would not know them."

"They would not care for my stories now," declared Paul, smiling. "All the children here look so wise and critical that I feel quite in awe of them."

"Then they shall tell *you* stories," said Mrs. Ashley, as they drew up at Mr. Embury's.

It was a strange evening to Paul. He was made welcome in the frankest manner; the children were charmed to see their old playfellow, and were clamorous for a repetition of *The White Cat* of Pisa and other favorite tales. Indeed, they were a help to Paul, seeming the only realities in the present, and by their chatter recalling him from the reverie into which he felt himself continually falling.

He excused himself early, on the ground of invalid habits. As he walked away from the house to which he had come with such a beating heart a few hours before, there came over him a great longing for home. He saw how his life had been blighted for two years by a dream, an illusion; how he had cherished hopes which were built on an ideal foundation. Why the reality had dispelled them, why the brilliant, charming woman who had welcomed him so cordially had revealed to him that he had been in love with a vision merely, he could not tell then, nor could he ever.

He only knew that the dream had passed away.

During the weeks which he spent in New York he saw Mrs. Ashley often, and after the first embarrassment of his self-consciousness had worn off he met her with pleasure; but it was rather like a new friendship than any rebinding of old ties.

He spent with her his last evening before sailing for home; and as he was bidding her adieu, she suddenly looked up at him, saying, with a meaning smile, "Next time, bring Emilia." And Paul answered, "I will."

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

THE WAY TO ARCADY.

*Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady?
Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry?*

*Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
The spring is rustling in the tree—
The tree the wind is blowing through—
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue,
Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady.*

*Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
Quit mocking of the song-bird's note.
How have you heart for any tune,
You with the wayworn russet shoon?
Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide:
I'll brim it well with pieces red,
If you will tell the way to tread.*

*Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
And if you but keep pace with me,
You tread the way to Arcady.*

And whereaway lies Arcady?
And how long yet may the journey be?

*Ah, that (quoth he) I do not know —
Across the clover and the snow —
Across the frosts, across the flowers —
Through summer seconds and winter hours.
I've trod the way my whole life long,
And know not now where it may be;
My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I cannot go wrong,
Or clear or dark the pathway be
Upon the road to Arcady.*

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
I was wont to sing, once on a time —
There is never an echo now to ring
Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

*'Tis strange you cannot sing (quoth he);
The folk all sing in Arcady.*

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody?

*What! know you not, old man (quoth he), —
Your hair is white, your face is wise, —
That Love must kiss that mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared Love may go all bare —
No wisdom won with weariness;
But Love goes in with Folly's dress —
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead Love in
To Arcady, to Arcady.*

Ah, woe is me, through all my days
Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name, and great men's praise;
But Love, ah, Love! I have it not.
There was a time, when life was new,
But far away, and half forgot —
I only know her eyes were blue;
But Love — I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed, for lack of gold,
And she is dead, and I am old.
All things have come since then to me,
Save Love, ah, Love! and Arcady.

*Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he);
My way's for Love and Arcady.*

But you,—you fare alone, like me;
The gray is likewise in your hair.
What Love have you to lead you there,
To Arcady, to Arcady?

*Ah, no, not lonely do I fare;
My true companion's Memory.
With Love he fills the Springtime air;
With Love he clothes the Winter tree.
Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
My song goes straight to one who stands—
Her face all gladdening at the sound—
To lead me to the spring-green lands,
To wander with enlacing hands.
The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he):
She waits for me in Arcady.*

*Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady,
Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry!*

H. C. Bunner.

THE DISCOVERY OF PERUVIAN BARK.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the city of Lima was the splendid capital of the Spanish empire in South America. Full of convents and churches,—monuments of the age of faith,—it was the principal office of the Holy Inquisition, the seat of the Archbishop of Peru, and the home of the Spanish viceroy, whose authority was recognized from Patagonia to the Isthmus of Panama. Here were the costly buildings of the oldest university in America, founded in 1576. From the ranges of the Andes that towered above each other behind the city, a continual procession of slaves and beasts of burden brought to the royal treasury silver and gold from the mines

of Potosi and of Pasco. Seven miles across the plain, upon the shore of the great Pacific Ocean, lay the seaport town of Callao, whence sailed the galleons, laden with silver and gold and precious stones, bound to Acapulco and Manilla and the Spice Islands beyond the western sea; bringing back in return the silks, teas, and costly wares of India, China, and Japan. Within the narrow limits of the capital was concentrated an amount of wealth at that time unsurpassed by any of the royal cities of Europe. It is recorded that in the year 1681 the viceroy rode through the streets over a pavement of solid silver ingots, on a horse whose mane was strung with

pearls and whose feet were shod with gold. To this centre of luxury came the Spanish grantees who had found favor with their sovereign, for the avowed purpose of enriching themselves as rapidly as possible. It was a ruthless system of legalized robbery and oppression, coining the life-blood of the enslaved people into glittering pieces of eight and shining doubloons, with which, so soon as his avaricious hunger was somewhat appeased, the adventurer hurried home to Europe, only to make room for another tyrant, more eager, more rapacious, and less merciful than the first.

In the year 1638, the Count of Chinchon held his court in the vice-regal palace beside the river Rimac. The countess was grievously sick, prostrated by one of the miserable *calenturas* of the country, — an ague, which would not yield either to the ministrations of the physicians, or to the prayers of the archbishop and of all his clergy. It was a serious matter, for the noble lady had lost all her bright color, and was visibly wasting to a mere shadow of her former self. The court doctors, the surgeon-general of the army, and the chief surgeons from the ships of war at Callao had been summoned in frequent consultation, no doubt; but the countess was none the better. Some of the older residents may have thought that the case was not without hope, for it was whispered abroad that there were native remedies, sometimes in use among the Indian slaves, by which such distempers might be healed. But the situation was delicate. Spanish etiquette was exceedingly punctilious, and when the court doctors and the surgeons from the army and the navy had pronounced an opinion, who might gainsay their doctrine?

In the midst of this dilemma the chief magistrate of the province of Loxa made his appearance at court. Eight years before he had himself wrestled with this same malignant ague, and had been healed by the administration of a

bitter powder, procured from the Indians who dwelt among the mountains in his province. The pious monks of the convent at Loxa, moreover, had long possessed the secret of this remedy, having recorded its virtues as far back as the year 1600, when one of the brethren had been cured at the hands of an Indian disciple. Armed with this experience, the *corregidor* went straight to the viceroy, and urged a trial of the remedy which he had used with such advantage. Of course this raised a commotion at once. Out of the past we seem to hear voices, arguing and protesting. "Poisonous! Why, have I not swallowed whole handfuls of the stuff, and do I look like a man who has made the acquaintance of poison? Is there not a sufficient number of slaves, upon any one of whom the drug can be tried at a moment's notice? Have not the holy fathers at Loxa pronounced in favor of the remedy? Yea, verily, has not this very package been duly blessed by the father superior himself, before I came from home?" Such reasoning overcame all opposition, at last. The countess received the bitter draught, and was healed. It is not difficult to imagine the triumph of the man of laws; let us draw a veil of decent sympathy over the features of the fashionable physicians of Lima, leaving them in shadow-land to justify their ignorance and their discomfiture. No doubt they were equal to the occasion.

In due course of time, the Count of Chinchon had filled his coffers, and another grandee reigned in his stead. Returning to his estates in Spain, the countess carried with her the strangely bitter powder that had made her whole. Whenever any one of her friends was prostrated with the *calentura*, she would bring forth her store, and would recite the narrative of her wonderful cure. The pious Jesuit fathers, also, sent specimens of the medicine to the general of their order, by whom it was prop-

erly investigated and accredited; so that during the lifetime of the next generation the substance became tolerably well known as the "Jesuits' powder." In aristocratic circles it was commonly called the "countess' powder;" and after the year 1670, when Cardinal Lugo sanctioned its use in the treatment of malarial fevers at Rome, it was considered the proper thing among all true believers to speak of it as the "cardinal's powder." Among the learned, however, it was known as the *Pulvis febrifugus orbis Americani*, or the *Pulvis peruvianus*, or the *Cortex peruvianus*, as it is called in a controversial pamphlet of the year 1663, of which the Latin title-page¹ may be translated: *The rehabilitation of Peruvian bark, or the defense of China, against the belchings of John Jacob Chifflet and the groans of Vopiscus Fortunatus Plemp, eminent physicians*. For the drug was not universally received as the heaven-sent blessing which its enthusiastic friends would have it appear. Some of the most learned professors in the medical schools of Italy decried its use, probably because of the variable quality of the barks that were sent from Peru, and the crude methods of preparation then in vogue. At any rate, it is certain that the reputation of the drug did not make great headway, and the remedy seemed likely to fall into disrepute. In London it had encountered great opposition, for the reason that it had been introduced to notice, not by the leaders of medical opinion, but by a practitioner of inferior rank, named Tudor or Talbot. Originally an apothecary in Cambridge, this man had learned the value of the newly discovered "Jesuits' bark," and had devised an improved method for the exhibition of its remedial virtues. He removed to London about the year 1670, and was soon embroiled with the leading physicians of that city. In those

days the privileges of the College of Physicians were so jealously guarded that an apothecary who treated fevers with more success than the regularly anointed doctors was looked upon as a wild beast, to be slaughtered without mercy. Evelyn records in his diary a conversation with the Marquis of Normanby "concerning the *Quinquina* which the physicians would not give to the King (Charles II.), at a time when in a dangerous ague it was the only thing that could cure him (out of envy because it had been brought into vogue by Mr. Tudor, an apothecary) till Dr. Short, to whom the King sent to know his opinion of it privately, he being reputed a Papist (but who was in truth a very honest good Christian) sent word to the King that it was the only thing which could save his life, and then the King injoin'd his physicians to give it to him, which they did, and he recover'd. Being asked by this Lord why they would not prescribe it, Dr. Lower said it would spoil their practice, or some such expression, and at last confessed it was a remedy fit only for Kings." According to Stillé, the jealousy excited by the success of the despised apothecary was so great that he was obliged "to seek the protection of the court, and the king actually issued a mandate to the College, forbidding them to molest or disturb him in his practice." But the diarist commemorates another occasion when the remedy was administered without avail. On Monday, February 2, 1685, King Charles had been "surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit." He was immediately bled by his attending physician. "This rescu'd his Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. . . . On Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazette, but that day, about noone, the physicians thought him feverish. This they seem'd glad of,

¹ *Anastasis cortici peruviani, seu Chinæ defensio, contra ventillationes Jo. Jacobi Chiffletii, gem-*

itusque Vopisci Fortunati Plempii, illustrium medicorum.

as being more easily allay'd and methodically dealt with than his former fits; so as they prescrib'd the famous Jesuits powder: but it made him worse, and some very able Doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations us'd by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation, and renew his former fits, which now made him very weak. Thus he passed Thursday night with greater difficulty, when complaining of a pain in his side, they drew 12 ounces more of blood from him; this was by 6 in the morning on Friday, and it gave him relieve, but it did not continue, for being now in much pain, and struggling for breath, he lay dozing, and after some conflicts, the physicians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half an hour after eleven in the morning, being 6 Feb. 1685.

But before this sad conclusion, Dr. Talbot had achieved another splendid triumph, — this time, in France. Louis the Fourteenth had been stricken down, in the year 1679, by an incorrigible ague. In vain the doctors of the court had essayed to break the fever; it would not down at their bidding. When every one was in despair, there came an Englishman, from London, who said that he had that in a little bottle which would cure his most Christian majesty. It was the apothecary Talbot, whose fame secured for him admission to the chamber of the king, where he obtained permission to administer the secret remedy which he carried. His majesty drank, and was cured.

What was the medicine which had accomplished such a marvel? It was liquid, fiery, dark, and very bitter. More than this no one could tell. The curiosity of the king was thoroughly roused. Dr. Talbot shrugged his shoul-

ders, and hinted that the knowledge might be had for a sufficient compensation. After considerable haggling, the secret was purchased for the sum of forty-eight thousand livres, and an annuity of two thousand francs, a large remuneration when we take into consideration the value of money at that time as compared with the present. The title of Chevalier was also conferred upon the doctor, and his recipe was given to the world. It was an alcoholic or vinous tincture of Peruvian bark. An official description¹ of the medicine was published by order of the king, and La Fontaine composed a poem in honor of the event. Peruvian bark was for a time more fashionable in Paris than it had ever been at Madrid, and its properties became gradually known throughout the greater part of Europe. Many years, however, seem to have elapsed before its value was generally acknowledged, for in the year 1740 another conspicuous example of the ignorance or the timidity of the medical profession regarding the use of the bark was presented in the case of a most illustrious personage. Frederick the Great, riding hither and thither, from one end of his kingdom to the other, during the months of a rainy summer, was suddenly seized with a fever. It proved to be an "aguish, feverish distemper," a "quartan ague, it seems; occasionally very bad; but Friedrich struggles with it; will not be cheated of any of his purposes by it. . . . A most alert and miscellaneous busy young king, in spite of the ague."² We accordingly find him writing, September 6th, to his friend Voltaire, whom he had intended to visit:—

MY DEAR VOLTAIRE, — In spite of myself, I have to yield to the quartan fever, which is more tenacious than a Jansenist; and whatever desire I had

¹ *Le Remède Anglois pour le Guérison des Fièvres.* Publié par ordre du Roi, par M. de Bléigny, Paris, 1682.

² Carlyle's *History of Friedrich II.*, Book XI. chap. iv.

of going to Antwerp and Brussels, I find myself not in a condition to undertake such a journey without risk. I would ask of you, then, if the road from Brussels to Cleve would not to *you* seem too long for a meeting; it is the one means of seeing you which remains to me. . . . Let us deceive the fever, my dear Voltaire, and let me at least have the pleasure of embracing you.

Whereupon Voltaire "at once decided on complying. . . . Arrives, sure enough, Sunday night (September 11th); old Schloss of Moyland, six miles from Cleve; moonlight, I find, — the harvest moon."

"I was led into his majesty's apartment," writes Voltaire. "Nothing but four bare walls there. By the light of the candle, I perceived, in a closet, a little truckle-bed, two feet and a half broad, on which lay a little man muffled up in a dressing gown of coarse blue duffel: this was the king, sweating and shivering under a wretched blanket there, in a violent fit of fever. I made my reverence, and began the acquaintance by feeling his pulse, as if I had been his chief physician. The fit over, he dressed himself, and took his place at table, (where we) discussed, naturally in a profound manner, the Immortality of the Soul, Liberty, Fate, the Androgynes of Plato, and other small topics of that nature."

Some talk there may have been also of the experience of the *Grand Monarque* with the ague, and of the manner of his cure; but if so, nothing came of it then, for we find Friedrich impatiently shaking through the month of September and far along into October, begging for "quinquina," and bitterly reviling his physicians because they would neither give him the drug of which he had heard, nor cure him of the fever, having nothing better than Pyrmont water to offer for his relief.

Thus the weeks dragged wearily on,

the king growing "lean and broken down, giving up court life at Berlin, and taking refuge in his country-seat at Reinsberg, when, says Carlyle, one Tuesday forenoon, October 25, 1740, express arrives, "direct from Vienna five days ago; finds Friedrich under eclipse, hidden in the interior, laboring under his ague-fit: question rises, Shall the express be introduced, or be held back? The news he brings is huge, unexpected, transcendent, and may agitate the sick king. Six or seven heads go wagging on this point. They decide, 'Better wait!'

"They wait, accordingly; and then, after about an hour, the trembling-fit being over, and Fredersdorff having cautiously preluded a little, and prepared the way, the dispatch is delivered." The Emperor of Austria was dead. "Friedrich kept silence; showed no sign how transfixed he was to hear such tidings; which, he foresaw, would have immeasurable consequences in the world." He arose from his bed, dressed himself, and sent at once for the general of the army and for the chief minister of the state. No more trifling with Pyrmont water now, but immediate prescription by the king himself of Peruvian bark in good round doses, which were taken with such effect that the ague was driven out "like a mere hiccup, — quite gone in the course of next week; and we hear no more of that importunate annoyance" during the remainder of Frederick's life.

Still, in spite of all these brilliant triumphs, the general introduction of Peruvian bark progressed but slowly. The frightful wars which sundered the different nations and the backward state of chemistry and pharmacy were, no doubt, the principal causes of this delay. The extreme bitterness and bulkiness of the dose as formerly given must also have constituted no inconsiderable barrier to the general recognition of the virtues of the drug. It was not

before the year 1820 that final success crowned the effort to separate its alkaloïds from the inert constituents of the bark. I well remember the curious interest with which, when a very small boy, I watched the good family physician as he prepared at my mother's bedside her first dose of the new French medicine, quinine. It was an ordinary acid solution, illuminating the water into which it was dropped with a most

beautiful tinge of fluorescent blue,—but oh, how bitter! Even after this great pharmaceutical victory, ancient prejudices lingered long. But these are now for the most part traditions of the past, and, after a trial of two hundred and fifty years, we have exalted the once-despised *pulvis ignotus* into a panacea for almost every ill to which flesh is heir,—a great and durable triumph, slowly but surely won.

Henry M. Lyman.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XVII.

It fell out as Nino had anticipated, and when he told me all the details, some time afterwards, it struck me that he had shown an uncommon degree of intelligence in predicting that the old count would ride alone that day. He had, indeed, so made his arrangements that even if the whole party had come out together nothing worse would have occurred than a postponement of the interview he sought. But he was destined to get what he wanted that very day, namely, an opportunity of speaking with Von Lira alone.

It was twelve o'clock when he left me, and the midday bell was ringing from the church, while the people bustled about, getting their food. Every old woman had a piece of corn cake, and the ragged children got what they could, gathering the crumbs in their mothers' aprons. A few rough fellows who were not away at work in the valley munched the maize bread with a leek and a bit of salt fish, and some of them had oil on it. Our mountain people eat scarcely anything else, unless it be a little meat on holidays, or an egg when the hens are laying. But they laugh and chatter over the coarse fare, and drink a little

wine when they can get it. Just now, however, was the season, for fasting, being the end of Holy Week, and the people made a virtue of necessity, and kept their eggs and their wine for Easter.

When Nino went out he found his countryman, and explained to him what he was to do. The man saddled one of the mules and put himself on the watch, while Nino sat by the fire in the quaint old inn and ate some bread. It was the end of March when these things happened, and a little fire was grateful, though one could do very well without it. He spread his hands to the flame of the sticks, as he sat on the wooden settle by the old hearth, and he slowly gnawed his corn cake, as though a week before he had not been a great man in Paris, dining sumptuously with famous people. He was not thinking of that. He was looking, in the flame, for a fair face that he saw continually before him, day and night. He expected to wait a long time,—some hours, perhaps.

Twenty minutes had not elapsed, however, before his man came breathless through the door, calling to him to come at once; for the solitary rider had gone out, as was expected, and at a pace that would soon take him out of sight. Nino threw his corn bread to a hungry dog,

that yelped as it hit him, and then fastened on it like a beast of prey.

In the twinkling of an eye he and his man were out of the inn. As they ran to the place where the mule was tied to an old ring in the crumbling wall of a half-ruined house near to the ascent to the castle, the man told Nino that the fine gentleman had ridden toward Trevi, down the valley. Nino mounted, and hastened in the same direction.

As he rode, he reflected that it would be wiser to meet the count on his return, and pass him after the interview, as though going away from Fillettino. It would be a little harder for the mule; but such an animal, used to bearing enormous burdens for twelve hours at a stretch, could well carry Nino only a few miles of good road before sunset, and yet be fresh again by midnight. One of those great sleek mules, if good-tempered, will tire three horses, and never feel the worse for it. He therefore let the beast go her own pace along the road to Trevi, winding by the brink of the rushing torrent: sometimes beneath great overhanging cliffs, sometimes through bits of cultivated land, where the valley widens; and now and then passing under some beech-trees, still naked and skeleton-like in the bright March air.

But Nino rode many miles, as he thought, without meeting the count, dangling his feet out of the stirrups, and humming snatches of song to himself to pass the time. He looked at his watch, — a beautiful gold one, given him by a very great personage in Paris, — and it was half past two o'clock. Then, to avoid tiring his mule, he got off and sat by a tree, at a place where he could see far along the road. But three o'clock came, and a quarter past, and he began to fear that the count had gone all the way to Trevi. Indeed, Trevi could not be very far off, he thought. So he mounted again, and paced down the valley. He says that in all that time he

never thought once of what he should say to the count when he met him, having determined in his mind once and for all what was to be asked; to which the only answer must be "yes" or "no."

At last, before he reached the turn in the valley, and just as the sun was passing down behind the high mountains on the left, beyond the stream, he saw the man he had come out to meet, not a hundred yards away, riding toward him on his great horse, at a foot pace. It was the count, and he seemed lost in thought, for his head was bent on his breast, and the reins hung carelessly loose from his hand. He did not raise his eyes until he was close to Nino, who took off his hat and pulled up short.

The old count was evidently very much surprised, for he suddenly straightened himself in his saddle, with a sort of jerk, and glared savagely at Nino; his wooden features appearing to lose color, and his long mustache standing out and bristling. He also reined in his horse, and the pair sat on their beasts, not five yards apart, eying each other like a pair of duelists. Nino was the first to speak, for he was prepared.

"Good day, Signor Conte," he said as calmly as he could. "You have not forgotten me, I am sure." Lira looked more and more amazed, as he observed the cool courtesy with which he was accosted. But his polite manner did not desert him even then, for he raised his hat.

"Good-day," he said, briefly, and made his horse move on. He was too proud to put the animal to a brisker pace than a walk, lest he should seem to avoid an enemy. But Nino turned his mule at the same time.

"Pardon the liberty, sir," he said, "but I would take advantage of this opportunity to have a few words with you."

"It is a liberty, as you say, sir," replied Lira, stiffly, and looking straight before him. "But since you have met me, say what you have to say quickly."

He talked in the same curious constructions as formerly, but I will spare you the grammatical vagaries.

"Some time has elapsed," continued Nino, "since our unfortunate encounter. I have been in Paris, where I have had more than common success in my profession. From being a very poor teacher of Italian to the signorina, your daughter, I am become an exceedingly prosperous artist. My character is blameless and free from all stain, in spite of the sad business in which we were both concerned, and of which you knew the truth from the dead lady's own lips."

"What then?" growled Lira, who had listened grimly, and was fast losing his temper. "What then? Do you suppose, Signor Cardegna, that I am still interested in your comings and goings?"

"The sequel to what I have told you, sir," answered Nino, bowing again, and looking very grave, "is that I once more most respectfully and honestly ask you to give me the hand of your daughter, the Signorina Hedwig von Lira."

The hot blood flushed the old soldier's hard features to the roots of his gray hair, and his voice trembled as he answered:—

"Do you intend to insult me, sir? If so, this quiet road is a favorable spot for settling the question. It shall never be said that an officer in the service of his majesty the King and Emperor refused to fight with any one, — with his tailor, if need be." He reined his horse from Nino's side, and eyed him fiercely.

"Signor Conte," answered Nino calmly, "nothing could be further from my thoughts than to insult you, or to treat you in any way with disrespect. And I will not acknowledge that anything you can say can convey an insult to myself." Lira smiled in a sardonic fashion. "But," added Nino, "if it would give you any pleasure to fight, and if you have weapons, I shall be happy to oblige

you. It is a quiet spot, as you say, and it shall never be said that an Italian artist refused to fight a German soldier."

"I have two pistols in my holsters," said Lira, with a smile. "The roads are not safe, and I always carry them."

"Then, sir, be good enough to select one and to give me the other, and we will at once proceed to business."

The count's manner changed. He looked grave.

"I have the pistols, Signor Cardegna, but I do not desire to use them. Your readiness satisfies me that you are in earnest, and we will therefore not fight for amusement. I need not defend myself from any charge of unwillingness, I believe," he added proudly.

"In that case, sir," said Nino, "and since we have convinced each other that we are serious and desire to be courteous, let us converse calmly."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked the count, once more allowing his horse to pace along the dusty road, while Nino's mule walked by his side.

"I have this to say, Signor Conte," answered Nino: "that I shall not desist from desiring the honor of marrying your daughter, if you refuse me a hundred times. I wish to put it to you whether, with youth, some talent, — I speak modestly, — and the prospect of a plentiful income, I am not as well qualified to aspire to the alliance as Baron Benoni, who has old age, much talent, an enormous fortune, and the benefit of the Jewish faith into the bargain."

The count winced palpably at the mention of Benoni's religion. No people are more insanely prejudiced against the Hebrew race than the Germans. They indeed maintain that they have greater cause than others, but it always appears to me that they are unreasonable about it. Benoni chanced to be a Jew, but his peculiarities would have been the same had he been a Christian or an American. There is only one Ahasuerus Benoni in the world.

"There is no question of Baron Benoni here," said the count severely, but hurriedly. "Your observations are beside the mark. The objections to the alliance, as you call it, are that you are a man of the people, — I do not desire to offend you, — a plebeian, in fact; you are also a man of uncertain fortune, like all singers; and lastly, you are an artist. I trust you will consider these points as a sufficient reason for my declining the honor you propose."

"I will only say," returned Nino, "that I venture to consider your reasons insufficient, though I do not question your decision. Baron Benoni was ennobled for a loan made to a government in difficulties; he was, by his own account, a shoemaker by early occupation, and a strolling musician — a great artist, if you like — by the profession he adopted."

"I never heard these facts," said Lira, "and I suspect that you have been misinformed. But I do not wish to continue the discussion of the subject."

Nino says that after the incident of the pistols the interview passed without the slightest approach to ill-temper on either side. They both felt that if they disagreed they were prepared to settle their difficulties then and there, without any further ado.

"Then, sir, before we part, permit me to call your attention to a matter which must be of importance to you," said Nino. "I refer to the happiness of the Signorina di Lira. In spite of your refusal of my offer, you will understand that the welfare of that lady must always be to me of the greatest importance."

Lira bowed his head stiffly, and seemed inclined to speak, but changed his mind, and held his tongue, to see what Nino would say.

"You will comprehend, I am sure," continued the latter, "that in the course of those months, during which I was so far honored as to be of service to the

contessina, I had opportunities of observing her remarkably gifted intelligence. I am now credibly informed that she is suffering from ill health. I have not seen her, nor made any attempt to see her, as you might have supposed, but I have an acquaintance in Fillettino who has seen her pass his door daily. Allow me to remark that a mind of such rare qualities must grow sick if driven to feed upon itself in solitude. I would respectfully suggest that some gayer residence than Fillettino would be a sovereign remedy for her illness."

"Your tone and manner," replied the count, "forbid my resenting your interference. I have no reason to doubt your affection for my daughter, but I must request you to abandon all idea of changing my designs. If I choose to bring my daughter to a true sense of her position by somewhat rigorous methods, it is because I am aware that the frailty of reputation surpasses the frailty of woman. I will say this to your credit, sir: that if she has not disgraced herself, it has been in some measure because you wisely forbore from pressing your suit while you were received as an instructor beneath my roof. I am only doing my duty in trying to make her understand that her good name has been seriously exposed, and that the best reparation she can make lies in following my wishes, and accepting the honorable and advantageous marriage I have provided for her. I trust that this explanation, which I am happy to say has been conducted with the strictest propriety, will be final, and that you will at once desist from any further attempts toward persuading me to consent to a union that I disapprove."

Lira once more stopped his horse in the road, and taking off his hat bowed to Nino.

"And I, sir," said Nino, no less courteously, "am obliged to you for your clearly expressed answer. I shall never

cease to regret your decision, and so long as I live I shall hope that you may change your mind. Good-day, Signor Conte," and he bowed to his saddle.

"Good-day, Signor Cardegna." So they parted: the count heading homeward toward Fillettino, and Nino turning back toward Trevi.

By this manœuvre he conveyed to the count's mind the impression that he had been to Fillettino for the day, and was returning to Trevi for the evening; and in reality the success of his enterprise, since his representations had failed, must depend upon Hedwig's being comparatively free during the ensuing night. He determined to wait by the roadside until it should be dark, allowing his mule to crop whatever poor grass she could find at this season, and thus giving the count time to reach Fillettino, even at the most leisurely pace.

He sat down upon the root of a tree, and allowed his mule to graze at liberty. It was already growing dark in the valley; for between the long speeches of civility the two had employed and the frequent pauses in the interview, the meeting had lasted the greater part of an hour.

Nino says that while he waited he reviewed his past life and his present situation.

Indeed, since he had made his first appearance in the theatre, three months before, events had crowded thick and fast in his life. The first sensation of a great public success is strange to one who has long been accustomed to live unnoticed and unhonored by the world. It is at first incomprehensible that one should have suddenly grown to be an object of interest and curiosity to one's fellow-creatures, after having been so long a looker-on. At first a man does not realize that the thing he has labored over, and studied, and worked on, can be actually anything remarkable. The production of the every-day task has long grown a habit, and the details

which the artist grows to admire and love so earnestly have each brought with them their own reward. Every difficulty vanquished, every image of beauty embodied, every new facility of skill acquired, has been in itself a real and enduring satisfaction for its own sake, and for the sake of its fitness to the whole, — the beautiful perfect whole he has conceived.

But he must necessarily forget, if he loves his work, that those who come after, and are to see the expression of his thought, or hear the mastery of his song, see or hear it all at once; so that the assemblage of the lesser beauties, over each of which the artist has had great joy, must produce a suddenly multiplied impression upon the understanding of the outside world, which sees first the embodiment of the thought, and has then the after-pleasure of appreciating the details. The hearer is thrilled with a sense of impassioned beauty, which the singer may perhaps feel when he first conceives the interpretation of the printed notes, but which goes ever farther from him as he strives to approach it and realize it; and so his admiration for his own song is lost in dissatisfaction with the failings which others have not time to see.

Before he is aware of the change, a singer has become famous, and all men are striving for a sight of him, or a hearing. There are few like Nino, whose head was not turned at all by the flattery and the praise, being occupied with other things. As he sat by the roadside, he thought of the many nights when the house rang with cheers and cries and all manner of applause; and he remembered how, each time he looked his audience in the face, he had searched for the one face of all faces that he cared to see, and had searched in vain.

He seemed now to understand that it was his honest-hearted love for the fair northern girl that had protected him from caring for the outer world, and he

now realized what the outer world was. He fancied to himself what his first three months of brilliant success might have been, in Rome and Paris, if he had not been bound by some strong tie of the heart to keep him serious and thoughtful. He thought of the women who had smiled upon him, and of the invitations that had besieged him, and of the consternation that had manifested itself when he declared his intention of retiring to Rome, after his brilliant engagement in Paris, without signing any further contract.

Then came the rapid journey, the excitement, the day in Rome, the difficulties of finding Fillettino; and at last he was here, sitting by the roadside, and waiting for it to be time to carry into execution the bold scheme he had set before him. His conscience was at rest, for he now felt that he had done all that the most scrupulous honor could exact of him. He had returned in the midst of his success to make an honorable offer of marriage, and he had been refused — because he was a plebeian, forsooth. And he knew also that the woman he loved was breaking her heart for him.

What wonder that he set his teeth, and said to himself that she should be his, at any price! Nino has no absurd ideas about the ridicule that attaches to loving a woman, and taking her if necessary. He has not been trained up in the heart of the wretched thing they call society, which ruined me long ago. What he wants he asks for, like a child, and if it is refused, and his good heart tells him that he has a right to it, he takes it, like a man, or like what a man was in the old time before the Englishman discovered that he is an ape. Ah, my learned colleagues, we are not so far removed from the ancestral monkey but that there is serious danger of our shortly returning to that primitive and caudal state! And I think that my boy and the Prussian officer, as they sat on their

beasts and bowed, and smiled, and offered to fight each other, or to shake hands, each desiring to oblige the other, like a couple of knights of the old ages, were a trifle further removed from our common gorilla parentage than some of us.

But it grew dark, and Nino caught his mule and rode slowly back to the town, wondering what would happen before the sun rose on the other side of the world. Now, lest you fail to understand wholly how the matter passed, I must tell you a little of what took place during the time that Nino was waiting for the count, and Hedwig was alone in the castle with Baron Benoni. The way I came to know is this: Hedwig told the whole story to Nino, and Nino told it to me; but many months after that eventful day, which I shall always consider as one of the most remarkable in my life. It was Good Friday, last year, and you may find out the day of the month for yourselves.

XVIII.

As Nino had guessed, the count was glad of a chance to leave his daughter alone with Benoni, and it was for this reason that he had ridden out so early. The baron's originality and extraordinary musical talent seemed to Lira gifts which a woman needed only to see in order to appreciate, and which might well make her forget his snowy locks. During the time of Benoni's visit the count had not yet been successful in throwing the pair together, for Hedwig's dislike for the baron made her exert her tact to the utmost in avoiding his society.

It so happened that Hedwig, rising early, and breathing the sweet, cool air from the window of her chamber, had seen Nino ride by on his mule, when he arrived in the morning. He did not see her, for the street merely passed the

corner of the great pile, and it was only by stretching her head far out that Hedwig could get a glimpse of it. But it amused her to watch the country people going by, with their mules and donkeys and hampers, or loads of firewood; and she would often lean over the window-sill for half an hour at a time, gazing at the little stream of mountain life, and sometimes weaving small romances of the sturdy brown women and their active, dark-browed shepherd lovers. Moreover, she fully expected that Nino would arrive that day, and had some faint hope of seeing him go along the road. So she was rewarded, and the sight of the man she loved was the first breath of freedom.

In a great house like the strange abode Lira had selected for the seclusion of his daughter, it constantly occurs that one person is in ignorance of the doings of the others; and so it was natural that when Hedwig heard the clatter of hoofs in the courtyard, and the echoing crash of the great doors as they opened and closed, she should think both her father and Benoni had ridden away, and would be gone for the morning. She would not look out, lest she should see them and be seen.

I cannot tell you exactly what she felt when she saw Nino from her lofty window, but she was certainly glad with her whole heart. If she had not known of his coming from my visit the previous evening, she would perhaps have given way to some passionate outburst of happiness; but as it was, the feeling of anticipation, the sweet, false dawn of freedom, together with the fact that she was prepared, took from this first pleasure all that was overwhelming. She only felt that he had come, and that she would soon be saved from Benoni; she could not tell how, but she knew it, and smiled to herself for the first time in months, as she held a bit of jewelry to her slender throat, before the glass, wondering whether she had not grown too thin and

pale to please her lover, who had been courted by the beauties of the world since he had left her.

She was ill, perhaps, and tired. That was why she looked pale; but she knew that the first day of freedom would make her as beautiful as ever. She spent the morning hours in her rooms; but when she heard the gates close, she fancied herself alone in the great house, and went down into the sunny courtyard, to breathe the air, and to give certain instructions to her faithful man. She sent him to my house, to speak with me; and that was all the message he had, for the present. However, he knew well enough what he was to do. There was a strong smell of banknotes in the air, and the man kept his nose up.

Having dispatched this important business, Hedwig set herself to walk up and down the paved quadrangle, on the sunny side. There was a stone bench in a warm corner, that looked inviting. She entered the house, and brought out a book, with which she established herself to read. She had often longed to sit there in the afternoon and watch the sun creeping across the flags, pursued by the shadow, till each small bit of moss and blade of grass had received its daily portion of warmth. For though the place had been cleared and weeded, the tiny green things still grew in the chinks of the pavement. In the middle of the court was a well, with a cover and yoke of old-fashioned twisted iron, and a pulley to draw the water. The air was bright and fresh outside the castle, but the reverberating rays of the sun made the quiet courtyard warm and still.

Sick with her daily torture of mind, the fair, pale girl rested her, at last, and dreaming of liberty drew strength from the soft stillness. The book fell on her lap, her head leaned back against the rough stones of the wall, and gradually, as she watched from beneath her half-closed lids the play of the stealing sunlight, she fell into a sweet sleep.

She was soon disturbed by that indescribable uneasiness that creeps through our dreams when we are asleep in the presence of danger. A weird horror possesses us, and makes the objects in the dream appear unnatural. Gradually the terror grows on us and thrills us, and we wake, with bristling hair and staring eyes, to the hideous consciousness of unexpected peril.

Hedwig started and raised her lids, following the direction of her dream. She was not mistaken. Opposite her stood her arch-horror, Benoni. He leaned carelessly against the stone well, and his bright brown eyes were riveted upon her. His tall, thin figure was clad, as usual, in all the extreme of fashion, and one of his long, bony hands toyed with his watch-chain. His animated face seemed aglow with the pleasure of contemplation, and the sunshine lent a yellow tinge to his snowy hair.

"An exquisite picture, indeed, countess," he said, without moving. "I trust your dreams were as sweet as they looked?"

"They were sweet, sir," she answered coldly, after a moment's pause, during which she looked steadily toward him.

"I regret that I should have disturbed them," he said, with a deferential bow; and he came and sat by her side, treading as lightly as a boy across the flags. Hedwig shuddered, and drew her dark skirts about her, as he sat down.

"You cannot regret it more than I do," she said, in tones of ice. She would not take refuge in the house, for it would have seemed like an ignominious flight. Benoni crossed one leg over the other, and asked permission to smoke, which she granted by an indifferent motion of her fair head.

"So we are left all alone to-day, countess," remarked Benoni, blowing rings of smoke in the quiet air.

Hedwig vouchsafed no answer.

"We are left alone," he repeated,

seeing that she was silent, "and I make it hereby my business and my pleasure to amuse you."

"You are good, sir. But I thank you. I need no entertainment of your devising."

"That is eminently unfortunate," returned the baron, with his imperturbable smile, "for I am universally considered to be the most amusing of mortals,—if, indeed, I am mortal at all, which I sometimes doubt."

"Do you reckon yourself with the gods, then?" asked Hedwig scornfully. "Which of them are you? Jove? Dionysus? Apollo?"

"Nay, rather Phaethon, who soared too high"—

"Your mythology is at fault, sir,—he drove too low; and besides, he was not immortal."

"It is the same. He was wide of the mark, as I am. Tell me, countess, are your wits always so ready?"

"You, at least, will always find them so," she answered bitterly.

"You are unkind. You stab my vanity, as you have pierced my heart."

At this speech, Hedwig raised her eyebrows, and stared at him in silence. Any other man would have taken the chilling rebuke, and left her. Benoni put on a sad expression.

"You used not to hate me as you do now," he said.

"That is true. I hated you formerly because I hated you."

"And now?" asked Benoni, with a short laugh.

"I hate you now because I loathe you." She uttered this singular saying indifferently, as being part of her daily thoughts.

"You have the courage of your opinions, countess," he replied, with a very bitter smile.

"Yes? It is the only courage a woman need have." There was a pause, during which Benoni puffed much smoke and stroked his white mustache. Hedwig

turned over the leaves of her book, as though hinting to him to go. But he had no idea of that. A man who will not go because a woman loathes him will certainly not leave her for a hint.

"Countess," he began again, at last, "will you listen to me?"

"I suppose I must. I presume my father has left you here to insult me at your noble leisure."

"Ah, countess, dear countess," — she shrank away from him, — "you should know me better than to believe me capable of anything so monstrous. I insult you? Gracious Heaven! I, who adore you; who worship the holy ground whereon you tread; who would preserve the precious air you have breathed, in vessels of virgin crystal; who would give a drop of my blood for every word you vouchsafe me, kind or cruel, — I, who look on you as the only divinity in this desolate heathen world, who reverence you and do you daily homage, who adore you" —

"You manifest your adoration in a singular manner, sir," said Hedwig, interrupting him with something of her father's severity.

"I show it as best I can," the old scoundrel pleaded, working himself into a passion of words. "My life, my fortune, my name, my honor, — I cast them at your feet. For you I will be a hermit, a saint, dwelling in solitary places and doing good works; or I will brave every danger the narrow earth holds, by sea and land, for you. What? Am I decrepit, or bent, or misshapen, that my white hair should cry out against me? Am I hideous, or doting, or half-witted, as old men are? I am young; I am strong, active, enduring. I have all the gifts, for you."

The baron was speaking French, and perhaps these wild praises of himself might pass current in a foreign language. But when Nino detailed the conversation to me in our good, simple Italian speech, it sounded so amazingly ridiculous that

I nearly broke my sides with laughing.

Hedwig laughed also, and so loudly that the foolish old man was disconcerted. He had succeeded in amusing her sooner than he had expected. As I have told you, the baron is a most impulsive person, though he is poisoned with evil from his head to his heart.

"All women are alike," he said, and his manner suddenly changed.

"I fancy," said Hedwig, recovering from her merriment, "that if you address them as you have addressed me you will find them very much alike indeed."

"What good can women do in the world?" sighed Benoni, as though speaking with himself. "You do nothing but harm with your cold calculations and your bitter jests." Hedwig was silent. "Tell me," he continued presently, "if I speak soberly, by the card as it were, will you listen to me?"

"Oh, I have said that I will listen to you!" cried Hedwig, losing patience.

"Hedwig von Lira, I hereby offer you my fortune, my name, and myself. I ask you to marry me of your own good-will and pleasure." Hedwig once more raised her brows.

"Baron Benoni, I will not marry you, either for your fortune, your name, or yourself, — nor for any other consideration under heaven. And I will ask you not to address me by my Christian name." There was a long silence after this speech, and Benoni carefully lighted a second cigarette. Hedwig would have risen and entered the house, but she felt safer in the free air of the sunny court. As for Benoni, he had no intention of going.

"I suppose you are aware, countess," he said at last, coldly eying her, "that your father has set his heart upon our union?"

"I am aware of it."

"But you are not aware of the consequences of your refusal. I am your

only chance of freedom. Take me, and you have the world at your feet. Refuse me, and you will languish in this hideous place so long as your affectionate father pleases."

"Do you know my father so little, sir," asked Hedwig very proudly, "as to suppose that his daughter will ever yield to force?"

"It is one thing to talk of not yielding, and it is quite another to bear prolonged suffering with constancy," returned Benoni coolly, as though he were discussing a general principle instead of expounding to a woman the fate she had to expect if she refused to marry him. "I never knew any one who did not talk bravely of resisting torture until it was applied. Oh, you will be weak at the end, countess, believe me. You are weak now, and changed, though perhaps you would be better pleased if I did not notice it. Yes, I smile now, — I laugh. I can afford to. You can be merry over me because I love you, but I can be merry at what you must suffer if you will not love me. Do not look so proud, countess. You know what follows pride, if the proverb lies not."

During this insulting speech, Hedwig had risen to her feet, and in the act to go she turned and looked at him in utter scorn. She could not comprehend the nature of a man who could so coldly threaten her. If ever any one of us can fathom Benoni's strange character, we may hope to understand that phase of it along with the rest. He seemed as indifferent to his own mistakes and follies as to the sufferings of others.

"Sir," she said, "whatever may be the will of my father, I will not permit you to discuss it, still less to hold up his anger as a threat to scare me. You need not follow me," she added, as he rose.

"I will follow you, whether you wish it or not, countess," he said fiercely; and as she flew across the court to the door he strode swiftly by her side, hiss-

ing his words into her ear. "I will follow you to tell you that I know more of you than you think, and I know how little right you have to be so proud. I know your lover. I know of your meetings, your comings and your goings" — They reached the door, but Benoni barred the way with his long arm, and seemed about to lay a hand upon her wrist, so that she shrank back against the heavy doorpost, in an agony of horror and loathing and wounded pride. "I know Cardegna, and I knew the poor baroness, who killed herself because he basely abandoned her. Ah, you never heard the truth before? I trust it is pleasant to you. As he left her, he has left you. He will never come back. I saw him in Paris three weeks ago. I could tell tales not fit for your ears. And for him you will die in this horrible place, unless you consent. For him you have thrown away everything, — name, fame, and happiness, — unless you will take all these from me. Oh, I know, — you will cry out that it is untrue; but my eyes are good, though you call me old! For this treacherous boy, with his curly hair, you have lost the only thing that makes woman human, — your reputation!" And Benoni laughed that horrid laugh of his, till the court rang again, as though there were devils in every corner, and beneath every eave, and everywhere.

People who are loud in their anger are sometimes dangerous, for it is genuine while it lasts. People whose anger is silent are generally either incapable of honest wrath or cowards. But there are some in the world whose passion shows itself in few words but strong ones, and proceeds instantly to action.

Hedwig had stood back against the stone casing of the entrance, at first, overcome with the intensity of what she suffered. But as Benoni laughed she moved slowly forwards till she was close to him, and only his outstretched arm barred the doorway.

"Every word you have spoken is a lie, and you know it. Let me pass, or I will kill you with my hands!"

The words came low and distinct to his excited ear, like the tolling of a passing bell. Her face must have been dreadful to see, and Benoni was suddenly fascinated and terrified at the concentrated anger that blazed in her blue eyes. His arm dropped to his side, and Hedwig passed proudly through the door, in all the majesty of innocence, gathering her skirts, lest they should touch his feet or any part of him. She never hastened her step as she ascended the broad stairs within and went to her own little sitting-room, made gay with books and flowers and photographs from Rome. Nor was her anger followed by any passionate outburst of tears. She sat herself down by the window and looked out, letting the cool breeze from the open casement fan her face.

Hedwig, too, had passed through a violent scene that day, and, having conquered, she sat down to think over it. She reflected that Benoni had but used the same words to her that she had daily heard from her father's lips. False as was their accusation, she submitted to hearing her father speak them, for she had no knowledge of their import, and only thought him cruelly hard with her. But that a stranger—above all, a man who aspired, or pretended to aspire, to her hand—should attempt to usurp the same authority of speech was beyond all human endurance. She felt sure that her father's anger would all be turned against Benoni when he heard her story.

As for what her tormentor had said of Nino, she could have killed him for saying it, but she knew that it was a lie; for she loved Nino with all her heart, and no one can love wholly without trusting wholly. Therefore she put away the evil suggestion from herself, and loaded all its burden of treachery upon Benoni.

How long she sat by the window, compelling her strained thoughts into order, no one can tell. It might have been an hour, or more, for she had lost the account of the hours. She was roused by a knock at the door of her sitting-room, and at her bidding the man entered who, for the trifling consideration of about a thousand francs, first and last, made communication possible between Hedwig and myself.

This man's name is Temistocle,—Themistocles, no less. All servants are Themistocles, or Orestes, or Joseph, just as all gardeners are called Antonio. Perhaps he deserves some description. He is a type, short, wiry, and broad-shouldered, with a cunning eye, a long, hooked nose, and very plentiful black whiskers, surmounted by a perfectly bald crown. His motions are servile to the last degree, and he addresses every one in authority as "excellency," on the principle that it is better to give too much titular homage than too little. He is as wily as a fox, and so long as you have money in your pocket, as faithful as a hound and as silent as the grave. I perceive that these are precisely the epithets at which the baron scoffed, saying that a man can be praised only by comparing him with the higher animals, or insulted by comparison with himself and his kind. We call a man a fool, an idiot, a coward, a liar, a traitor, and many other things applicable only to man himself. However, I will let my description stand, for it is a very good one; and Temistocle could be induced, for money, to adapt himself to almost any description, and he certainly had earned, at one time or another, most of the titles I have enumerated.

He told me, months afterwards, that when he passed through the courtyard, on his way to Hedwig's apartment, he found Benoni seated on the stone bench, smoking a cigarette and gazing into space, so that he passed close before him without being noticed.

F. Marion Crawford.

DEISIDAIMONIA.

(HOLY FEAR.)

IN the silence of that far-off land
Where dwell the gods, and where the hearts of men,
Leaving this common strand,
Love to disport,—
Knowing nor how nor when
They have fled thither to inherit spheres
Made sacred by the absence of the years,—
In that dread land is one
Tall and most beautiful,
Who like the sun
Awes with her presence all who walk by day;
Many have sought for her,
Longing and wandering, and have gone astray;
But one who found,
Hath wrought her form in marble,
Naming her
Love the Victorious.
Thus she lives for us!
And in that presence, lo! the holy dread
Men knew of old still holds their senses dull
To all things else, while they but gaze,
Nor utter any sound.

High hearts! Fear is not dead,
But walks these alleys green and noonlit ways,
And runs before the fleeting foot of youth,
As when the childhood of the world worshiped both love and truth.

And who is he that chides
The fainting color and the stumbling speech
In boy or maid!
Who is he derides
Worship for what he sees not, nor can reach!
He cannot hear the voice within the wind,
Nor follow the unbodied feet that fall
Beside him in the woodland, cannot find
Dear faces in the stillness of the mind,
Nor feel the love that sways and governs all.

Upon the night I wake,
And lo, the clouds are chasing wide and far;
Dim beacons break,
Then die on the horizon.
There is no hand, no loving hand,
No voice from strand to strand;

Only the wind across the star-strewn sky
Cries in the trees, then murmurs, and is gone.

Thou holy dread,
Who holdest the dim gates whereby we pass
Between the seen and unseen,
Fade not, lest dim and even as in a glass
We see, and straight forget what we have been!

For in the night, in sorrow of the night,
In awful woodlands and the roar of seas,
The still voice bids us know the thing we are,
And what perchance we may be!
Quicken my sight,
Thou terror of the dawn!
And thou sad breeze,
Quicken my ear!
That when the sun once more salutes the lawn
My soul, awake, shall see
The morning of forgiveness and of peace;
And her one star
Guide to the haven of love, where doubt and dread shall cease.

A. F.

THE JOURNAL OF A HESSIAN BARONESS.

"BLACK hearts," says Jean Paul, "are like black eyes: when closely observed, they are found to be only brown."

It would perhaps be difficult to conceive of a deeper shade of black-heartedness than was popularly attributed to the "hireling Hessians" by the more violent and unreasoning of American patriots during our Revolutionary War. Upon that unfortunate body of men, really more deserving of compassion than scorn, was poured out the concentrated essence of the hatred and bitterness called forth in a liberty-loving people by unnecessary oppression. But the passions are dead which were so

stirring alive one hundred years ago, and time, which has softened down King George from a tyrant and a monster into a stupid, obstinate, blundering old gentleman, deaf to all suggestions as to what was for his own best interest, has also bleached out the Hessians into at the worst a very light shade of brown.¹ The letters and journal of the Baroness von Riedesel may do even more than this, for they unconsciously give a pleasant picture of a Hessian woman's courage and devotion; of her homely, housewifely qualities, and her cheery fortitude under most trying circumstances.

When Duke Charles of Brunswick succeeded in the following year by one intended for public circulation. The extracts given in this article are taken from a new edition of the book published in 1881.

¹ In the year 1799, Count Henry XLIV. of Reuss-Köstritz, son-in-law of the Baroness, collected and had printed for circulation among friends and relatives, the American letters and journal of his mother-in-law. That edition was

conceived the brilliant idea of paying his enormous debts and providing the means for further extravagance by selling his subjects to King George of England at a few shillings a head, Friedrich Adolf von Riedesel was a young officer serving on the duke's staff. His family belonged to the old nobility, and he himself was born in Lauterbach, in Upper Hesse, in 1738. At the age of fifteen he was sent to the University of Marburg to study jurisprudence. A Hessian battalion was quartered in Marburg at the time, and the brilliant uniforms and gay life of the soldiers proved infinitely more to the young baron's taste than the black robes and dry study of the law. A change of profession was effected, notwithstanding his father's unwillingness, and in 1755 the young man was sent to England with his regiment, which had been hired by King George. On their return to Germany, the Hessian troops came under the command of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and young Riedesel soon became a favorite with the duke. He was rapidly advanced in rank, and in all the trusts reposed in him he displayed so much courage and ability that Frederick the Great himself invited him to enter the Prussian service. This, however, he declined to do, from a feeling of attachment to his own duke, — a decision he afterwards regretted deeply when he found himself transferred to a service which brought him neither emolument nor honor.

His wife, whom he had married in 1762, was the daughter of President von Massow, of Minden. They had spent fourteen untroubled years together, when in 1776 Colonel von Riedesel was appointed to the command of the Hessian troops to be sent to America, with the rank of major-general. Their family consisted of two young daughters: Augusta, aged five, and Frederika, aged two years. A third daughter, Caroline, was born a few weeks

after the general's departure. It had been settled that he should be followed by his wife as soon after her confinement as her health and that of her child would permit. The prospect of such a journey, with three little children, one a baby of ten weeks, across a much-dreaded ocean, into a wild country, among a hostile people, could not have presented any very alluring features to the mind of an unadventurous German woman; but the spectre, more terrible even than this, which haunted Madame von Riedesel was the thought of separation from her husband. Her friends, who seem to have been somewhat of the pattern of Job's, tried to reinforce her courage by lively descriptions of the difficulties and horrors she would have to undergo, though without shaking her purpose. She did not shrink from the perils of the awful sea; she was ready to risk being scalped by the Indians; and even the chance of being forced to follow the general American custom of living on the flesh of horses and cats did not terrify her. But when her mother wrote to remonstrate with and reproach her for her intention, her grief was great.

"Your last letter," the daughter wrote in reply, "drove me nearly frantic. I could not endure the idea of being separated from you for so long a time, and yet the thought that you could ask me, could even command me, to remain here makes me shudder. To stay here would be impossible, when the best and kindest of husbands permits me to follow him. Neither love, duty, nor conscience would allow it. It is a wife's duty to forsake all and follow her husband. My love for him is well known to you, as well as his for me and for the children."

Fortunately for her comfort on the journey, she was accompanied by an old servant of her husband's, who had insisted on following his mistress's fortunes, and who devoted himself to her

and her children with untiring fidelity during all the years of their wanderings.

The little company set out on the 14th of May, 1776, impelled by almost as desperate a courage as that which sustained the passengers in the *Mayflower*, on its first voyage across the unknown sea. Traveling in Germany itself, at that time, seemed hardly more safe than it had been pictured to her in the wild country to which she was going.

"In Maestricht," she says, "I was warned to be on my guard, as the roads were very unsafe on account of highway robbers, one hundred and thirty of whom had been executed within a fortnight; part of them having been hanged, and the rest put to death in various ways. These, however, were not a quarter part of those still at large, who were hanged without trial wherever they happened to be caught. This information terrified me greatly, and I determined not to travel by night; but as the horses I was provided with were very poor, I was obliged to pass through a dense forest just at dusk, when something swinging from a tree was suddenly thrust through the open window of the carriage. I caught at it, and as I felt something rough I asked what it was. It proved to be the body of a robber who had been hanged, and my hand had come in contact with his woolen stockings.

"Before I had recovered from the shock of this encounter, I was still more frightened by the stopping of the carriage before a very lonely house in this same wood, the postilions declaring they would go no farther. The place was called Hune, and I shall never forget it. A man of suspicious appearance received us, and led us into a very remote chamber, where I found only one bed. It was cold, and I had a fire made up in the huge fireplace. Our supper consisted of tea and very coarse bread. My faithful Röchel came to me with an anx-

ious face, and said, 'I am sure things are not all right here. There is a room full of firearms out there, and most of the people seem to be away. I have n't the least doubt that they are robbers. But I shall sit up before your door all night with my gun, and I will sell my life dearly. The other servant shall sit in the carriage with his gun, too.'

"All this naturally made my slumbers anything but tranquil. I sat down on a chair and laid my head on the bed. But at last I fell asleep, and my joy was great, when I awoke and heard that it was four o'clock in the morning, and that everything was ready for our departure. I put my head out of the window, and perceived in the wood which surrounded us a great number of nightingales, which by their sweet singing made me forget the terrors of the past night."

The songs of the nightingales proved a favorable omen for the travelers, for they had no more adventures of an unpleasant nature, and arrived safely at Calais.

To the home-keeping German woman the terrors of this unknown sea were almost as great as those of the robber-haunted forest. To quote her own words:—

"I was obliged to spend two days in Calais, on account of unfavorable winds. At length I was summoned to the ship. I must confess that my heart began to beat faster. My elder children were very happy, for in order to keep up their courage I had told them that when we had crossed the sea they would see their father. I appeared as brave as I could, so that they should not be afraid. We drove to the wharf. The boatmen took the two elder children and carried them to the boat. I had the youngest in my arms. I looked round after the children, and saw, to my great astonishment, that they were already in the boat, and were jumping about among the sailors. I had my baby lifted in, too; and then I had

magnets enough to give me courage to follow myself, and I did not find it so bad as I had thought it would be."

Madame von Riedesel had expected to proceed at once to America; but she was detained in England month after month, by various circumstances for which she was not responsible, and it was not until April 16, 1777, that she finally sailed from Portsmouth for Quebec, where she landed safely after a voyage of two months. Here she learned, to her great disappointment, that her husband had already left Quebec to join the army in the field, and she made preparations to follow immediately.

The weather was frightful, and it was a weary journey, made partly in a small boat, partly in an uncomfortable Quebec calèche, and partly in a birch-bark canoe, in which she had to cross three rivers in a heavy storm of rain and hail. When she at length arrived at Trois-Rivières, the Hessian officers who met her threw up their hands in horror at the bare thought of the risk she had run in her frail bark with three little children, where the slightest movement would have been almost certain destruction. Though the weather still continued to be stormy, the stout-hearted baroness determinedly pushed on to Chamblé, only to find, when she reached there, that her husband had started to meet her, had missed her on the road, and could not be back until the following day. When he did arrive, they had only two happy days together, and then General von Riedesel was obliged to return to his troops, while his wife went back to Trois Rivières, where she led an anxious life until permitted to rejoin her husband at Fort Edward. Only a few days after she had reached the camp, there came the announcement that they were cut off from Canada by the American forces; so that this proved to have been the last opportunity she would have had for making the journey for three years. She kept with the army from this time

until the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

The army began to move on the 11th of September, 1777. "At first," she writes, "all went well. We had the pleasant hope of certain victory and of coming into the Promised Land; and when we passed the Hudson River, and General Burgoyne said, 'Englishmen never give in,' we were all of good courage. But what surprised me most was that the officers' wives knew beforehand all the expeditions that were to be made; and this seemed all the more extraordinary to me, as I had observed in Duke Ferdinand's army, during the Seven Years' War, that everything of the kind was kept a profound secret. Here, however, the Americans were informed in advance of all our plans, and wherever we went they were all ready for us, greatly to our disadvantage and loss. On the 19th of September there was a skirmish, which terminated fortunately for us, but it obliged us to make a halt at a place called Freeman's Farm. . . . When we continued our march I had a large calèche made, in which I had room enough for my three children and my two women; and so I followed the army among the soldiers, who sang and were merry and eager to conquer. We passed through dense forests and a magnificent country, which, however, was deserted, as all the inhabitants fled before us, and flocked to the army of the American General Gates. This was unfortunate for us, as every one of these country people is a soldier by nature, and can shoot extremely well; and besides, the thought that they are fighting for their country and for freedom gives them all the more courage. At length the whole army was obliged to encamp for a while. . . . On the 7th of October my husband, with all the staff of generals, again broke camp. From that moment all our misfortunes began. I was at breakfast with my husband, when I discovered that something

was about to occur. General Fraser, and I think Generals Burgoyne and Phillips also, were to dine with me that day. I noticed a great commotion among the troops, but my husband said there was to be a reconnoissance, which did not strike me as anything remarkable, as it often happened. As I was going back to my block-house, a great many Indians met me, in full war-paint and with their guns. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out, 'War! War!' That meant that they were going to battle, and I was quite overcome. I had hardly reached home when I heard shots, and the firing gradually grew louder, till at last the noise was dreadful. It was a fearful cannonade, and I was more dead than alive. About three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the company who should have arrived, poor General Fraser, one of the expected guests, was brought in on a litter, mortally wounded. Our dinner-table, which was already laid, was taken away, and a bed was put up in its place for the general. I sat in a corner of the room, shivering and quaking. The thought that my husband might be brought in like that was horrible, and tortured me unceasingly. . . .

"At last, toward evening, my husband came. Then I forgot all my trouble, and thanked God that he had been spared to me. We had been told that we had the advantage, but the sad and downcast faces that I saw proved the contrary; and before my husband left me he took me aside, and told me that things were going very badly, and that I must get ready to start at any time, though without letting my preparations be perceived. So on the pretext of moving into my new house on the morrow, I had everything packed up. . . .

"We set off on the evening of the 8th. The utmost stillness was enjoined upon us; fires were made up and many tents left standing, to make the enemy believe that the camp was still

there. And so we went on during the whole night. Fritzchen was afraid, and often began to cry; and I had to keep my handkerchief before her mouth, so that we should not be discovered.

"At six o'clock in the morning we halted, to the surprise of all. General Burgoyne had the cannon brought up and counted, which displeased every one, for with a few good marches more we should have been in safety. . . . At length we set off again; but we had marched scarcely an hour when another halt was made, because we had caught sight of the enemy. There were about two hundred men, who had come out to reconnoitre, and our troops might have captured them easily if General Burgoyne had not lost his head. The rain poured in torrents, and Lady Acland had her tent put up. . . . The Indians had become disheartened, and one after another deserted. They turn cowards at the slightest obstacle, especially when there is no plunder for them. My maid did nothing but tear her hair and bewail her hard fate. . . .

"Towards evening we reached Saratoga, which was only half an hour's journey from the place where we had spent the whole day. I was wet through and through by the rain, and had to remain so the whole night, as I had no opportunity of changing my wet garments. So I sat down before a good fire and undressed my children, and we lay down together on some straw. I asked General Phillips, who came up to me, why we did not continue our march while we had time, as my husband had engaged to cover our retreat and bring the army through. 'Poor woman!' he replied, 'I admire you. Wet through as you are, you still have the courage to go on in this weather. I wish you were our commanding general! He feels too tired to go on, and is going to spend the night here, and give us a supper.'

"It is a fact that General Burgoyne was very fond of amusement, and spent

half the night singing and drinking with his mistress, the wife of a commissary, who was as fond of champagne as he was.

"At seven o'clock in the morning of the 10th, I drank a little tea, and we hoped every moment that orders would be given to start. General Burgoyne ordered the beautiful houses and mills in Saratoga, which belonged to General Schuyler, to be set on fire. An English officer brought some excellent broth, which he insisted on sharing with me, and we began our march again, though only to another place not very far distant. The greatest misery and the wildest disorder prevailed in the army. The commissary had forgotten to distribute provisions among the troops. We had cattle enough, but not one had been slaughtered. More than thirty officers, who could not bear their hunger any longer, came to me. I had coffee and tea made for them, and divided among them all the provisions which I always had in my carriage; for we had a cook who, although he was an arrant knave, understood his business very well, and often crossed the little rivers in the night, as we afterwards discovered, and stole sheep and fowls and pigs from the country people, which he made us pay dearly for. At last all my resources were exhausted, and in my despair at being unable to give more assistance I called to Adjutant General Patterson, who came by just then, and said to him with some vehemence, — for I felt the matter deeply, — 'Come and see these officers, who have been wounded in the common cause, and who are quite destitute because they have not received what is due them. It is your duty to represent the matter to the general.'

"He was moved by my words, and the consequence was that a quarter of an hour after, General Burgoyne came to me himself, and thanked me with a great deal of pathos for reminding him of his duty. He added that a commander

was much to be pitied when he was not well served and his orders were not obeyed. I replied that I begged his pardon for having interfered in a matter which, as I well knew, was not a woman's province, but that it was impossible for me to keep silence when I saw so many brave men suffering and I had no more to give them. He thanked me again (though I feel certain that in his heart he never forgave me for this); and going from me to the officers, he told them that he was sorry for what had happened, but that he had made everything right by his orders. Why had they not come to him, as his kitchen was always at their service? They replied that English officers were not in the habit of visiting their general's kitchen, and that they had taken food from me with pleasure, because they felt assured I gave it with my whole heart. Upon this he gave the strictest orders that the provisions should be properly distributed. However, this lasted only a short time, and then things were no better than before. . . .

"Our carriages were got ready for departure. All the army voted for the retreat, and my husband engaged to make it practicable provided no more time should be lost. But General Burgoyne could not make up his mind to it, and lost everything through his hesitation. About two o'clock in the afternoon we again heard cannon and musketry, and all was consternation and alarm. My husband sent me word to take refuge for the present in a house not far distant. I got into my calèche, with my children; and we were just approaching the house, when I saw on the other side of the river five or six men, who were pointing their muskets at us. Almost unconsciously I thrust the children into the bottom of the calèche, and threw myself over them. The men fired at the same moment, and shattered the arm of a poor English soldier who was already wounded, and was also going to take refuge in

the house. Immediately after our arrival a fearful cannonade began, which was chiefly directed towards the house where we had taken shelter; probably because the enemy believed, as they saw so many people streaming towards it, that the generals were there. Alas! there was no one but women and the wounded.

"We were at last obliged to go into the cellar, where I camped down in a corner near the door. My children lay on the ground, with their heads in my lap. We remained thus through the whole night. The horrible smells, my children's cries, and more than all my own anxiety prevented me from closing my eyes.

"The next morning the frightful cannonade began again, but from the other side. Eleven cannon-balls crashed into the house, and we could hear them rolling over our heads. A poor soldier, who had been laid out on a table to have his leg taken off, had his other leg shot away in the mean time by a cannon-ball. His comrades all ran away; and when they came to him again they found that he had rolled himself into a corner, in his terror, and was scarcely breathing. I was more dead than alive, not so much at the thought of our own danger as at that of my husband, who, however, often sent to ask how we were, and to let us know that he was well. . . .

"We passed this night like the previous one. My husband came once to visit me, which lessened my anxiety and gave me courage again. In the morning we began to arrange our quarters a little better. Major Hamish and his wife and Mrs. Reynolds made a little room for themselves in a corner, with curtains before it. They offered to arrange another for me in the same way, but I preferred to stay near the door, so I could get out easily in case of fire. I had some straw piled up and laid my beds on it, where I slept with my children; not very far away were my women.

Opposite were three English officers, who, though wounded, were determined not to stay behind in case of retreat. They all three swore solemnly that if we were obliged to retreat suddenly they would not leave me behind, and each of them would take one of my children on his horse. My husband's horse was always kept ready saddled for me. He often thought of sending me to the Americans, to remove me from danger; but I represented to him that it would be far harder than anything I had yet endured to be with people to whom I must be under obligations, while my husband was fighting against them; so he promised that I should keep on with the army. Sometimes, in the night, my fear lest he might have marched away without me became so strong that I would creep out of my cellar to reassure myself. When I had seen the troops lying about before the fire, in the already rather cold nights, I could sleep more quietly.

"Our cook kept us supplied with food, but we found it hard to get water; and I was often obliged to quench my thirst with wine, and to give it to the children. . . . At last we found a soldier's wife who had the courage to bring water from the river, — a task which no one had been willing to undertake, because the enemy shot all the men who went to the river. They did not harm this woman out of respect to her sex, as they afterwards told us themselves.

"We were six days in this dreadful condition. At last there began to be talk of capitulating, as we had hesitated too long, and retreat was now impossible. An armistice was proclaimed, and my husband, who was quite exhausted, was able for the first time for weeks to go to bed within four walls. In order that he might not be disturbed, I had a good bed made for him in a small room, and I slept with my children and my women in the adjoining parlor. But about one o'clock in the morning, some

one came and asked to speak with him. Sorely against my will, I was obliged to waken him. I could see that the message was not an agreeable one, as he dispatched the man at once to headquarters, and grumblingly lay down again. Soon after General Burgoyne summoned all the other generals and staff officers to a council of war, to take place early in the morning; at which he proposed, on the strength of a false report which he had received, to break the capitulation which he had already concluded with the enemy. But it was at length decided that this was neither advisable nor practicable; a fortunate circumstance for us, for the Americans told us afterwards that if we had broken the capitulation they would have massacred us all, which they could the more easily have done as we had not more than four or five thousand men, and we had allowed them time to collect more than twenty thousand.

"On the morning of the 16th of October my husband had to return to his post and I to my cellar. . . . On the 17th the terms of capitulation were completed. The general surrendered to Gates, the American commander in chief, and the troops laid down their arms and gave themselves up as prisoners of war.

"At length my husband sent a messenger to me to say that I was to come to him with the children. So I seated myself in my calèche, and in driving through the American camp I made the comforting observation that no one looked at us with insulting glances; that they all greeted me, and even showed compassion in their faces at seeing a woman with little children. I confess that I had felt afraid of going among the enemy, which was quite a new experience for me. As I approached the tent, a very fine-looking man came towards me, took the children out of the carriage, kissed and caressed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me

to descend. 'You are trembling,' he said to me. 'Don't be afraid!'

"No," I replied; 'for you look so kind, and you have been so tender with my children, that you give me courage.'

"He then led me to General Gates's tent, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who seemed to be on a very friendly footing with the former. Burgoyne said to me, 'Have no further anxiety, for your troubles are all over now.'

"I answered that I certainly need not feel anxiety, since our commander in chief had none, and I saw him on such good terms with General Gates. All the generals stayed to dinner with General Gates. The same officer who had received me so kindly came up to me, and said, 'You would find it embarrassing to dine with all these gentlemen. Come with your children into my tent, where I will give you a dinner; frugal, it is true, but offered with hearty goodwill.' 'I am sure,' I replied, 'you must be a husband and father, because you are so kind to me.' Upon this I learned that he was the American General Schuyler. He furnished me with excellent smoked tongue, beefsteak, potatoes, and good bread and butter. I have never enjoyed a dinner so much. I felt calmer, and I saw that all around me were so; and what was more than all, my husband was now entirely out of danger.

"When we had finished dinner the General invited me to stay at his house, near Albany, and told me that General Burgoyne would be there, too. When I asked my husband what I should do, he advised me to accept the invitation; and as it was a two days' journey, and it was already five o'clock in the afternoon, he urged me to go on before, and spend the night at a place about three hours distant. General Schuyler had the kindness to send a French officer to escort me thither. When we reached the house where I was to stay, he left me and went back. . . .

"Two days after we reached Albany, where we had so often longed to be. But we did not come as conquerors, as we had expected. We were received by the good General Schuyler and his wife and daughters, not as enemies, but in the kindest manner; and they showed the greatest attention to us, and to General Burgoyne as well, though he had had their beautifully furnished houses burnt down, and, as every one said, without any real necessity. But they behaved like people who knew how to forget their own losses in the misfortunes of others. This generosity touched General Burgoyne greatly, and he said to General Schuyler, 'How can you show so much kindness to me who have done you so great an injury!' 'Oh, that is the fortune of war,' replied the noble man. 'Let us say no more about it.'

"We stayed with them three days, and they were reluctant to let us go."

Though the perils of war were now over for our baroness and her family, they had by no means said good-by to all disagreeable adventures. They traveled slowly from Albany to Boston, where they were to spend the winter. To keep off the cold the baroness had had her carriage covered with coarse painted linen, which gave it the appearance of the wild-beast cart of a traveling menagerie. This so aroused the curiosity of the people of the villages through which she passed that she was often obliged to descend from her carriage and show herself, to gratify their curiosity to see the Hessian general's wife. This she did with great good-humor, finding it only a source of amusement; but to her husband, already depressed by ill-health and a gnawing sense of failure and disgrace, it added one pang more to the bitterness of his captivity.

Her impressions of Boston were not very favorable. The family were lodged in the house of a countryman, and were all crowded into one room under the roof; sleeping on straw, which they

strewed on the floor. As a favor, their host permitted them to take their meals in his room, where all the family ate and slept. The woman of the house, to revenge herself for the trouble they gave her, always took occasion, while they were at dinner, to comb out her children's hair, and was deaf to all entreaties to choose another time for the operation. The baroness pronounces Boston a very pretty city, "but inhabited by ardent patriots, and full of disagreeable people."

They remained here three weeks, and then were removed to Cambridge, where they were sumptuously lodged in one of the finest houses in the town, which had formerly belonged to a wealthy royalist. In this house they spent a comfortable and pleasant year, at the end of which they were ordered to Virginia. During this journey they endured many privations, often being quite without food, owing to becoming separated from their provision-wagon.

In Virginia, she says, "we passed through the most picturesque scenery, but so savage in its wildness that it made me shudder; and we often risked our lives in passing over the breakneck roads, where we suffered greatly from the cold, and, what was worse, from want of food. When we entered Virginia, and were only a day's journey from our place of destination, we had nothing left but our tea and a biscuit apiece, and could not get anything. One man gave me a handful of dried fruit, on the way. At noon we reached a house, where I begged for something to eat. The people refused it with hard words, saying that they had nothing for dogs of royalists. . . . The roads were frightful, the horses overloaded, my three children quite white and fainting with hunger, and for the first time I felt quite discouraged. . . . At length an adjutant obtained from a guide a small piece of old bread, which had been gnawed all round, as it was too hard to break. . . .

"One evening we came to a pretty place, but our provision-wagon was unable to follow us, and we could not endure our hunger any longer. As I saw an abundance of meat in the house where we had taken shelter, I begged the hostess to let me have some. 'I have all kinds,' she replied: 'there is beef and veal and mutton.' My mouth watered as she spoke. 'Give me some,' I said, 'and I will pay you well.' She snapped her fingers in my face, and said, 'You shall not have a bit of it. Why did you come out of your own country to kill us and to devour our substance? Now you are prisoners, and it is our turn to torment you.' 'But see these poor children,' I pleaded; 'they are nearly dead with hunger.' She remained unmoved; but when my three-years-old Caroline went up to her, took her hand, and said to her in English, 'Good woman, I am very hungry,' she could hold out no longer, but took her into the kitchen and gave her an egg. 'No,' said the little girl, 'I have two sisters.' The woman was touched by this, and gave her three eggs, saying, 'I am ashamed of myself, but I can't resist the child.' She afterwards softened so far as to offer me some bread and milk."

Such scenes were of frequent occurrence on the journey. The family reached Colle, their destination, in the middle of February, 1779.

A lack of space precludes the possibility of giving many details of the life of the captives in Virginia, where they built them a house and were surrounded by a pleasant circle of friends, among whom were Madame Garel and General Washington's family. General von Riedesel's health suffered from the climate, and his spirits from the galling sense of captivity; while his wife was always busy and cheery, saddened only when anything went wrong with her husband and children.

In August of that same year, they traveled to New York, with the expecta-

tion of being exchanged; visiting Madame Garel at her plantation on the way. Here Madame von Riedesel was much struck by the beautiful aspect presented by the vineyards, which were planted on the slope of a hill; the vines alternating with roses and amaranths, making a perfect bower of bloom. Madame Garel's husband did not please her so well as the vineyards, as he proved brusque and unamiable.

They had scarcely arrived in New York when it was announced to them that the exchange had not been effected, and they must return to Virginia at once. This was a severe blow, especially to Madame von Riedesel, who was in a delicate state of health, and had suffered greatly from the journey. However, they were permitted to await the decision of Congress at Bethlehem, where they lodged with a Moravian brother, who proved his indifference to this world's goods by bringing them in a bill, at the end of six weeks, of thirty-two thousand dollars, for the board of sixteen persons. This appalling sum was in paper money, however, and sounds more moderate when reduced to two thousand dollars in gold; though even then board in Bethlehem could hardly be considered cheap.

In November, they were allowed to go to New York on parole. Here a fourth daughter was born to them, whom they named America, from the country of her birth. They received many kindnesses from the English officers, who visited them frequently.

"The last time General Clinton came to us," writes the baroness, "he brought with him the unhappy and since famous Major André, who started the next day on the fatal expedition on which he was captured by the Americans and hanged as a spy. It was very sad that this admirable young man should have been the victim of his zeal and kindness of heart, which led him to undertake such a very doubtful enterprise in order to

spare another and older officer, whose risk would have been greater because he was so much better known."

In 1780 General von Riedesel was exchanged, and was given command at Long Island by General Clinton. For some months the family were obliged to be constantly on the alert, for fear of being captured in their beds; and General von Riedesel's dread of again being a prisoner was so great that he could sleep only when he was sure that his wife was awake.

This constant anxiety and the ill effects of the climate told still more upon his already broken health, and at his own desire he was transferred to Quebec, where he and his family remained until their return to Germany in 1783. Here a fifth daughter was born, whom they named Canada, and who lived only a few months. Madame von Riedesel gives an interesting account of her life in Quebec.

In September, 1783, they arrived in England, where they were welcomed most graciously by the King and Queen.

"One day when we were at dinner," writes the baroness, "Lady Howard, the Queen's lady in waiting, sent us word that the Queen would receive us at six o'clock that evening. As my court-dress was not done, and I had nothing else but a very simple *Anglaise*, I sent apologies at once, which I repeated myself when we had the honor to be presented to their majesties, who were together. But the Queen, who as well as the King received us with extreme graciousness, replied very kindly, 'We do not think of the clothes of persons we are glad to see.' She was surrounded by all the princesses, her daughters. We all sat down around the hearth in a half-circle, — the Queen, the princesses, the lady in waiting, and I, — while my husband stood before the fire with the King. Tea and cakes were passed round. I sat between the Queen and one of the princesses, and had to tell them all my adventures.

The Queen said to me, 'I have followed your movements all the time and have often inquired about you, and always heard with pleasure that you were well and happy and were beloved by every one.'

"I had a terrible cough, and Princess Sophia went herself to get some black currant jelly, which she recommended as a very good remedy, and insisted on my taking a pot of it.

"At nine o'clock in the evening the Prince of Wales came in. His youngest sisters ran up to him, and he embraced them and danced them about. The royal family have so eminently the gift of making one feel at ease that one fancies one's self in a happy family circle of one's own rank. We stayed till ten o'clock, the King talking a great deal about America with my husband, and in German too, which he speaks perfectly. My husband was astonished at his wonderful memory. When we took leave of the Queen, she had the kindness to say that she hoped we would not leave England very soon, as she would like to see me again. But as we learned that the fleet which was to convey us with our troops back to Germany was waiting only for us, we had to hasten our departure, so that we could not wait upon the royal family again."

It was with tears of thankfulness that the baroness returned to her home, but it was not a triumphant home-coming for her husband. Of the 4300 men he had carried away, but 2600 came back with him; and he himself had written to his duke "that he had lost in America the reputation he had won in Europe, and considered himself the most unfortunate of men." This feeling never left him, nor did he ever again have an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the field.

His misfortunes in his professional life were balanced by peace and happiness in his domestic relations. A son was born to him after his return, by

whose death in 1854 the male line of his branch of the family became extinct. His daughters married men of rank, and Frederika was remarkable for her in-

tellectual ability and for her friendships with celebrated men. He died in the beginning of the century, his wife surviving him about eight years.

DRIFTING DOWN LOST CREEK.

I.

HIGH above Lost Creek Valley towers a wilderness of pine. So dense is this growth that it masks the mountain whence it springs. Even when the Cumberland spurs, to the east, are gaunt and bare in the wintry wind, their deciduous forests denuded, their crags unveiled and grimly beetling, Pine Mountain remains a sombre, changeless mystery; its clifty heights are hidden, its chasms and abysses lurk unseen. Whether the skies are blue, or gray, the dark, austere line of its summit limits the horizon. It stands against the west like a barrier. It seemed to Cynthia Ware that nothing which went beyond this barrier ever came back again. One by one the days passed over it, and in splendid apotheosis, in purple and crimson and gold, they were received into the heavens, and returned no more. She beheld love go hence, and many a hope. Even Lost Creek itself, meandering for miles between the ranges, suddenly sinks into the earth, tunnels an unknown channel beneath the mountain, and is never seen again. She often watched the floating leaves, a nettle here and there, the broken wing of a moth, and wondered whither these trifles were borne, on the elegiac current. She came to fancy that her life was like them, worthless in itself and without a mission; drifting down Lost Creek, to vanish vaguely in the mountains.

Yet her life had not always been thus destitute of pleasure and purpose.

There was a time—and she remembered it well—when she found no analogies in Lost Creek. Then she saw only a stream gayly dandering down the valley, with the laurel and the pawpaw close in to its banks, and the kildeer's nest in the sand.

Before it takes that desperate plunge into the unexplored caverns of the mountain, Lost Creek lends its aid to divers jobs of very prosaic work. Further up the valley it turns a mill-wheel, and on Mondays it is wont to assist in the family wash. A fire of pine-knots, kindled beside it on a flat rock, would twine long, lucent white flames about the huge kettle in which the clothes were boiled. Through the steam the distant landscape flickered, ethereal, dream-like. The garments, laid across a bench and beaten white with a wooden paddle, would flutter hilariously in the wind. Deep in some willowy tangle the water-thrush might sing. Ever and anon from the heights above vibrated the clinking of a hand-hammer and the clanking of a sledge. This iterative sound used to pulse like a lyric in Cynthia's heart. But her mother, one day, took up her testimony against it.

"I do declar', it sets me plumb cat-wampus ter hev ter listen ter them blacksmiths, up yander ter thar shop, at thar everlastin' chink-chank an' chink-chank, considerin' the tales I hearn 'bout 'em, when I war down ter the quiltin' at M'ria's house in the Cove."

She paused to prod the boiling clothes with a long stick. She was a tall

woman, fifty years of age, perhaps, but seeming much older. So gaunt she was, so toothless, haggard, and disheveled, that but for her lazy step and languid interest she might have suggested one of Macbeth's witches, as she hovered about the great cauldron.

"They 'lowed down yander ter M'ria's house ez this hyar Evander Price hev kem ter be the headin'est, no 'count critter in the kentry! They 'lowed ez he hev been a-foolin' round Pete Blenkins's forge, a-workin' fur him ez a striker, till he thinks hisself ez good a blacksmith ez Pete, an' better. An' all of a suddenly this same Evander Price riz up an' made a consarn ter bake bread in, sech ez hed never been seen in the mountings afore. They 'lowed down ter M'ria's ez they dunno what he patterned arter. The Evil One must hev revealed the contrivance ter him. But they say it did cook bread in less 'n haffen the time that the reg'lar oven takes; leastwise his granny's bread, 'kase his mother air a toler'ble sensible woman, an' would tech no sech foolish fixin'. But his granny 'lowed ez how she did n't hev long ter live, nolo, an' mought ez well please the chil'ren whilst she war spared. So she resked a batch o' her salt-risin' bread on the consarn, an' she do say it riz like all possessed, an' eat toler'ble short. An' that banged critter Evander war so proud o' his contrivance that he showed it ter everybody ez kem by the shop. An' when two valley men rid by, an' one o' thar beastis cast a shoe, 'Vander hed ter take out his contraption fur them ter gape over, too. An' they ups an' says they hed seen the like afore a-many a time; sech ovens war common in the valley towns. An' when they fund out ez 'Vander hed never hearn on sech, but jes' got the idee out 'n his own foolishness, they jes' stared at one another. They tole the boy ez he oughter take hisself an' his peartness in workin' in iron down

yander ter some o' the valley towns, whar he'd find out what other folks hed been doin' in metal, an' git a good hank on his knack fur new notions. But 'Vander, he clung ter the mountings. They 'lowed down yander at M'ria's quiltin' ez 'Vander fairly tuk ter the woods with grief through other folks hevin' made sech contraptions ez his'n, afore he war born."

The girl stopped short in her work of pounding the clothes, and, leaning the paddle on the bench, looked up toward the forge with her luminous brown eyes full of grave compassion. Her calico sun-bonnet was thrust half off her head. Its cavernous recesses made a background of many shades of brown for her auburn hair, which was of a brilliant, rich tint, highly esteemed of late years in civilization, but in the mountains still accounted a capital defect. There was nothing as gayly colored in all the woods, except perhaps a red-bird, that carried his tufted top-knot so bravely through shade and sheen that he might have been the transmigrated spirit of an Indian, still roaming in the old hunting-ground. The beech shadows, delicately green, imparted a more ethereal fairness to her fair face, and her sombre brown homespun dress heightened the effect by contrast. Her mother noted an unwonted flush upon her cheek, and recommenced with a deep, astute purpose.

"They 'lowed down yander in the Cove, ter M'ria's quiltin', ez this hyar Evander Price hev kem ter be mighty difficult, sence he hev been so gin over ter pride in his oven an' sech. They 'lowed ez even Pete Blenkins air fairly afeard o' him. Pete hisself hev always been knowed ez a powerful evil man, an' what 'twixt drink an' deviltry mos' folks hev been keeful ter gin him elbow-room. But this hyar 'Vander Price hectors round an' jaws back so sharp ez Pete hev got ter be truly mealy-mouthed where 'Vander be. They

'lowed down yander at M'ria's quiltin' ez one day Pete an' 'Vander hed a piece o' iron a-twixt 'em on the anvil, an' Pete would tap, same ez common, with the hand-hammer on the hot metal ter show 'Vander whar ter strike with the sledge. An' Pete got toler'ble bouncin', an' kep' faultin' 'Vander, — jes' like he use ter quar'l with his t'other striker, till the man would bide with him no more. All at wunst 'Vander hefted the sledge, an' gin Pete the ch'ice ter take it on his skull-bone, or show more manners. An' Pete showed 'em."

There was a long pause. Lost Creek sounded some broken minor chords, as it dashed against the rocks on its headlong way. The wild grapes were blooming. Their fragrance, so delicate yet so pervasive, suggested some exquisite unseen presence — the dryads were surely abroad! The beech-trees stretched down their silver branches and green shadows. Through rifts in the foliage shimmered glimpses of a vast array of sunny parallel mountains, converging and converging, till they seemed to meet far away in one long, level line, so ideally blue that it looked less like earth than heaven. The pine-knots flamed and glistened under the great wash-kettle. A tree-toad was persistently calling for rain, in the dry distance. The girl, gravely impassive, beat the clothes with the heavy paddle. Her mother shortly ceased to prod the white heaps in the boiling water, and presently took up the thread of her discourse.

"An' 'Vander hev got ter be a mighty suddint man. I hearn tell, when I war down ter M'ria's house ter the quiltin', ez how in that sorter fight an' scrimmage they hed at the mill, las' month, he war powerful ill-conducted. Nobody hed thought of hevin' much of a fight, — thar hed been jes' a few licks passed atwixt the men thar; but the fust finger ez war laid on this boy, he jes' lit out an' fit like a catamount. Right an' lef' he lay about him with his fists, an' he

drawed his huntin' knife on some of 'em. The men at the mill war in no wise pleased with him."

"'Pears-like ter me ez 'Vander air a peaceable boy enough, ef he ain't jawed at, an' air lef' be," drawled Cynthia.

Her mother was embarrassed for a moment. Then, with a look both sly and wise, she made an admission, — a qualified admission. "Waal, wimmen — ef — ef — ef they air young an' toler'ble hard-headed *yit*, air likely ter jaw *some*, ennyhow. An' a gal ought n't ter marry a man ez hev sot his heart on bein' lef' in peace. He's apt ter be a mighty sour an' disappointed critter."

This sudden turn to the conversation invested all that had been said with new meaning, and revealed a subtle diplomatic intention. The girl seemed to deliberately review it, as she paused in her work. Then, with a rising flush, "I ain't studyin' 'bout marryin' nobody," she asserted staidly. "I hev laid off ter live single."

Mrs. Ware had overshot the mark, but she retorted, gallantly reckless, "That's what yer aunt Malviny useter declar' fur gospel sure, when she war a gal. An' she hev got ten chil'ren an' hev buried two husbands, an' ef all they say air true she's tollin' in the third man now. She's a mighty spry, good-featured woman an' a fust-rate manager, yer aunt Malviny air, an' both her husbands lef' her su'thin', — cows, or wagons, or land. An' they war quiet men when they war alive, an' stays whar they air put, now that they air dead; not like old Parson Hooden-pyle what his wife hears stumpin' round the house an' preachin' every night, though she air ez deaf ez a post, an' he hev been in glory twenty year, — twenty year, an' better. Yer aunt Malviny hed luck, so mebbe 't ain't no killin' complaint fur a gal ter git ter talkin' like a fool about marryin' an' sech. Least-wise, I ain't minded ter sorrow."

She looked at her daughter with a

gay grin, which, distorted by her toothless gums and the wreathing steam from the kettle, enhanced her witch-like aspect and was spuriously malevolent. She did not notice the stir of an approach through the brambly tangles of the heights above until it was close at hand; as she turned, she thought only of the mountain cattle, — to see the red cow's picturesque head and crumpled horns thrust over the sassafras bushes, or to hear the brindle's clanking bell. It was certainly less unexpected to Cynthia when a young mountaineer, clad in brown jeans trousers and a checked homespun shirt, emerged upon the rocky slope. He still wore his blacksmith's leather apron, and his powerful corded hammer-arm was bare beneath his tightly rolled sleeve. He was tall and heavily built; his sunburned face was square, with a strong lower jaw, and his features were accented by fine lines of charcoal, as if the whole were a clever sketch. His black eyes held fierce intimations, but there was mobility of expression about them that suggested changing impulses, strong but fleeting. He was like his forge fire: though the heat might be intense for a time, it fluctuated with the breath of the bellows. Just now he was meekly quailing before the old woman, whom he evidently had not thought to find here. It was as apt an illustration as might be, perhaps, of the inferiority of strength to finesse. She seemed an inconsiderable adversary, as haggard, lean, and prematurely aged she swayed on her prodding-stick about the huge kettle; but she was as a veritable David to this big young Goliath, though she too flung hardly more than a pebble at him.

"Laws-a-me!" she cried, in shrill, toothless glee; "ef hyar ain't 'Vander Price! What brung ye down hyar along o' we-uns, 'Vander?" she continued, with simulated anxiety. "Hev that thar red heifer o' our'n lept over the fence agin, an' got inter Pete's corn?

Waal, sir, ef she ain't the headin'est heifer!"

"I hain't seen none o' yer heifer, ez I knows on," replied the young blacksmith, with gruff, drawling deprecation. Then he tried to regain his natural manner. "I kem down hyar," he remarked in an off-hand way, "ter git a drink o' water." He glanced furtively at the girl; then looked quickly away at the gallant red-bird, still gayly parading among the leaves.

The old woman grinned with delight. "Now, ef that ain't s'prisin'," she declared. "Ef we hed knowed ez Lost Creek war a-goin' dry over yander a-nigh the shop, so ye an' Pete would hev ter kem hyar thirstin' fur water, we-uns would hev brung su'thin' down hyar ter drink out'n. We-uns hain't got no gourd hyar, hev we, Cynthy?"

"Thout it air the little gourd with the saft soap in it," said Cynthia, confused and blushing.

Her mother broke into a high, loud laugh. "Ye ain't wantin' ter gin Vander the soap-gourd ter drink out'n, Cynthy! Leastwise, I ain't goin' ter gin it ter Pete. Fur I s'pose ef ye hev ter kem a haffen mile ter git a drink, 'Vander, ez surely Pete 'll hev ter kem, too. Waal, waal, who would hev b'lieved ez Lost Creek would go dry high the shop, an' yit be a-scuttlin' along like that, hyar-abouts!" and she pointed with her bony finger at the swift flow of the water.

He was forced to abandon his clumsy pretense of thirst. "Lost Creek ain't gone dry nowhar, ez I knows on," he admitted, mechanically rolling the sleeve of his hammer-arm up and down as he talked. "It air tolerble high, — higher 'n I ever see it afore. 'T war jes' night afore las' ez two men got a kyart sunk in a quicksand, whilst fordin' the creek. An' one o' thar wheels kem off, an' they hed right smart scufflin' ter keep thar load from washin' out'n the kyart an' driftin' clean away. Least-

wise, that was how they telled it ter me. They war valley men, I'm a-thinkin'. They 'lowed me ez they hed ter cut thar beastis out 'n the traces. They loaded him up with the goods an' fotched him ter the shop."

Mrs. Ware forbore her ready gibes in her interest in the countryside gossip. She ceased to prod the boiling clothes. She hung motionless on the stick. "I s'pose they 'lowed, mebbe, ez what sort'n goods they hed," she hazarded, seeing a peddler in the dim perspective of a prosaic imagination.

"They lef' some along o' we-uns ter keep till they kem back agin. They 'lowed ez they could travel better ef thar beastis war eased some of his load. They hed some o' all sorts o' truck. They 'lowed ez they war aimin' ter sot up a store over yander ter the Settlement on Milksick Mounting. They lef' right smart o' truck up yander in the shed abint the shop; 'pears like ter me it air a kyart-load itself. I promised ter keer fur it till they kem back agin."

Certainly, so far as Cynthia was concerned, the sharpness of wits and the acerbity of temper ascribed generally to the red-haired gentry could be accounted no slander. The flame-colored halo about her face, emblazoned upon the dusky depths of her old brown bonnet, was not more fervid than an angry glow overspreading her delicate cheek, and an intense fiery spark suddenly alight in her brown eyes.

"Pete Blenkins mus' be sodden with drink, I'm a-thinkin'!" she cried impatiently. "Like ez not them men will 'low ez the truck ain't all thar, when they kem back. An' then thar 'll be a tremenjious scrimmage ter the shop, an' somebody 'll git hurt, an' mebbe killed."

"Waal, Cynthy," exclaimed her mother, in tantalizing glee, "air you-uns goin' ter ache when Pete's head gits bruk? That's powerful 'commodatin' in ye, considerin' ez he hev got a wife an'

chil'ren ez old ez ye be. Waal, sorrow fur Pete, ef ye air so minded."

The angry spark in Cynthia's eyes died out as suddenly as it kindled. She began to beat the wet clothes heavily with the paddle, and her manner was that of having withdrawn herself from the conversation. The young blacksmith had flushed, too, and he laughed a little, but demurely. Then, as he still rolled and unrolled the sleeve of his hammer-arm, his wonted gravity returned.

"Pete hain't got nuthin' ter do with it, nohow," he averred. "Pete hev been away fur two weeks an' better: he hev gone ter see his uncle Joshua, over yander on Caney Fork. He 'lowed ez apple-jack grows powerful fine in them parts."

"Then who war holpin' at the forge ter-day?" asked Mrs. Ware, surprised. "I 'lowed I hearn the hand-hammer an' sledge too, same ez common."

There was a change among the lines of charcoal that seemed to define his features. He looked humbled, ashamed. "I hed my brother a-strikin' fur me," he said at last.

"Why, 'Vander," exclaimed the old woman shrilly, "that thar boy 's a plumb idjit! Ye ought n't trust him along o' that sledge! He 'd jes' ez lief maul ye on the head with it ez maul the hot iron. Ye know he air ez strong ez a ox; an' the critter's fursaken in his mind."

"I knows that," Evander admitted. "I would n't hev done it, ef I hed n't been a-workin' on a new fixin' ez I hev jes' thought up, an' I war jes' *obligated* ter hev somebody ter strike fur me. An' laws-a-massy, 'Lijah would n't harm nobody. The critter war ez peart an' lively ez a June-bug, — so proud ter be allowed ter work around like folks!" He stopped short in sudden amazement: something stood in his eyes that had no habit there; its presence stupefied him. For a moment he could not speak, and he stood silently gazing at that long,

level blue line, in which the converging mountains met, — so delicately azure, so ethereally suggestive, that it seemed to him like the Promised Land that Moses viewed. "The critter air mighty ag-gervatin' mos'ly ter the folks at our house," he continued, "but they hectors him. He treats me well."

"An ill word is spoke 'bout him gin-erally round the mounting," said the old woman, who had filled and lighted her pipe, and was now trying to crowd down the charge, so to speak, without scorching too severely her callous forefinger. "I hev hearn folks 'low ez he hev got so turrible crazy ez he oughter be sent away an' shet up in jail. An' it 'pears like ter me ez that word air jestic. The critter's fursaken."

"Fursaken or no fursaken, he ain't goin' ter be jailed for nothin', — 'ceptin' that the hand o' the Lord air laid too heavy on him. I can't lighten its weight. I'm mortal myself. The rider says thar's some help in prayer. I hain't seen it yit, though I hev been toler'ble busy lately a-workin' in metal, one way an' another. What good air it goin' ter do the mounting ter hev 'Lijah jailed, stiddier goin' round the woods a-talkin' ter the grasshoppers an' squir'ls, ez seem ter actially know the critter, an' bein' ez happy ez they air, 'ceptin' when he gits it inter his noodle, like he sometimes do, ez he ain't edzactly like other folks be?" He paused. Those strange visitants trembled again upon his smoke-blackened lids. "Fursaken or no," he cried impulsively, "the man ez tries ter git him jailed will 'low ez he air fursaken his own self, afore I gits done with him!"

"Vander Price," said the old woman rebukingly, "ye talk like ye hain't got good sense yerself." She sat down on a rock embedded in the ferns by Lost Creek, and pulled deliberately at her long cob-pipe. Then she too turned her faded eyes upon the vast landscape, in which she had seen no change, save the

changing season and the waxing or the waning of the day, since first her life had opened upon it. That level line of pale blue in the poetic distance had become faintly roseate. The great bronze-green ranges nearer at hand were assuming a royal purple. Shadows went skulking down the valley. Across the amber zenith an eagle was flying homeward. Her mechanical glance followed the sweeping, majestic curves, as the bird dropped to its nest in the wild fastnesses of Pine Mountain, that towered, rugged and severe of outline, against the crimson west. A cow-bell jangled in the laurel.

"Old Suke's a-comin' home ez partic'lar an' percise ez ef she hed her calf thar yit. I hev traded Suke's calf ter my merried daughter M'ria, — her ez merried Amos Baker, in the Cove. The old brindle can't somehow onderstan' the natur' o' the bargain, an' kems up every night moo-ing, mighty disapp'int-ed. 'T warn't much shakes of a calf, nohow, an' I stood toler'ble well arter the trade."

She looked up at the young man with a leer of self-gratulation. He still lingered, but the unsophisticated mother in the mountains can be as much an obstacle to anything in the nature of love-making, when the youth is not approved, as the expert tactician of a drawing-room. He had only the poor consolation of helping Cynthia to carry in the load of stiff, dry clothes to the log cabin, ambushed behind the beech-trees, hard by in the gorge. The house had a very unconfiding aspect; all its belongings seemed huddled about it for safe-keeping. The beehives stood almost under the eaves; the ash-hopper was visible close in the rear; the rain-barrel affiliated with the damp wall; the chickens were going to roost in an althea bush beside the porch; the boughs of the cherry and plum and crab-apple trees were thickly interlaced above the path that led from the rickety rail fence, and

among their roots flag-lilies, larkspur, and devil-in-the-bush mingled in a floral mosaic. The old woman went through the gate first. But even this inadvantage could not profit the loitering young people. "Law, Cynthy," she exclaimed, pointing at a loose-jointed elderly mountaineer, who was seated beneath the hop vines on the little porch, while a gaunt gray mare, with the plow-gear still upon her, cropped the grass close by, "yander is yer daddy, ez empty ez a gourd, I'll be bound! Hurry an' git supper, child. Time's a-wastin',—time's a-wastin'!"

When Evander was half-way up the steep slope, he turned and looked down at the embowered little house, that itself turned its face upward, looking as it were to the mountain's summit. How it nestled there in the gorge! He had seen it often and often before, but whenever he thought of it afterward it was as it appeared to him now: the darkling valley below it, the mountains behind it, the sunset sky still flaring above it, though stars had blossomed out here and there, and the sweet June night seemed full of their fragrance. He could distinguish for a good while the gate, the rickety fence, the path beneath the trees. The vista ended in the open door, with the broad flare of the fire illumining the puncheon floor and the group of boisterous tow-headed children; in the midst was the girl, with her bright hair and light figure, with her round arms bare, and her deft hand stirring the batter for bread in a wooden bowl. She looked the very genius of home, and so he long remembered her.

The door closed at last, and he slowly resumed his way along the steep slope. The scene that had just vanished seemed yet vividly present before him. The gathering gloom made less impression. He took scant heed of external objects, and plodded on mechanically. He was very near the forge when his senses were

roused by some inexplicable inward motion. He stood still to listen: only the insects droning in the chestnut-oaks, only the wind astir in the laurel. The night possessed the earth. The mountains were sunk in an indistinguishable gloom, save where the horizontal line of their summits asserted itself against an infinitely clear sky. But for a hunter's horn, faintly wound and faintly echoed in Lost Creek Valley, he might have seemed the only human creature in all the vast wilderness. He saw through the pine boughs the red moon rising. The needles caught the glister, and shone like a golden fringe. They overhung dusky, angular shadows that he knew was the little shanty of a blacksmith shop. In its dark recesses was a dull red point of light, where the forge fire still smouldered. Suddenly it was momentarily eclipsed. Something had passed before it.

"Lijah!" he called out, in vague alarm. There was no answer. The red spark now gleamed distinct.

"Look-a-hyar, boy, what be you-uns a-doin' of thar?" he asked, beset with a strange anxiety and a growing fear of he knew not what.

Still no answer.

It was a terrible weapon he had put into the idiot's hand that day,—that heavy sledge of his. He grew cold when he remembered poor Elijah's pleasure in useful work, in his great strength gone to waste, in the ponderous implement that he so lightly wielded. He might well have returned to-night, with some vague, distraught idea of handling it again. And what vague, distraught idea kept him skulking there with it?

"Foolin' along o' that new straw-cutter ter-day will be my ruin, I'm afeard," Evander muttered ruefully. Then the sudden drops broke out on his brow. "I pray ter mercy," he exclaimed fervently, "the boy hain't been a-spillin' o' that thar new straw-cutter!"

This fear dominated all others. He

strode hastily forward. "Come out o' thar, 'Lijah!" he cried roughly.

There were moving shadows in the great barn-like door, — three — four — The moon was behind the forge, and he could not count them. They were advancing shadows. A hand was laid upon his arm. A drawling voice broke languidly on the night. "I'm up an' down sorry ter hev ter arrest you-uns, 'Vander, bein' ez we air neighbors an' mos'tly toler'ble friendly; but law is law, an' ye air my prisoner," and the constable of the district paused in the exercise of his functions to gnaw off a chew of tobacco with teeth which seemed to have grown blunt in years of that practice; then he leisurely resumed: "I war jes' sayin' ter the sheriff an' dep'ty hyar," — indicating the figures in the doorway, — "ez we-uns hed better lay low till we seen how many o' you-uns war out hyar; else I would n't hev kep' ye waitin' so long."

The young mountaineer's amazement at last expressed itself in words. "Ye hev surely los' yer senses, Jubal Tynes! What air ye arrestin' of me fur?"

"Fur receivin' of stolen goods, — the shed back yander air full of 'em. I dunno whether ye helped ter rob the cross-roads store or no; but yander's the goods in the shed o' the shop, an' Pete's been away two weeks, an' better; so 't war oblegged ter be you-uns ez received 'em."

Evander, in a tumult of haste, told his story. The constable laughed lazily, with his quid between his teeth. "Mebbe so, — mebbe so; but that's fur the jedge an' jury ter study over. Them men never tuk thar kyart no furdur. 'T war never stuck in no quicksand in Lost Creek. They knowed the sheriff war on thar track, an' they stove up thar kyart, an' sent the spokes an' shafts an' sech a-driftin' down Lost Creek, thinkin' 't would be swallered inter the mounting an' never be seen agin. But jes' whar Lost Creek sinks under the

mounting the drift war cotched. We fund it thar, an' knowed ez all we hed ter do war to trace 'em up Lost Creek. An' hyar we be! The goods hev been identified this very hour by the man ez owns 'em. I hope ye never holped ter burglarize the store, too; but 'tain't fur me ter say. Ye hev ter kem along o' we-uns, whether ye like it or no," and he laid a heavy hand on his prisoner's shoulder.

The next moment he was reeling from a powerful blow planted between the eyes. It even felled the stalwart constable, for it was so suddenly dealt. But Jubal Tynes was on his feet in an instant, rushing forward with a bull-like bellow. Once more he measured his length upon the ground, — close to the anvil this time, for the position of all the group had changed in the fracas. He did not rise again; the second blow was struck with the ponderous sledge. As the men hastened to lift him, they were much hindered by the ecstatic capers of the idiot brother, who seemed to have been concealed in the shop. The prisoner made no attempt at flight, although, in the confusion, he was forgotten for the time by the officers, and had some chance of escape. He appeared frightened and very meek; and when he saw that there was blood upon the sledge, and they said brains, too, he declared that he was very sorry he had done it.

"I done it!" cried the idiot joyfully. "Jube sha'n't fight 'Vander! I done it!" and he was so boisterously grotesque and wild that the men lost their wits while he was about; so they turned him roughly out of the forge, and closed the doors upon him. At last he went away, although for a time he beat loudly upon the shutter, and called piteously for Evander.

It was a great opportunity for old Dr. Patton, who lived six miles down the valley, and zealously he improved it. He often felt that in this healthful

country, where he was born, and where bucolic taste and local attachment still kept him, he was rather a medical theorist than a medical practitioner, so few and slight were the demands upon the resources of his science. He was as one who has long pondered the unsuggestive details of the map of a region, and who suddenly sees before him its glowing, vivid landscape.

"A beautiful fracture!" he protested with rapture, — "a beautiful fracture!"

Through all the countryside were circulated his cheerful accounts of patients who had survived fracture of the skull. Among the simple mountaineers his learned talk of the trephine gave rise to the startling report that he intended to put a linchpin into Jubal Tynes's head. It was rumored, too, that the unfortunate man's brains had "in an' about leaked haffen out;" and many freely prompted Providence by the suggestion that "ef Jube war ready ter die it war high time he war taken," as, having been known as a hasty and choleric man, it was predicted that he would "make a most survigrus idjit."

"Cur'ous enough ter me ter find out ez Jube ever hed brains," commented Mrs. Ware. "'T war well enough ter let some of 'em leak out ter prove it. He hev never showed he hed brains no other way, ez I knows on. Now," she added, "somebody oughter tap 'Vander's head, an' mebbe they 'll find him pervided, too. Wonders will never cease! Nobody would hev accused Jube o' sech. Folks 'll hev ter respec' them brains. 'Vander done him that favior in splitting his head open."

"'T war n't 'Vander's deed!" Cynthia declared passionately. She reiterated this phrase a hundred times a day, as she went about her household tasks. "'T war n't 'Vander's deed!" How could she prove that it was not, she asked herself as often, — and prove that against his own word?

For she herself had heard him ac-

knowledge the crime. The new day had hardly broken when, driving her cow, she came by the blacksmith's shop, all unconscious as yet of the tragedy it had housed. A vague prescience of dawn was on the landscape; dim and spectral, it stood but half revealed in the doubtful light. The stars were gone; even the sidereal outline of the great Scorpio had crept away. But the gibbous moon still swung above the dark and melancholy forests of Pine Mountain, and its golden chalice spilled a dreamy glamour all adown the lustrous mists in Lost Creek Valley. Ever and anon the crags reverberated with the shrill clamor of a watch-dog at a cabin in the Cove; for there was an unwonted stir on the mountain's brink. The tramp of horses the roll of wheels, the voices of the officers at the forge, busily canvassing their preparations for departure, sounded far along the steepes. The sight of the excited group was as phenomenal to old Suke as to Cynthia, and the cow stopped short in her shambling run, and turned aside into the blooming laurel with a muttered low and with crouching horns. Early wayfarers along the road had been attracted by the unusual commotion. A rude slide drawn by a yoke of oxen stood beneath the great pine that overhung the forge, while the driver was breathlessly listening to the story from the deputy sheriff. A lad, mounted on a lank gray mare, let the sorry brute crop, unrebuked, the sassafras leaves by the wayside, while he turned half round in his saddle, with a white horror on his face, to see the spot pointed out on which Jubal Tynes had fallen. The wounded man had been removed to the nearest house, but the ground was still dank with blood, and this heightened the dramatic effects of the recital. The sheriff's posse and their horses were picturesquely grouped about the open barn-like door, and the wagon laden with the plunder stood hard by. It had been discovered, when they were on the

point of departure, that one of the animals had cast a shoe, and the prisoner was released that he might replace it.

When Evander kindled the forge fire he felt that it was for the last time. The heavy sighing of the bellows burst forth, as if charged with a conscious grief. As the fire alternately flared and faded, it illumined with long, evanescent red rays the dusky interior of the shop: the horseshoes hanging upon a rod in the window, the plowshares and bars of iron ranged against the wall, the barrel of water in the corner, the smoky hood and the anvil, the dark spot on the ground, and the face of the blacksmith himself, as he worked the bellows with one hand, while the other held the tongs with the red-hot horseshoe in the fire. It was a pale face. Somehow, all the old spirit seemed spent. Its wonted suggestions of a dogged temper and latent fierceness were effaced. It bore marks of patient resignation, that might have been wrought by a lifetime of self-sacrifice, rather than by one imperious impulse, as potent as it was irrevocable. The face appeared in some sort sublimated.

The bellows ceased to sigh, the anvil began to sing, the ringing staccato of the hammer punctuated the droning story of the deputy sheriff, still rehearsing the sensation of the hour to the increasing crowd about the door. The girl stood listening, half hidden in the blooming laurel. Her senses seemed strangely sharpened, despite the amazement, the incredulity, that possessed her. She even heard the old cow cropping the scanty grass at her feet, and saw every casual movement of the big brindled head. She was conscious of the splendid herald of a new day flaunting in the east. Against this gorgeous presence of crimson and gold, brightening and brightening till only the rising sun could outdazzle it, she noted the romantic outlines of the Cumberland crags and woody heights, and marveled

how near they appeared. She was sensible of the fragrance of the dewy azaleas, and she heard the melancholy song of the pines, for the wind was astir. She marked the grimaces of the idiot, looking like a dim and ugly dream in the dark recesses of the forge. His face was filled now with strange, wild triumph, and now with partisan anger for his brother's sake; for Evander was more than once harshly upbraided.

"An' so yer tantrums hev brung yer ter this e-end, at last, 'Vander Price!" exclaimed an old man indignantly. "I misdoubted ye when I hearn how ye fit, that day, yander ter the mill; an' they do say ez even Pete Blenkins air plumb afeard ter jaw at ye, nowadays, on 'count o' yer fightin' an' quar'lin' ways. An' now ye hev gone an' bodaciously slaughtered pore Jubal Tynes! From what I hev hearn tell, I jedge he air obleeged ter die. Then nothin' kin save ye!"

The girl burst suddenly forth from the flowering splendors of the laurel. "T war n't 'Vander's deed!" she cried, perfect faith in every tone. "'Vander, 'Vander, who did it? Who did it?" she reiterated imperiously.

Her cheeks were aflame. An eager expectancy glittered in her wide brown eyes. Her auburn hair flaunted to the breeze as brilliantly as those golden harbingers of the sun. Her bonnet had fallen to the ground, and her milk-piggin was rolling away. The metallic staccato of the hammer was silenced. A vibratory echo trembled for an instant on the air. The group had turned in slow surprise. The blacksmith looked mutely at her. But the idiot was laughing triumphantly, almost sanely, and pointing at the sledge to call her attention to its significant stains. The sheriff had laid the implement carefully aside, that it might be produced in court in case Jubal Tynes should pass beyond the point of affording for Dr. Patton's satisfaction a gratifying instance of survival from

fracture of the skull, and die in a commonplace fashion, which is of no interest to the books or the profession.

"'T war n't 'Vander's deed! It *could* n't be!" she declared passionately.

For the first time he faltered. There was a pause. He could not speak.

"I done it!" cried the idiot, in shrill glee.

Then Evander regained his voice. "'T war *me* ez done it," he said huskily, turning away to the anvil with a gesture of dull despair. "I done it!"

Fainting is not a common demonstration in the mountains. It seemed to the bewildered group as if the girl had suddenly dropped dead. She revived under the water and cinders dashed into her face from the barrel where the steel was tempered. But life returned enfeebled and vapid. That vivid consciousness and intensity of emotion had reached a climax of sensibility, and now she experienced the reaction. It was in a sort of lethargy that she watched their preparations to depart, while she sat upon a rock at the verge of the clearing. As the wagon trundled away down the road, laden with the stolen goods, one of the posse looked back at her with some compassion, and observed to a companion that she seemed to take it considerably to heart, and sagely opined that she and 'Vander must "hev been a-keepin' company tergether some. But then," he argued, "she's a downright good-lookin' gal, ef she do be so red-headed. An' thar air plenty likely boys left in the mountings yit; an' ef thar ain't, she kin jes' send down the valley a piece fur me!" and he laughed, and went away quite cheerful, despite his compassion. The horsemen were in frantic impatience to be off, and presently they were speeding in single file along the sandy mountain road.

Cynthia sat there until late in the day, wistfully gazing down the long green vista where they had disappeared. She could not believe that Evander had

really gone. Something, she felt sure, would happen to bring them back. Once and again she thought, she heard the beat of hoofs, — of distant hoofs. It was only the melancholy wind in the melancholy pines.

They were laden with snow before she heard aught of him. Beneath them, instead of the dusky vistas the summer had explored, were long reaches of ghastly white undulations, whence the boles rose dark and drear. The Cumberland range, bleak and bare, with its leafless trees and frowning cliffs, stretched out long, parallel spurs, one above another, one beyond another, tier upon tier, till they appeared to meet in one distant level line somewhat grayer than the gray sky, somewhat more desolate of aspect than all the rest of the desolate world. When the wind rose, Pine Mountain mourned with a mighty voice. Cynthia had known that voice since her birth. But what new meaning in its threnody! Sometimes the forest was dumb; the sun glittered frigidly, and the pines, every tiny needle encased in ice, shone like a wilderness of gleaming rays. The crags were begirt with gigantic icicles; the air was crystalline and cold, and the only sound was the clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge from the forge on the mountain's brink. For there was a new striker there, of whom Pete Blenkins did not stand in awe. He felt peculiarly able to cope with the world in general since his experience had been enriched by a recent trip to Sparta. He had been subpoenaed by the prosecution; in the case of the State of Tennessee versus Evander Price, to tell the jury all he knew of the violent temper of his quondam striker, which he did with much gusto and self-importance, and pocketed his fee with circumspect dignity.

"'Vander looks toler'ble skimpy an' jail-bleached, — so Pete Blenkins say," remarked Mrs. Ware, as she sat smok-

ing her pipe in the chimney corner, while Cynthia stood before the warping bars, winding the party-colored yarn upon the equidistant pegs of the great frame. "Pete 'lowed ter me ez he hed tole you-uns ez 'Vander say he air powerful sorry he would never l'arn ter write, when he went ter the school at the Notch. 'Vander say he never knowed ez he would hev a use fur sech. But law! the critter hed better be studyin' 'bout the opportunities he hev wasted fur grace; fur they say now ez Jube Tynes air bound ter die. An' he will fur true, ef old Dr. Patton air the man I take him fur."

"'T war n't 'Vander's deed," said Cynthia, her practiced hands still busily investing the warping-bars with a homely rainbow of scarlet and blue and saffron yarn. It added an embellishment to the little room, which was already bright with the firelight and the sunset streaming in at the windows, and the festoons of red pepper and popcorn and peltry swinging from the rafters.

"Waal, waal, hev it so," said her mother, in acquiescent dissent, — "hev it so! But 't war his deed receivin' of the stolen goods; leastwise, the jury b'lieved so. Pete say, though, ez they would n't hev been so sure, ef it war n't fur 'Vander's resistin' arrest an' in an' about haffen killin' Jubal Tynes. Pete say ez 'Vander's name fur fightin' an' sech seemed ter hev sot the jury powerful agin him."

"An' thar war nobody thar ez would gin a good word fur him!" cried the girl, dropping her hands with a gesture of poignant despair.

"'T war n't in reason ez thar could be," said Mrs. Ware. "'Vander's lawyer never summonsed but a few of the slack-jawed boys from the Settlement ter prove his good character, an' Pete said they 'peared awk'ard in thar minds an' frustrated, an' spoke more agin 'Vander'n fur him. Pete 'lows ez they hed ter be paid thar witness-fee by the State, too,

on account of 'Vander hevin' no money ter fetch witnesses an' sech ter Sparty. His dad an' mam air mighty shiftless — always war, — an' they hev got that hulking idjit ter eat 'em out 'n house an' home. They hev been mightily put ter it this winter ter live along, 'thout 'Vander ter help 'em, like he uster. But they war no ways anxious 'bout his trial, 'kase Squair Bates tole 'em ez the jedge would app'int a lawyer ter defend 'Vander, ez he hed no money ter hire a lawyer fur hisself. An' the jedge app'inted a young lawyer thar; an' Pete 'lowed ez that young lawyer made the trial the same ez a gander-pullin' fur the 'torney-gineral. Pete say ez that young lawyer's ways tickled the 'torney-gineral haffen ter death. Pete say the 'torney-gineral jes' sot out ter devil that young lawyer, an' he done it. Pete say the young lawyer hed never hed more 'n one or two cases afore, an' he acted so foolish that the 'torney-gineral kep' all the folks laffin' at him. The jury luffed, an' so did the jedge. I reckon 'Vander thought 't war mighty pore fun. Pete say ez 'Vander's lawyer forgot a heap ez he oughter hev remembered, an' fairly ruined 'Vander's chances. Arter the trial the 'torney-gineral 'lowed ter Pete ez the State hed hed a mighty shaky case agin 'Vander. But I reckon he jes' said that ter make his own smartness in winning it seem more s'prisin'. 'Vander war powerful interrupted by thar laffin' an' the game they made o' his lawyer, an' said he did n't want no appeal. He 'lowed he hed seen enough o' jestic. He 'lowed ez he'd take the seven years in the pen'tiary that the jury gin him, fur fear at the nex' trial they'd gin him twenty-seven; though the 'torney-gineral say ef Jube dies they will fetch him out agin, an' try him fur that. The 'torney-gineral 'lowed ter Pete ez 'Vander war a fool not ter move fur a new trial an' appeal, an' sech. He 'lowed ez 'Vander war a derved ignorant man.' An' all the folks round the

court-house gin thar opinion ez 'Vander hev got less gumption 'bout 'n the law o' the land than enny man they ever see, 'cept that young lawyer he hed ter defend him. Pete air powerful satisfied with *his* performin' in Sparty. He ups an' 'lows ez they paid him a dollar a day fur a witness-fee, an' treated him mighty perlite, — the jedge an' jury too."

How Cynthia lived through that winter of despair was a mystery to her afterward. Often, as she sat brooding over the midnight embers, she sought to picture to herself some detail of the life that Evander was leading so far away. The storm would beat heavily on the roof of the log cabin, the mountain wind sob through the sighing pines; ever and anon a wolf might howl, in the sombre depths of Lost Creek Valley. But Evander had become a stranger to her imagination. She could not construct even a vague *status* that would answer for the problematic mode of life of the "valley folks" who dwelt in Nashville, or in the penitentiary hard by. She began to appreciate that it was a narrow existence within the limits of Lost Creek Valley, and that to its simple denizens the world beyond was a foreign world, full of strange habitudes and alien complications. Thus it came to pass that he was no longer even a vision. Because of this subtle bereavement she would fall to sobbing drearily beside the dreary, dying fire, — only because of this, for she never wondered if her image to him had also grown remote. How she pitied him, so lonely, so strange, so forlorn, as he must be! Did he yearn for the mountains? Could he see them in the spirit? Surely in his dreams, surely in some kindly illusion, he might still behold that fair land which touched the sky: the golden splendors of the sunshine sifting through the pines; flying shadows of clouds as fleet racing above the distant ranges; untrodden woodland nooks beside singing cascades; or some lonely pool, whence the gray

deer bounded away through the red sumach leaves.

Sombre though the present was, the future seemed darker still, clouded by the long and terrible suspense concerning the wounded officer's fate and the crime that Evander had acknowledged.

"He *could n't* hev done it," she argued futilely. "'T war n't his deed."

She grew pale and thin, and her strength failed with her failing spirit, and her mother querulously commented on the change.

"An' sech a hard winter ez we-uns air a-tusslin' with; an' that thar ewe a-dyin' ez M'ria traded fur my little calf, ez war wuth forty sech dead critters; an' hyar be Cynthy lookin' like she hed fairly pegged out forty year ago, an' been raised from the grave, — an' all jes' 'kase 'Vander Price hev got ter be a evil man, an' air locked up in the pen'tiary. It beats my time! He never said nothin' 'bout marryin', nohow, ez I knows on. I never would hev b'lieved ez you-un would hev turned off Jeemes Blake, ez hev got a good grist-mill o' his own an' a mighty desirable widder-woman fur a mother, jes' account of 'Vander Price. An' 'Vander will never kem back ter Pine Mounting no more 'n Lost Creek will."

Cynthia's color flared up for a moment. Then she sedately replied, "I hev tole Jeemes Blake, and I hev tole you-uns, ez I count on livin' single."

"I'll be bound ye never told 'Vander that word!" cried the astute old woman. "Waal, waal, waal!" she continued, in exclamatory disapproval, as she leaned to the fire and scooped up a live coal into the bowl of her pipe, "a gal is a aggervatin' contrivance, ennyhow, in the world! But I jes' up an' tole Jeemes ez ye hed got ter lookin' so peaked an' mournful, like some critter ez war shot an' creepin' away ter die somewhar, an' he hed n't los' much, arter all." She puffed vigorously at her pipe; then, with a change of tone,

"An' Jeemes air mighty slack-jawed ter his elders, too! He tuk me up ez sharp. He 'lowed ez he hed no fault ter find with yer looks. He said ye war pritty enough fur him. Then my dander riz, an' I spoke up, an' says, 'Mebbe so, Jeemes, mebbe so, fur ye air in no wise pritty yerself.' An' then he gin me no more of his jaw, but arter he hed sot a while longer he said, 'Far'-well,' toler'ble perlite, an' put out."

After a long time the snow slipped gradually from the mountain top, and the drifts in the deep abysses melted, and heavy rains came on. The mists clung, shroud-like, to Pine Mountain. The distant ranges seemed to withdraw themselves into indefinite space, and for weeks Cynthia was bereft of their familiar presence. Myriads of streamlets, channeling the gullies and swirling

among the bowlders, were flowing down the steepes to join Lost Creek, on its way to its mysterious sepulchre beneath the mountains.

And at last the spring opened. A vivid green tipped the sombre plumes of the pines. The dull gray mists etherealized to a silver gauze, and glistened above the mellowing landscape. The wild cherry was blooming far and near. From the summit of the mountain could be seen for many a mile the dirt-road in the valley, — a tawny streak of color on every hill-top, or winding by every fallow field and rocky slope. A wild, new hope was suddenly astir in Cynthia's heart; a new energy fired her blood. It may have been only the recuperative power of youth asserting itself. To her it was as if she had heard the voice of the Lord; and she arose and followed it.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

IN one of the public squares of the city of Messina there stands a colossal bronze statue, by Andrea Calamach, which was erected in the year 1572, in honor of the great naval battle of Lepanto. The exposure of three centuries has left no trace of the gilding which originally adorned this noble statue, but the event and the man that it commemorates have not ceased to shine in the pages of history. For the figure, which is sheathed in rich armor and grasps the triple truncheon of the Holy League, is that of Don John of Austria, who followed up his successes over the Moors by saving Christendom from the supremacy of the Turks. He was only twenty-four years of age when he won Lepanto, and his previous experience was so romantic that nothing seemed impossible in a career which had thus far set probabilities at defiance. The daz-

zling splendors of his early triumphs deepened the gloom which shadowed his later years, and his death, at the age of thirty-one, added the final touch of pathos to a life for which it appeared as if fortune must have some compensating favors in reserve.

The career of Don John of Austria, however, has an interest beyond that of personal successes and disappointments, for it illustrates a mighty conflict of principles and institutions. In that great sixteenth century in which he lived, he played the double part of the champion of civilization against the infidel and of the supporter of Spanish despotism against the growing power of civil and religious liberty as represented in the revolt of the Netherlands. The qualities which he displayed in upholding a cause which is repugnant to modern ideas of justice and humanity help us

to understand the reactionary ideas and institutions of his age, and to appreciate the character of their supporters. To account for the influence exercised by the Inquisition, we must recognize its hold not only upon Torquemada and Alva, but upon Isabella of Castile and Don John of Austria. Nothing is more misleading in history than the tendency to judge men and events by present standards of moral and intellectual progress, and to condemn individuals and peoples for not reaching a plane of enlightenment which is the result of a more advanced civilization. So far is the complexion of human actions dependent upon education and environment that a man who burned heretics in the sixteenth century might be an opponent of the vivisection of animals if he lived in the nineteenth, and a member of the Council of Blood be an officer of the Humane Society.

Fresh interest has been given to the career of Don John of Austria by the publication of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's elaborate biography; and M. Forneron, in his recent *Histoire de Philippe II.*, has added to the stock of information concerning the hero of Lepanto which has been furnished by such modern historians as Ranke and Prescott and Motley.

The romance which colors the career of Don John of Austria began with his birth. The reputed son of the Emperor Charles V. by Barbara Blomberg, an humble resident of Ratisbon, he was kept in ignorance of his imperial origin till he had reached the age of twelve. Yet he had been removed from his mother's care soon after his birth, which according to the best authorities, took place on the 24th of February, 1547. From what is known of Barbara Blomberg's disposition, which twenty years later tried the patience of the Duke of Alva, who had been deputed by Philip II. to look after her, her illegitimate son may be thought to have had a lucky

escape from her influence. Her singing is said to have allayed the melancholy of Charles V.; and although her voice sounded harsh to Alva, it should be remembered that he was hardly the person to evoke harmony, especially from a woman who had lost a husband since her *liaison* with the emperor, and who was naturally irritated by the grim duke's efforts to restrain her extravagance, to prevent her from marrying again, and even to immure her in a Spanish nunnery.

When, in after years, Don John himself, who had not seen his mother since he was a baby, came to the Netherlands as a royal governor, he induced her to yield to the king's desire, and make her home in Spain. She is said to have repaid his efforts, which had been preceded by a liberal allowance in addition to the royal pension, by denying that he was the emperor's son. This unmotherly gibe was naturally turned to account by Don John's enemies, but it is of little value as evidence. The position of Commissary of Brussels which Charles V. bestowed upon Barbara Blomberg's husband, who rejoiced in the name of Jerome Pyramus Kegel; the pension which he settled upon her on his death-bed; and the efforts of Philip II. to comfort her impoverished widowhood and prevent her from disgracing his father's memory and from clouding his brother's prospects, confirm the contemporary belief in Don John's imperial parentage.

It was no doubt the lowly position of the boy's mother that deterred Charles V. from publicly acknowledging him as a son, and giving to him something of the consideration which was so early shown to the emperor's natural daughter, Margaret of Parma, whose mother was of a high-born Netherland family. Though imperial favor could dignify its recipient, of whatever social rank, the irresponsible victim of illicit love was at the mercy of paternal caprice in after

life. Charles V. prudently resolved to test the character and capacity of Don John before investing him with the dignities to which his origin gave him an uncertain claim. Perhaps the fact that the boy was born on the 24th of February, the feast of the apostolic St. Matthias, which Charles V., whose own birthday it was, counted as the most fortunate of his life, may have led the emperor to especial care in the selection of a guardian for this child of his old age.

On being taken away from his mother, the still nursing infant was sent to Spain, and placed in charge of Louis Quixada, vice-chamberlain of the imperial household under the Duke of Alva, who had not then exhibited the ferocity which has made his name infamous. Quixada, who was a soldier of noble birth and proved ability, left the child for four years, at the emperor's suggestion, in the family of a retired violinist, a Fleming named Massi, who had been in the imperial service. The boy was represented to the musician and his wife, who were then living in a village near Madrid, as the son of one of the emperor's gentlemen in waiting.

Among the state papers of Cardinal Granvelle is a copy of the contract made by the custodians of the child, which shows the care used to conceal his identity. They bound themselves not to reveal the name of the groom of his majesty's chamber whom they had been told was his father, but to bring him up as their own child, and deliver him only to that officer, or to his representative producing the paper, which their son was also obliged to sign. An additional interest was lent to their charge by the parting words of Charles V. to his violinist: "I hear that Quixada has given you a commission. Remember that I shall consider the fulfillment of his wish as good service done to myself." The education of the boy was entrusted by Quixada's orders, which had been approved by the emperor, to the

village curate, who neglected his duty. The child was thus left to grow up with hardly more schooling than that of the peasant lads, whose sports he shared. He developed some of the qualities which were to make him famous by becoming a leader in daring adventures, and in spreading destruction among the sparrows with his little cross-bow.

After four years of this humble life, Don John was removed, by the emperor's desire, to Quixada's own home in Villagarcia, near Valladolid, where his wife, the high-born Magdalen Ulloa, who had no children of her own, tenderly cared for the little stranger. But her husband's deep interest in the new-comer awakened uncomfortable suspicions that he was its father, despite his story that it was the son of a great man, his dear friend. An occurrence which might well have increased her misgivings soon set them at rest. During a fire which broke out in the house, Quixada saved the life of the young Jerome, as the boy had always been called, before attending to her safety. This solicitude, according to her biographer, dispelled her suspicion, and it probably suggested the real paternity of her husband's ward. There is no doubt that the motherly care of this noble-hearted woman did much to foster the generous traits which were so characteristic of Don John of Austria.

The year after the retirement of Charles V. to the monastery at Juste, the faithful Quixada settled in a neighboring village with his family. Thus the emperor was able to see his boy without exciting suspicions as to their relationship. As Charles, who was now near the grave, had become deeply religious he was much pleased with the lad's attention to his devotions, though these did not prevent Don John from indulging a more characteristically juvenile taste for robbing orchards. The aggrieved peasants pelted him with stones, and thus, as has been thought, gave the future hero of Lepanto his first lesson in

war. An even more arduous as well as imposing experience now awaited him. Among the group of attendants at the obsequies of Charles V. was his trusty Quixada, who brought the boy with him to witness the ceremonies. As these lasted three days, during which Don John was obliged to remain standing, they must have been oppressively solemn to the light-hearted lad.

By a testamentary paper the emperor acknowledged his paternity of Don John, and commended him to the respect and consideration of his son Philip, his grandson Don Carlos, or whoever might be his successor to the throne. While expressing a desire that the boy should become a friar, he left him free to lead a secular life, and provided the means for supporting it with suitable dignity. Before Philip met his half-brother, the wife of Quixada took the lad to a spectacle at Valladolid, where the regent Joanna could conveniently see him. This was Don John's first visit to an *auto da fé*, that characteristic ceremony by which the Spaniards attested the sincerity of their religious belief. The sacred duty of destroying heretics thus impressed upon the lad, amid the throng of spectators of the sufferings of nobler victims than usually figured at the stake, was to bear evil fruit in his later life. At this *auto da fé* he was warmly greeted by his royal sister the regent, but she could not induce him to leave his "aunt" Magdalen for a seat under her stately canopy. The final touch to the romance of Don John's youth was the recognition prepared for him by Philip II. and Quixada at a royal hunt, when the king rode up and embraced the astonished lad as a brother and the son of the Emperor Charles V.

These incidents of Don John's early life explain the romantic and daring ambition of his later years. Having so strangely emerged from obscurity to prominence, the brilliant but low-born son of the emperor naturally longed to

vindicate his claim to distinction by deeds worthy of his illustrious parentage. Treated almost as a royal *infante*, and educated at the University of Alcalá with the ill-fated Don Carlos and the brilliant Alexander Farnese, he exhibited a fondness for chivalrous exploits which showed how little suited he was for the church, in which Philip, mindful of his father's wishes, intended to place him. The king even asked Pope Pius IV. to make him a cardinal; but the red hat, though promised, was never given to this aspirant for martial glory.

Leaving the university in his eighteenth year, and being refused permission by the king to join an expedition for the relief of Malta, which was then threatened by the forces of the Grand Turk Solymán the Magnificent, Don John pushed on to Barcelona, and was deterred from executing his purpose only by peremptory orders from Philip. But the warlike ambition of his brother had become so marked that in October, 1567, the king conferred upon him the important office of general of the sea, as the commander-in-chief of the Spanish fleets was called. To guide the youth in his untried duties, the veteran Requesens, Grand Commander of Castile, was appointed his lieutenant. Philip's letter of advice to his brother was extremely characteristic. He set forth with tedious prolixity the commonplaces of decorous piety, which were the more endeared to him because he had found them so useful in masking his deceitful policy. The king was doubtless sincere in his praises of truth and justice and benevolence, though he had so often sacrificed these qualities in his dealings with heretics and rebels, who, on his theory of morals, were not entitled to the benefit of them.

Little was accomplished during Don John's first naval expedition. His brilliant successes against the infidel were yet to come. The rebellion of the Moors in Granada soon gave him an oppor-

tunity of gratifying his military ardor under the banner of the cross. The lapse of nine centuries since the conquest of Spain by the Saracens had left their descendants at the mercy of their Christian enemies. It was, however, by slow degrees that the reconquest had been effected; and when all else had fallen, the little kingdom of Granada withstood the Spaniards for two hundred years before yielding to the legions of Ferdinand and Isabella. Not till the beginning of the year which gave Spain a new world did the banner of Castile and St. James float in triumph over the red towers of the Alhambra.

Unfortunately, the religious intolerance of Cardinal Ximenes prevented faith from being kept with the conquered infidels. They were forced to renounce their religion and to accept that of the victors. Charles V. was wise enough not to push the Moriscoes, as the Moors were now called, to extremities; but Philip II., seconding the policy of his priestly advisers, trampled on their national rights and usages. Maddened by persecution, the Moriscoes, whose skillful industry had enriched the vales and hillsides of the south with an agriculture unrivaled in Europe for its rich variety, rose against their oppressors, upon whom they wreaked a murderous vengeance. In the grim fastnesses of the mountain range of the Alpuxarras, the Moriscoes long kept at bay the Spanish forces, while the procrastination of the king and the divided councils of his commanders had seriously weakened.

Though sent forward to crush the rebellion, Don John was obliged by Philip to remain inactive for months. He could undertake no important operation without the consent of his council of war, and disputes in this body had to be settled by the supreme council at Madrid. Despite these obstacles, which chafed the fiery spirit of the young crusader, he captured two important Moorish strongholds, and was thus soon en-

abled to dictate negotiations for peace. In this war Don John displayed a valor and skill worthy of a better cause, though the desperate resistance of the Moriscoes seems to have led him, on one occasion, to forget his usual humanity, and deny quarter to the prisoners who had fallen into the clutches of his maddened troops. He lost in this crusade the gallant Quixada, who had been his chief military adviser as well as his ever-faithful friend. The removal of the Moriscoes from Granada, which foreshadowed that crowning act of religious intolerance and political folly, the exile of all Moors from Spain in the ensuing reign, completed Don John's labors in that province. His desire for a wider and more independent field of action, becoming his imperial parentage, was soon to be gratified.

He left Granada for Madrid the last of November, 1570, in obedience to a summons from the king, who, with the two other chief members of the Holy League, had decided to confer upon the imperial bastard a command which he had long coveted. He was to lead the forces of Christendom against that redoubtable Turkish power which was battling to wrest Cyprus from the republic of Venice and to uphold its supremacy in the Mediterranean. A hundred and twenty-seven years had passed since the cannon of Mohammed II. had battered the walls of Constantinople, and secured for the Ottomans that foothold in Europe which had made them so powerful. Only four years had elapsed since the death of Solyman the Magnificent, who left Turkey at the height of its greatness. Hungary had yielded to his conquering scimitars, Ispahan was captured, and the fleets of Barbarossa had made him master of the Mediterranean. France was glad to ally herself to the mighty Sultan, whom even Philip II. feared, and who exacted tribute from the Shah of Persia, the Emperor of Germany, and the haughty republics of Genoa and

Venice. The cruisers of the Commander of the Faithful compelled Christendom, from the Gulf of Trieste to the Straits of Dover, to add its contributions to the revenues which his vassals in India and Africa yielded to the successor of Mahomet. By his wise forecast, Solyman had accumulated great wealth; and as he had a larger army than any other European sovereign, his cavalry alone numbering a hundred and thirty thousand, and his fleet of two hundred and fifty galleys and twelve heavy war ships being the largest in the world, he was naturally feared by the Christian powers. The fact that for the last thirty years of his reign he was engaged in no naval contest shows that his supremacy on the seas was unquestioned.

Fortunately for civilization, the sceptre of the wise Solyman was now held by the enervated, sensual Selim II., whose ambition for conquest was unaccompanied by warlike talents or political wisdom. Had it not been for the great ability of his Grand Vizier, the faithful Mahomet Sokolli, and the splendid resources of his vast empire, the reign of Selim would have been as disastrous as it was brief. The Grand Vizier had opposed the assault on Cyprus as likely to unite Christendom in defense of Venice, which had hitherto carefully avoided a rupture with the Turk; though to do this, while retaining a show of independence, had tasked the utmost skill of its subtle diplomatists. Sokolli advised his master, who was bent on war, not to interfere with the republic, but to weaken the house of Austria by aiding the Moriscoe rebellion in Granada. To assail an inveterate enemy was in his view much better policy than to attack a not unfriendly neighbor. The principal Christian powers slighted the appeals of Venice for protection, on the ground that she had been an ally of the Turk, and had allowed him to triumph over the defenders of the faith. But the efforts of the indefatigable Pope Pius V.

at last overcame the jealousy of the leading Catholic nations, and a Holy League was formed in May, 1571, between Spain, the Papacy, and Venice.

Meantime, however, nearly all Cyprus had been conquered by the Turks, and operations against them were prevented by disputes between the commanders of the Roman, Venetian, and Spanish squadrons, which had combined for the relief of the island. In her distress, Venice sued for peace with the Sultan, and it was his demand for the cession of Cyprus which forced her into the Holy League. Don John's appointment as commander-in-chief was a tribute both to the superior resources of Spain and the military reputation of its young general.

There was now urgent need for immediate action by the allied forces, for the Turks were fiercely besieging Famagosta, the last stronghold in Cyprus held by the Venetians. But Don John's departure from Spain was delayed by elaborate receptions and religious ceremonies; and on the way to Messina he stopped at Genoa, where he was welcomed by the Doge and the Senate, and was sumptuously entertained in the superb Doria palace. He also remained ten days at Naples, where he received from Cardinal Granvelle, the viceroy, the great banner of the Holy League, which was of blue damask, emblazoned with an image of the crucified Redeemer above the arms of the Pope, of Spain, and of Venice, and the escutcheon of Don John. This gorgeous ensign of the faith was presented to the young commander with solemn religious pomp, and the blessing of heaven was invoked on the cause which he was to champion against the infidel.

At Messina, where the forces of the League were assembling for their great expedition, Don John had a magnificent reception on his arrival, August 23, 1571. The harbor was gay with richly carved and gilded galleys, from which

floated brilliant streamers and ensigns. But amid the pomp of preparation there were grave disputes and misgivings in the allied councils. Most of Don John's Spanish advisers tried to impress him with a sense of the inferiority of his forces to those of the Turk, and great stress was laid on the untrustworthiness of the Venetians. Old Veniero, the admiral of the republic, whose possessions in the Adriatic were at the mercy of the enemy, was eager for battle, but his galleys proved to be so poorly manned that they had to be reinforced with Spanish troops. Don John prudently waited till his entire armament had arrived before deciding to seek out the enemy. Being sustained by the papal admiral Colonna, lieutenant of the League, as well as by the impetuous Veniero, he overcame the cautious counsels of the Genoese admiral Doria, and of La Corgnia, the Venetian, who commanded the land forces. Boldness was now the highest wisdom; for part of the Turkish fleet was besieging Cyprus, and delay might renew the discords which had hitherto hampered the allies, and leave their divided armaments at the mercy of the Ottoman power. Don John's worldly ambition and pious zeal were stimulated by the Pope, through his newly arrived nuncio, with assurances that the prophetic revelations of St. Isidore were to be fulfilled in his favor, and that he should also acquire an independent sovereignty.

On the 16th of September, 1571, the mighty armada, the most powerful that had ever floated in the Mediterranean, put to sea. The papal nuncio, who stood on the mole arrayed in full pontificals, blessed each vessel as it passed. Rough weather delayed the progress of the fleet along the Calabrian coast, and not till its arrival at Corfu was information as to the strength and position of the enemy obtained. Two Venetian officers lately ransomed from the Turks declared that Ali Pasha, with a large

but poorly manned fleet, had sailed for the Gulf of Lepanto. This news made Don John eager to give battle to the Turkish admiral before he could be joined by the squadron from Cyprus. His views again prevailed, in the council of war, over those of Doria and others, who thought it safer to lure the Turks away from their own shores by attacking Navarino, or some other of their possessions.

Before long Don John had trouble with the hot-headed Veniero, who, after quarreling with John Andrew Doria, hanged some Italian officers in the Spanish forces who were serving on one of his galleys. This outrage so incensed the commander-in-chief that he threatened to place Veniero under arrest. As this act would have endangered the safety of the fleet, he was fortunately dissuaded from it; but he insisted that the fiery Venetian admiral should absent himself from the council board in favor of the *provveditore* Barbarigo. While off Cephalonia, Don John heard the sad news of the capture of Famagosta and the treacherous cruelty of Mustapha, the Moslem chief, in ruthlessly slaughtering a number of Venetian officers, and flaying alive Bragadino, the gallant captain of the town, whose skin, after being stuffed with straw and borne through the streets, was carried to Constantinople, hanging on the yard-arm of a galley. These outrages and the permanent loss of Cyprus were due to the jealousies of the Christian powers, which had neglected to relieve its gallant defenders.

Soon after daybreak, on Sunday, the 7th of October, 1571, the great fleet of the Holy League entered the Gulf of Lepanto, the ancient Gulf of Corinth. The left wing, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was commanded by the Venetian commissary Barbarigo. The centre, also numbering sixty-three galleys, was led by Don John of Austria, in his flagship the *Real*, a galley of great size

and strength, conspicuous by its lofty stern, which was richly decorated with historical emblems and devices. Supporting Don John on the right was the papal admiral Marc Antonio Colonna, and on the left was the Venetian captain-general Sebastian Veniero. In the right wing were sixty-four galleys, commanded by the noted Genoese John Andrew Doria. The Marquis of Santa Cruz brought up the rear with the reserve squadron of thirty-five galleys. Two galliasses were in each of the three divisions. The entire fleet numbered three hundred and sixteen vessels, and had on board eighty thousand men.

From the maintop of the Real the Ottoman fleet was soon seen sweeping down in a vast crescent, spanning the gulf. Don John now ordered an ensign to be displayed at the peak, the great standard of the League to be unfurled from the maintop, and a signal gun to be fired. He had caused the sharp peaks or spurs of the galleys to be cut off to afford more room for the play of his forward guns, and stout nettings had been placed over the bulwarks to prevent boarding. Even at this late hour the advocates of delay warned Don John of the danger he ran in breasting the Turk so near his harbor; but he replied resolutely, "Gentlemen, the time for counsel is past, and the time for fighting has come."

When Ali Pasha, the Turkish admiral, saw that the Christian fleet was advancing upon him in a straight line, he changed the crescent shape of his armament to the same order. He was surprised at the numbers and strength of the enemy, having been led to believe by his emissaries that the squadron of the Marquis of Santa Cruz had not joined their fleet, and that he should be spared an encounter with the galliasses of Venice. Pertau Pasha, commander of the land forces, advised his chief to evade the conflict; but the gallant Ali had lately received peremptory

orders from Sultan Selim, who was flushed with the success of his arms at Cyprus, to lose no time in capturing the allied fleet and bringing it to the Golden Horn. Ali was a humane as well as gallant officer, and he now appealed to the Christian slaves who rowed his galley, above which floated the famous green banner brought from Mahomet's tomb at Mecca, to do by him as he had done by them. "If I win the battle," he added, "I promise you your liberty; if your countrymen win, Allah will give it to you."

While the Turks advanced to the conflict with fierce shouts and cries, the allies knelt in prayer before the bands struck up their martial strains. The gayly painted prows of the Moslem galleys were overhung by many-colored streamers and pennons, while the great plumes and jeweled crests of the janissaries and the gilded bows and muslin tunics of the archers set off the swarthy faces of the turbaned infidels, who furnished a striking contrast to the serried ranks of the Christians, with their shining array of helmets and corselets of polished steel.

The Turkish admiral was in the centre of his line, with ninety-six galleys. On his right, commanding fifty-six galleys, was Mahomet Sirocco, pasha of Alexandria; while Uluch Ali, viceroys of Algiers, the renegade Calabrian, who had become so famed as a corsair, led the left wing, with ninety-three galleys. Fortunately for the allies, the wind, which had been adverse to them, shifted, and aided their onset. Although the Turkish cannon first opened fire, the great guns of the galliasses, which had been placed in front of the Christian line, checked the advance of the foe. Seeing this, Ali Pasha ordered his galleys to run by these destructive monsters. This movement caused confusion in the Turkish line. In his attempt to elude the galliasses and turn the left wing of the allies, Mahomet Sirocco

was confronted by the noble Venetian, Barbarigo, who had placed his vessels as near the coast as he thought safe. But the pilots of Sirocco, knowing the shoals, dashed by with their galleys. Barbarigo, thus surrounded by superior forces, was in desperate straits, and while urging on his men was pierced in the eye by an arrow. He was removed to his cabin, and died three days afterward. But the maddened Venetians now fought with such fury that they drove back Sirocco with great slaughter.

The fortunes of the day centred in the combat between the chiefs of the hostile armadas, who were both bent on the encounter. As the two great galleys closed, the shock of the onset shook their timbers, and the lofty prow of the pasha reached the rigging of his antagonist, above the fourth bench of rowers. Both vessels were strongly armed, but the guns of the Real were the most skillfully served. The cutting away of his peak gave Don John the advantage of bringing his forward battery to bear, while the netting on his bulwarks kept off boarders. Each vessel had tenders with reinforcements, to supply the waste caused by the artillery. The Turkish arrows were moderately effective; the pasha himself, who, as Sir William Sterling-Maxwell remarks, was probably the last commander-in-chief who ever drew a bowstring in European battle, using these weapons skillfully. But the superiority of the Christian gunnery told on the infidels, and the Spanish boarding parties, though twice driven back from the pasha's deck, at last pressed his janissaries very closely, and Ali soon fell, struck by an arquebus ball. A Spanish soldier at once cut off his head, and carried it to Don John, who, horrified at the sight, exclaimed, "Of what use can such a present be to me?" and ordered it to be thrown into the sea. But, instead, it was raised on a pike, to the dismay of the Turks, who seemed to lose all heart for defending

their flagship after their leader's death. The sacred standard of the prophet was hauled down, and a flag with a cross was run up, amid shouts of "Victory!" throughout the Christian fleet.

Meantime, Colonna and Veniero had efficiently sustained the commander-in-chief. The veteran Venetian admiral, though seventy-six years of age, fought with youthful ardor and gallantry: not only repelling boarders from his flagship, but pursuing them to the deck of Pertau Pasha's galley, on which he was wounded. The Grand Commander Requesens, who had aided Don John by pouring fresh troops into his flagship from two galleys which he kept astern, captured, after a desperate contest, a noble galley bearing two young sons of the Turkish admiral, one of whom was a nephew of Sultan Selim. Alexander Farnese, the youthful Prince of Parma, who was destined to the highest honors in statesmanship and war, showed his reckless daring by boarding one of the enemy's galleys, and hewing his way through the ranks of its defenders with but a single follower.

On the extreme right of the Christian fleet, Uluch Ali, the Algerine corsair, breasting the left wing of the allies, commanded by John Andrew Doria, attempted the manœuvre which Sirocco had used against Barbarigo. The watchful Genoese defeated this effort to pass between him and the shore, but thus extended his line so far that an opening was left by some of the slower galleys. Quickly seizing his advantage, Uluch Ali dashed through the gap with seven of his galleys, and fell upon the little Maltese squadron under the command of the Prior Giustiniani. This he captured, in spite of the desperate resistance of the Knights, who were weakened by their hard-fought triumphs. The corpses of three hundred Algerines upon the deck showed how well the prior's ship had been defended. But while bearing off this galley, with its

brave commander, who had been pierced by five arrows, and two wounded companions, the only other survivors of the conflict, Uluch Ali was startled by the approach of the Marquis of Santa Cruz with the Christian reserves. That skillful officer had helped Don John to beat off the galleys which had attacked him while battling with the Turkish flagship, and was now ready for this new emergency. To avoid the clutches of Santa Cruz, the corsair abandoned his prize, taking with him as a trophy the white-cross banner of the Knights of St. John.

Meanwhile, the Algerine galleys left behind with the Turkish left wing by Uluch Ali, when he dashed through Doria's lines, had imperiled the safety of the Christian right by their fierce attacks. Fortunately, Don John of Austria, having become master of his position in the centre, pushed forward to the relief of his comrades. In avoiding his onset, sixteen of the Algerine galleys attempted to reach the rear of the Christian lines; but they were intercepted by Cardona, the commander of the Sicilian squadron, who had previously aided in driving Pertau Pasha from his galley in the rear of the Turkish centre. Though Cardona had only eight galleys, he swept everything before him; but the shattered defenses of his galley and the disabled condition of his soldiers showed that the victory which cost him his life was indeed dearly bought.

Although the battle of Lepanto lasted less than five hours, the defeat of the Turks was overwhelming. Their fleet was almost wholly destroyed; nearly twenty-five thousand of their best soldiers were killed, while the allies lost less than eight thousand men. Uluch Ali and Pertau Pasha were the only Ottoman chiefs who escaped death or capture; the League lost twenty captains and officers of rank. One of the most gratifying results of the battle was the release of twelve thousand Christian captives from slavery at the oar.

The victory broke the spell of Ottoman supremacy; and though disputes among the allies prevented it from being followed up by the capture of any port, it overthrew, as Ranke has pointed out, the confidence of the Turks in their prowess. The superiority of the galleys and artillery of the Christians was the triumph of civilization over an essentially barbarous power, whose use of bows and arrows was naturally accompanied by inferior skill with firearms. Don John's able dispositions, and above all, his energy and devotion, inspired the zealous confederates with the enthusiasm necessary for success. Even the cold Philip cordially acknowledged the splendid services of his brother, and the exulting Pope exclaimed in the words of the evangelist, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John!" Veniero, Colonna, Santa Cruz, Requesens, who so efficiently aided their chief, were richly though unequally rewarded; but none of that brilliant company dreamed that a common soldier in the fleet was destined to eclipse their fame, and by a weapon more potent than the sword. Amid the carnage of Lepanto, no man did his duty more faithfully than Cervantes, who received a wound which disabled his left hand for life.

The generosity displayed by Don John, after the battle, in dividing his share of the rich booty among the captors; his kindness to the choleric Veniero; his consideration for the captive sons of the Turkish admiral, whose release he secured without ransom; his devotion to the sick and wounded, to whom he presented the thirty thousand crowns voted to him by the city of Messina, were very characteristic. Not less so was his restless ambition, which chafed under the inaction in which he was kept by the mutual jealousies of the members of the League till September, 1572, when, after vainly tempting Uluch Ali to give him battle, he blockaded the great fleet of the crafty corsair in the

fortified harbor of Modon. The death of Pope Pius V., in the previous May, foreshadowed the dissolution of the alliance of which he had been the soul, and it received its death-blow by the treaty of peace which Venice concluded with the Porte on the 7th of March, 1573. The intrigues of the Grand Vizier Sokolli restrained Charles IX. of France and the Emperor Maximilian from joining the League; and French diplomacy at last influenced Venice to arrange that prudent though dishonorable peace, of which Voltaire said that it showed that the Turks had won the battle of Lepanto.

Don John's expedition to Tunis in the autumn of 1573 resulted in the re-establishment of the Spanish protectorate over the Moorish princes who had been expelled by the Turks. But the conquest was too easy to be gratifying, and when Uluch Ali retook the forts, in the following year, Philip II. forbade his brother to risk his life by accompanying another Tunisian expedition. In Italy, where Don John remained till the winter of 1576, engaged in furthering the king's abortive schemes for the recovery of Tunis, and in aiding to restore order in the republic of Genoa, he had only the shadows of romantic achievement—easy conquests in love and tournaments—to console him for being obliged to forego his ambition for an independent sovereignty. The acute Venetian ambassador Lippomano, who was accredited to Don John at this time, describes him as very handsome and graceful in person, sumptuous in dress, and unwearied in military sports and exercises. "His excellency," adds the diplomatist, "is wise and very prudent, eloquent, wary, and dexterous in business, knowing well how to dissemble and to use courtesy and caresses to all kinds of persons. With me he has ever employed the most honorable expressions."

While at Naples, in the spring of

1576, Don John of Austria received an appointment which was to have an important influence on his future life. The sudden death of the Grand Commander Requesens having left the Netherlands without a governor, the king selected the popular son of the Emperor Charles V. as the person best fitted to maintain the royal authority and the Catholic religion in the distracted provinces. He had also favored the suggestion of the Pope that Don John should conquer England, liberate Mary, Queen of Scots, and place her as his bride upon the throne of the heretical Elizabeth.

After returning to Spain and receiving his instructions from the king, Don John hastened through France, disguised as a Moorish slave of his friend Ottavio Gonzaga, and arrived in the Netherlands November 3, 1576. It was a gloomy period for his mission. The Catholic provinces which had hitherto sustained the royal cause were about combining with the rebellious Hollanders and Zealanders in defense of their liberties. The outrages of the mutinous Spanish troops, followed by the sack of Antwerp under circumstances of unparalleled barbarity, united the Netherlands against their oppressors. This union was guaranteed by the celebrated treaty called the Pacification of Ghent, November 8, 1576. Don John now entered upon the two years of struggle and disappointment which ended in his discomfiture and death. He had to contend with the intrigues of the ambitious Flemish nobles, the distrust of the people, the opposition of France and England, the jealousy of the king, excited by Antonio Perez, his chief secretary, and above all with the consummate statecraft of William of Orange. Netherlands scholars, like Groen van Prinsterer and Gachard, have clearly shown that the patriot prince persistently misrepresented the policy of the new governor, and thus compelled him to acts which made reconciliation impossible.

As Mr. Motley did not do justice to Don John's character and aims, it is well that Sir William Stirling-Maxwell has given an impartial judgment of them.

At last the unhappy governor, after vainly attempting to pacify the provinces, was forced into open war; and though he gained one victory, the neglect of Philip to provide means for supporting his suffering troops prevented him from making headway against the rebellious Netherlands. In the midst of the trials of the sensitive, high-spirited soldier, death came to his relief on the 1st of October, 1578. The gloom of his last hours was in striking contrast with the splendors of his earlier years. The conqueror of Lepanto died in a wretched hovel, and his remains, after lying in state, were transported through France in three bags hung at the pommels of troopers. Strada's story that the body of the dead warrior was arrayed as in life and supported by a military staff,

to receive Philip's greeting, though a stroke of fancy, is in keeping with the strange eventful experience of the romantic hero who found his last resting place in the palace of the Escorial near his imperial father.

Don John's career in the Netherlands was marked by a fidelity to duty which increases our respect for his character. As a Spaniard and a Catholic, he could not appreciate the value of civil and religious liberty, but he was far above most of his countrymen in his devotion to honor, justice, and humanity. His vices were those of the political and social system under which he had been brought up; his virtues were his own. He was a soldier, not a statesman; the spirit of chivalry and a heroic fire glowed in his breast. Few men who die as he did, at the age of thirty-one, have figured as brilliantly in history; and fewer have been more faithful to their cherished ideals of character and life.

Alexander Young.

THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

SHE gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past,
 The thieving years could bring,
 The jewel, glittering to the last,
 Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
 So loosen, break and fall,
 A narrowing zone; the loving heart
 Lives changeless through them all.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SOURCES OF EARLY ISRAELITISH HISTORY.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE REV. BROOKE HERFORD'S REMARKS ON
 THE MODERN CRITICAL METHOD.

It is now some fourteen years since Professor Abraham Kuenen, of Leiden, published his great work on the Religion of Israel. This book gave an account of the religious development of Israel, which brought it into intelligible connection with the general laws of human progress and the analogies of other religious evolutions, while preserving the special characteristics which exalt it to its unique place amongst the ancient national religions.

The religion of Israel, as set forth by Professor Kuenen, had its roots in a rude Semitic worship of the powers of nature, and was only gradually differentiated into the sublime and glowing faith out of which the universal religion of Christianity was to spring. The mystery of Israel's specific power to seize and develop the truths which did but flit uncertainly before the eyes of other peoples, and the yet deeper mystery of the individual genius and insight by which that power was concentrated and wielded at every crisis of the people's fate, remain; but like the Grecian genius for art and the Roman genius for administration, the prophetic insight of Israel was unique because typical and normal, not because anomalous.

In the last resort, we must in any case fall back upon the divinely imparted gift that made the Greek an artist, the Roman a commander, and the Hebrew a seer. But the question is still of absorbing interest whether we can trace the operations of this gift in either instance, pointing out the steps by which the goal was reached, detecting the analogies between this and that line of development, and, in a word, watching the divinely imparted power as it does its work; or whether we must admit that the work was practically done before the workers emerge into sight, so that we stand before an accomplished fact, and can only note what such a people as the Greeks or Hebrews did and said, not by what steps such a people came to be.

Professor Kuenen's work reduced this strictly prehistoric element in the consideration of the problems of Israel's religion to the narrowest limits. The author maintained that the Old Testament itself, when critically treated, enabled us in general outline, to trace back the religion of Israel to a point at which the anthropologist would be able to take it up, as in no essential respect differing from some of the other religions with which he was familiar. We

may follow back the poetry that utters its most perfect notes in "Yaweh is my shepherd," or "Whither shall I go from thy spirit?" to its origin in the war songs of a half-barbarous tribe, or the rugged grandeur of the hymns it addressed to the thunder-god; we may trace back the spirit of prophecy, which bore its ripest fruit in the oracles of Jeremiah and the second Isaiah, to the point at which it becomes indistinguishable from the frenzy of the Canaanite devotee, and analogous to the inspired madness of the Bacchanal; we may find in crude legends and "theophanies"—(appearances of God in the form and with the attributes of man) the earliest expressions of that sense of the nearness of the divine power which grew at last into the closest consciousness of spiritual communion; and we may trace the upward course of Israel's belief, as it rises out of a motley worship of sacred stones and trees and the destroying and fructifying powers of nature, into the deep devotion to the Only and Almighty God in which Jesus Christ was reared by his Jewish parents and teachers.

Kuenen's attempt thus to trace the history of Israel's religion from a far earlier and lower point than had generally been considered accessible to even the keenest investigation rested upon a special view of the chronology of the Old Testament literature, and especially of the several constituent documents into which scholars had long before resolved the Pentateuch and book of Joshua. This critical opinion, though new in the consistency and completeness with which it was carried out, and in the constructive results it was made to support, was not altogether new in itself; and during the last fifteen years it has won increasing, and at last all but universal, acceptance amongst the liberal scholars of Europe.

It is no longer a question of "Professor Kuenen and the Dutch School,"

therefore. Whoever challenges the main argument of the Religion of Israel challenges the conclusions received and indorsed by leading scholars, wherever the Old Testament is freely studied, and must deal with such men as Wellhausen, Reuss, and Robertson Smith, whom no one can affect to regard as docile followers of any teacher, however great.

The position which such men have taken up must be a strong one. But this is no reason why its strength should not be tested. On the contrary, we owe our sincerest gratitude to every candid critic who will attempt to find the weak place in a generally accepted system; for the more generally it is accepted, the greater the danger becomes of authority and tradition taking the place of reason, and the more important is the service rendered by any one who will put it upon its trial. And this, as I understand it, is exactly what the Rev. Brooke Herford desired to do, in the two articles which he contributed to the August and November numbers of *The Atlantic Monthly* for 1883.

Mr. Herford contends that the modern interpreters of Israelitish history have not made out their case; and while accepting their chronological rearrangement of the Old Testament writings as a basis of argument, he maintains that the inferences they draw as to the course taken by the religious development of Israel are unwarranted.

It will perhaps be convenient to the reader if, in attempting to meet Mr. Herford's criticisms, I begin by a brief account of the system he criticises.

This seems the more necessary as Mr. Herford himself appears seriously to misapprehend, and therefore to misrepresent, both the critical results of recent scholarship, which he is willing provisionally to accept, and its historical methods, which he condemns.

I must, however, warn my readers that, with every desire to avoid minute

and technical disputations, I shall be compelled to ask those who really wish to follow such a discussion as this intelligently, and to have more than a vague idea, at the end, of what it is all about, to do a little real work themselves. I shall not suppose them to command any more elaborate appliances than a Bible and a paint-brush each, but I shall hope that they are willing to use these.

The first six books of the Bible are made up of a number of independent works, twined together in bewildering confusion, differing in style, in date, and in spirit. As the basis of all further study, we must separate these one from the other, and always remember which of them we are speaking about.

I have found it by far the most efficient way of securing this end to paint the pages of a Bible in different colors, so that the eye may instantly catch any required document, and follow it through all its windings.

Let us begin with the latest. It is what Ewald called the Book of Origins, and it is now often known as the Priestly Codex. This is supposed to be the book of the Law of God, that Ezra brought with him from Babylonia. (Ezra vii. 14.) It was, according to the modern view, composed in the fifth century B. C. (before 458), and it now forms the framework into which the rest of the

¹ *The Book of Origins or Priestly Codex.*

GENESIS i.; ii. 1-4a; v. 1-28, 30-32; vi. 9-22; vii. 6, 7, 8b, 9, 11, 13-16a, 18-22, 23b, 24; viii. 1, 2a, 3b-5, 13-19; ix. 1-17, 28, 29; x. 1-7, 13-20 in part, 22-32 in part; xi. 10-32; xii. 4b, 5; xiii. 6, 11b, 12; xvi. 1, 3, 15, 16; xvii. except verse 17; xix. 29; xxi. 2-5; xxii. 20-24; xxiii. 2-20; xxv. 1-20, 26b; xxvi. 34, 35; xxvii. 46; xxviii. 1-9; xxxi. 18; xxxv. 9-16a, 19, 20, 22b-29; xxxvi. 1-39 in part; xxxvii. 1, 2 in part; xli. 6-27; xlii. 5, 6a, 7-11, 27b, 28a; xlviii. 2 in part, 3-7; xlix. 1a, 28b-33; l. 13.

EXODUS i. 1-7, 13, 14; ii. 23-25; vi. 2-12 (13-30?); vii. 1-13, 19, 29a, 21b, 22; viii. 5-7, 15 in part, 16-19; ix. 8-12; xi. 9, 10; xii. 1-20, 28, 40-51; xiii. 1, 2, 20; xiv. 1-4, 8, 9 in part, 15-18 in part, 21 in part, 22, 23, 26, 27 in part, 28a, 29; xv. 27; xvi.; xvii.; xix. 1, 2a; xxiv. 16, 17; xxv. 1-xxxi. 17; xxxii. 15a; xxxiv. 20-35; xxxv.-xl.

LEVITICUS.

NUMBERS i. 1-x. 28; xiii. 1-17a, 21, 25, 26 in

material of the first six books of the Bible has been fitted. The orderly sequence and symmetrical development which characterize this work have impressed its representations very deeply upon the minds of succeeding generations, and great care is needed not to import into our discussions of earlier passages ideas which really appear for the first time in this priestly compilation. Its constituent parts are given below, and may be washed over with blue, for instance, to enable the student at once to recognize them.¹

When this latest of the great strata has been removed, the remainder is still composite in a high degree, and we must next withdraw the Deuteronomic writings.

The kernel of this part of the *Hexateuch* (Pentateuch and book of Joshua) consists of the work still preserved in Deut. iv. 44-xxvi. and Deut. xxviii., which together undoubtedly once formed an independent whole. Subsequently, however, this great work was extended, and made to include much traditional matter, after which it was incorporated with a previous work (to be examined next), by a writer or writers thoroughly impregnated with the thought of the original Deuteronomist. It is easy to pick out the Deuteronomic passages, and they are given in detail below.²

part, 32 slightly altered; xiv. 1-10, 26-38; xv.; xvi. 1a, 2 in part, 3-11, 16-23, 24 in part, 26 in part, 27 in part, 35-50; xvii.; xviii.; xix.; xx. 1 in part, 2-13, 22-29; xxi. 4 in part; 10, 11; xxii. 1; xxv. 6-19; xxvi.-xxx.; xxxii. 1-6; 16-33 in part; xxxiii. 1-39, 41-51, 54; xxxiv.; xxxv.; xxxvi.

DEUTERONOMY xxxii. 48-51, (52?); xxxiv. 1-3, 5-9.

JOSHUA iv. 19; v. 10-12; ix. 15b, 17-21; xiv. 1-5; xv. 1-12, 20-62; xvi. in part; xvii. 1-10; xviii. 11-28; xix. 1-48; xx.; xxi. 1-42; xxii. 9-32 in part.

² *Deuteronomy and the Deuteronomic School.*

GENESIS xv.; xvi. 2-5.

EXODUS xiii. 3-16; xv. 26; xix. 3b-6; xx. 2-17; xxiii. 20-33; xxxii. 7-14; xxxiv. 9-27.

DEUTERONOMY. All except xxii. 48-52; xxxiv. 1, 3-5-9.

JOSHUA i. 3-9, 12-15; viii. 30-35; x. 28-xii. mostly; xxii. 1-6; xxiii.; xxiv. 1-25.

They may be painted red, for instance. These passages were written in the latter part of the seventh century B. C. (say about 620 and the following years).

There still remains a considerable part of the Hexateuch, and even this is quite obviously composite. But we need not carry our analysis further. This remaining stratum contains the oldest legislation (Ex. xxi. 1-xxiii. 19, and other passages), together with a number of striking and detailed narratives. It comes from several different hands, and is known as the work of the Prophetic Narrators. It will be unnecessary to set out the details of its composition or to paint it in any special color, as it is the part of the Hexateuch not already assigned to the Priestly or the Deuteronomic strata.¹ As to the date of this document, it is impossible to be as precise as we can be in the case of the later elements of the Hexateuch. All we can say is that its substance was certainly known soon after 800 B. C., about which period it was probably composed, though it may have been in existence for some little time previously.²

We are now in a position to explain the main principle accepted by modern scholars in their study of Israelitish history and religion. We have a series of historical, prophetic, and legislative works, the approximate dates of which we know with sufficient certainty; and on carefully examining our material we find that the historical books always give the history just that religious coloring and significance which we know, from the prophetic and legislative literature, to have been characteristic of their own times. For instance, the Chronicles were written (some time in the third century B. C.) under the full supremacy of

the Levitical legislation, and we find them, in defiance of the express and detailed statements of the older histories (Samuel and Kings), making the ancient heroes of the faith comply with the regulations of the later law. Thus they provide Samuel (who was really an Ephraimite) with a Levitical pedigree, to avert the scandal of a devout layman having performed sacrifice, etc.; they represent Jehoshaphat as making provisions in the tenth century B. C. for the teaching of the Law, which we know were really introduced for the first time nearly five hundred years later. In a word, they recast the whole history, to bring it into conformity with the ideas of their own time as to what it ought to have been. They seem to have performed an operation (chiefly, perhaps, by "unconscious cerebration") which if put into the form of a logical argument would run thus: "Devout men must have acted devoutly. The Law is the standard of devoutness. Therefore devout men of old conformed to the Law; and if the ancient histories do not bring out this fact, it is all the more necessary for us to do so."

The earlier histories (Judges, Samuel, and Kings) were written after the publication of the Deuteronomic code, but before that of the Priestly Codex; and though they form a marked contrast to the Chronicles, yet in their turn they give a strong *Deuteronomic* tinge to all the past, bringing the history into at least approximate conformity to what ought to have been, according to their views. But at the same time they preserve numerous facts, which shine through the official version, and tell us how different the standards and usages of the earlier ages really were.

¹ Here and there, however, is a passage from the hand of some editor still later than the time of the Priestly Codex. Note especially that Ex. xx. 1-19 must not be regarded as ancient.

² Mr. Herford, throughout his article, entirely ignores the fact that Kuenen and all his school assign this large section of the Hexateuch to the

early part of the eighth century, or to a still earlier date. In fact, he expressly says that Kuenen refers all the Pentateuch except Deuteronomy to B. C. 458. It is difficult to exaggerate the magnitude or importance of this error, which seems to me to go far towards vitiating Mr. Herford's whole argument.

So, again, the rapid review of the primeval and patriarchal times, that introduces the Priestly Codex itself, is startlingly different in purpose and character from the accounts of the same periods given by the Prophetic Narrators, but agrees perfectly with the conceptions of the author himself as shown in his legislative work.

Hence we are led to the principle that in attempting to recover the actual facts, of which the record is preserved in the histories, we must begin by making due allowance for the religious and other coloring of the age of the historian, and must pay especial heed to all indications of the actual existence of beliefs or practices differing from those which he constantly presupposes; for it is just these indications that enable us to get back through the historian to his material.

During several centuries of Israel's history we are able to test the results of this kind of analysis and reconstruction, by comparing what we read beneath the actual records with what we otherwise know (either by earlier histories or by contemporary literature) of the periods to which they refer; and we are thus enabled to ascertain with complete certainty that from the eighth to the fifth centuries B. C. there was a regular religious development in Israel, of which the Hebrew historians never take due account, inasmuch as each of them throws back upon the screen of the past the religious conceptions of his own day, even when he preserves incidental evidence that they were really foreign to the ages of which he is writing.

Now, when we have ascended as high as the beginning of the eighth century B. C., which is the earliest time at which we can be certain that any considerable part of the present Old Testament literature was already in existence, we find exactly the same phenomena with which we are familiar in later times. That is to say, we find a history of

early times (the unpainted portions of the Hexateuch), down to the conquest of Canaan, written from the point of view of the prophets of the time (represented by Amos and Hosea), and colored throughout with their religious conceptions, but nevertheless embodying a great deal of material which clearly belongs to an earlier and cruder stage of religion. How is it possible to escape the conclusion forced upon us by the repetition of the very same phenomenon over and over again? Just as the historians, after the Return, gave to the whole history of the past the coloring of their own priestly religion; just as the historians of the late days of the monarchy and of the Captivity gave to that same past the very different coloring of their religion, so did the historians of the age a little before Amos and Hosea throw back upon the histories and legends thus collected the ideas and beliefs of their own day.

In climbing back from this earliest record to the facts that lie behind it, we must again allow for the religious coloring given by the writers, and must support ourselves by any indications we may find (whether in proper names, in myths, in fragments of song, or in anything else) of the ruder religious ideas and practices, the traces of which may still be noticed beneath the smooth surface of the narrative.

A long chapter (Religion of Israel, vol. i. pp. 101-187) is devoted by Kuenen to a careful attempt to sift out the historical from the unhistorical elements of the traditions concerning these earlier ages. He is largely occupied with the same subject in the two following chapters (pp. 188-267), and returns to it again expressly in the fifth chapter (pp. 268-412); while in the rapid survey of Israelitish history which precedes Dr. Oort's treatment of the Old Testament narratives in *The Bible for Learners*, exactly half is occupied by the period previous to the eighth century.

I lay stress upon this fact because Mr. Herford makes the extraordinary assertion that Kuenen, "having relegated everything prior to the prophetic era to the rank of tradition, . . . regards all that traditional period as being therefore virtually without history." And again, "All prior to this is mere story, legend, hearsay. As to these he [Kuenen] does not discriminate, or even attempt to do so."¹

But though I can attribute it only to an oversight when Mr. Herford declares that Kuenen "does not discriminate, or even attempt to do so," I can well understand his thinking him too ready to attribute what we find recorded to the bias of the historian, and too reluctant to accept it as a truthful record. It is not a question between discrimination and no discrimination, or between indiscriminate rejection and indiscriminate acceptance, but between rival principles and methods of discrimination.

Mr. Herford is inclined to trust the records we possess precisely for those general views and broad estimates of the larger significance of things which appear to most modern critics to be the special contribution of the historians themselves, and not to form any part of the popular tradition they often worked upon at all; and he thinks that the critics have treated tradition (which he takes to include the religious coloring as well as the facts of our records) too much as though it had always been the "loose and trivial thing" that it is to-day.

That oral tradition in ancient times was a very different thing from what it is now, and played a very different part in the life of peoples, must at once be admitted. It is, moreover, perfectly well understood by the critics. Mr. Herford, indeed, repeatedly quotes a passage in which Kuenen declares that we should not in our day accept with any great confidence a history based entirely

upon oral tradition, concerning events that took place five hundred years ago, and presses the analogy in order to justify the questioning attitude in which he approaches the earliest Hebrew records. I do not defend the particular expression criticised by Mr. Herford, and I do not think it conveys a true idea of Kuenen's real method in dealing with tradition. I shall not, however, discuss it further, but shall simply point out that many of the modern critics are eminent Arabic specialists, Kuenen himself being a careful student of Islam and of pre-Islamite religion in Arabia. This in itself guarantees their freedom from the naive state of ignorance as to the power of a trained memory, the use of songs and genealogies as supports to history, and the importance of oral tradition, in which Mr. Herford supposes them to exist. As a matter of fact, their whole reconstruction of Israelitish history would fall to the ground — its very foundations giving way — if they could not trust to tradition for preserving important facts through centuries. Moreover, they unhesitatingly accept songs, whenever they can get them, as contemporary evidence as to the age in which they were composed, quite irrespective of the time at which they were committed to writing. The classical passage in which Ewald treats of this very matter (*History of Israel*, vol. i. pp. 13-45) is well known to every scholar, and it would be easy to show, by quotations from the *Religion of Israel*, that Kuenen is well acquainted both with it and with the facts upon which it rests.

It remains perfectly true, however, that Kuenen, though by no means regarding ancient tradition as a trivial thing, does not trust it as fully as Mr. Herford does. Is this a defect?

Mr. Herford endeavors to justify his large measure of faith in early tradition by producing instances of long-preserved lore that seem to him to bear strong in-

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. lii. pp. 598, 599.

ternal evidence of truth, and by appealing to archaeological confirmations of the traditions recorded by the ancient authors on the margin of history.

It will of course be impossible for me to examine his arguments in detail; but it is necessary to estimate their bearing upon the question under discussion.

Mr. Herford's chief instance of a long history preserved by oral tradition, and bearing internal evidence of truth, is drawn from Mr. Fornander's remarkable book on the Polynesian Race. It is impossible to refer to this work without paying a tribute of admiration and gratitude to its author; but even if we admit all his conclusions, we must recollect that they are reached by a most careful process of sifting. He speaks of "the almost impenetrable jungle of traditions, legends, genealogies, and chants" from which he has had to extricate his final results.

Tradition is not history, then; but history may be smelted out of tradition, which is exactly what Kuenen and his allies believe. Moreover, Mr. Fornander's most reliable results consist in long lists of carefully preserved names, and, as we shall see, the earliest Hebrew records are characterized by an absence of any such elaborate historical genealogies.

But Mr. Herford also appeals to archaeology, and declares that modern discoveries are steadily tending to confirm the general trustworthiness of ancient tradition. In his specific examples, however, he is not fortunate. These instances are drawn from remarkable statements in Herodotus which modern discoveries are said to confirm. One case is that of a tunnel in Samos, which Herodotus describes, and which has recently been discovered exactly as he described it.¹ But this great work ex-

isted in the time of Herodotus himself, and "oral tradition" does not come into the question at all. Again, Mr. Herford tells us that Herodotus records the desertion of an Egyptian garrison from Syene, and relates how Psammetichus sent Greek mercenaries to pursue them. This, he adds, was regarded as one of the stories palmed off on Herodotus; but now in a temple of Nubia a Greek inscription has been found, carved by those mercenaries on their way back from the fruitless expedition. The fact is, however, that Herodotus says nothing about Syene or Greek mercenaries, in this connection, merely telling us of the desertion of some of the garrisons in Southern Egypt, and of the pursuit of them by Psammetichus himself; whereas the Greek inscription makes no mention of the deserters, simply stating that the men who carved it reached a certain place when Psammetichus came to Elephantine. Wiedemann, a German scholar, who has written a special treatise on this inscription, thinks it refers not to this expedition at all, but to another march south, made by another Psammetichus, two reigns later. There is no reference in it to the special circumstances mentioned by Herodotus. But in any case, the whole period covered is one of abundant written records, and there is not the slightest proof that the informant from whom Herodotus had the story trusted to "oral tradition" for it. Nor can it be admitted that Dr. Schliemann's discoveries sustain the belief that the Homeric poems give real "traditions of the actual heroes and struggles of the earlier world." So far is this from being the case that Mr. Sayce, who regards the Homeric poems as manufactured antiques of a late date, full of false antiquities and philologically false formations, is delighted to walk quite plainly that the canal runs *through the length* of the tunnel. Who Mr. Herford's skeptics were I do not know, but if he represents their grounds of skepticism fairly they cannot have ever read the passage in Herodotus.

¹ Mr. Herford represents Herodotus as saying that a canal ran *by the side* of the tunnel, and observes that the existence of two separate parallel channels seemed so unlikely that the whole tale was disputed. But the fact is that Herodotus says

hand in hand with Dr. Schliemann, and to write a preface to his latest book!¹

I cannot, then, in any sense, accept Mr. Herford's dictum that recent researches have tended to confirm the trustworthiness of ancient tradition in general, — a dictum uttered at the very moment when Vigfusson and Powell are showing that nearly all the oldest songs of the Edda were composed under Celtic and Christian influences, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, A. D.; when Schrader is lamenting that the significant myths and legends of a people can do so little towards enabling us to trace this history towards its sources, and Penka is falling back upon the measurement and comparison of exhumed skulls as the only authentic record of the early migrations of peoples!

Tradition must be examined severely, with the hope that it may contain history, but the certainty that it is not history itself.

Turning to the Hebrew records of the earlier ages, we find that Kuenen and other scholars submit them to every test they can devise, by comparing them with the traditions or histories of other peoples, so as to be able to detect the appearance of any well-known legendary or mythical features; by comparing them with each other, and observing where they contradict and where they confirm each other; by comparing them with the ideas of later times, and seeing where they appear to reflect them and where to present peculiar features of their own, and so on. But Mr. Herford thinks that in doing this they do not pay enough attention to certain internal marks of genuineness which the Hebrew records seem to him to bear. We must touch upon his arguments, though it will be impossible to dwell upon them.

¹ I should be sorry to be thought to accept Mr. Sayce's views any more than Dr. Schliemann's. I call attention to his position in order to show that the "Homeric question" is as open now as it was before Dr. Schliemann began to work.

"The evident store which the Hebrews set upon pedigree" is the first point to which our attention is called. Every one knows, says Mr. Herford, that this was at all times, from the first beginnings of history-writing, and therefore by inference long before those beginnings, a marked characteristic of the Hebrew nation. But now let my readers take their painted Bibles and look for these treasured genealogies in the earliest historical writings (the passages not painted in the Pentateuch), and they will be surprised to find that they do not exist. The heroes are linked together in family relationships as they are in all old legends, but the long and elaborate genealogies that occupy so prominent a place in the Bible belong to the time of the Babylonian captivity.²

The grouping of the tribes of Israel as children and grandchildren of Israel himself corresponds exactly with the imaginary family tree of the four great Grecian tribes. Hellen was the father of Æolus, Dorus, and Xuthus, and Xuthus the father of Ion and Achæus, whence the Æolian, Dorian, Ionian, and Achaean tribes. On the other hand, Mr. Herford's Arabian analogy of "Beni Taghteb," "Beni Tai," etc., does not hold, for we never hear of the "sons of Judah" or the "sons of Ephraim." It is always "the men of Judah," "the Ephraimites." If the countries and nations that appear in many of the Old Testament genealogies as "begotten" by So and So were expressed under the names familiar to Englishmen (for example, Gen. x. 6, and the sons of Ham, Ethiopia, and Lower Egypt, and North Africa (?) and Palestine), the true character of the ethnological studies that figure as family trees would be very obvious.

² When they do appear, the "perplexing longevity of the patriarchs" is not, as Mr. Herford supposes, a naive exaggeration, but a part of an extremely artificial and elaborate system of chronology, in which everything is made to fit with the utmost nicety.

Another of Mr. Herford's points is that the traditions represent the part played by Israel in the wilderness, for instance, as so poor and contemptible that we can account for it only by supposing the stories to be faithfully preserved records of the facts. "Did ever a people," he asks, "inventing or evolving legends about their past, place themselves in such a miserable light?" Certainly not; and this is strong evidence that what we have before us is not popular tradition at all. Indeed, if what is told us of the Exodus were really true, and if the people had preserved the account of it, we should have their version of the conduct of Moses; and it is easy to gather that it would not have been a very favorable one. What we really have is the prophetic tradition; and if its substance is largely legendary, at any rate we cannot accuse the prophets of having "constructed a poor part" for their representative, Moses. The legendary history of Israel in the wilderness is an exact reflection of the part played respectively by the prophets and the people in a later age. Some of the material is doubtless historical, but the coloring is altogether that of the prophetic schools of the late ninth or early eighth century B. C.

With regard to the legislation, Mr. Herford only half states the position he is criticising. He fully appreciates the force of the argument that we can find no trace in the earlier times of the laws of the Priestly Codex being observed, but he thinks they might have been really given by Moses, and might have been carefully preserved, though neglected.¹ The real strength of the case for the late origin of the priestly legislation, however, cannot be appreciated till it is seen that this legislation constantly builds upon, elaborates, or modifies the Deuteronomic laws, whereas the Deuteronomic code itself (and still more

the earlier code in Ex. xxi.-xxiii. 19) positively excludes the supposition that Leviticus was known when they were written.

I must be content with a single instance of this. The early code says nothing about priests, but presupposes the existence of sanctuaries everywhere. Deuteronomy knows only of one central sanctuary and of Levite priests, and particularly says that the priests at the one sanctuary (Jerusalem) are to receive other Levites (as the priests turned out of the local sanctuaries, which the Deuteronomist desired to suppress) on equal terms. He knows of absolutely no distinction between priests and other Levites. Ezekiel, himself a Jerusalem priest, who lived later on, disapproves of this, and declares that the Zadokites (that is, the priests of Jerusalem) have now the exclusive right to perform the proper priestly functions, because the other Levites have lost it by their misconduct in officiating at local sanctuaries, and must now be relegated to subordinate duties. Then comes the Priestly Codex, which carefully distinguishes between priests and Levites, and carries back the distinction, the true origin of which we have seen, to the times of Moses and Aaron. See especially Deut. xviii. 6-8, Ezekiel xliv. 10-16, xlviii. 11, and compare Deuteronomy and the Priestly Codex, *passim*.

In the laws themselves Mr. Herford often finds indications of the life in the wilderness and the camp; but even were they more numerous and striking than they are, it would be easy to explain them, for on no hypothesis were the laws of any one of the great codes deliberately manufactured without any basis of usage or tradition, and in many cases no doubt their constituent elements were drawn from widely different quarters, often including smaller and independent collections. Now we know

¹ In this, by the way, he differs from Jeremiah, who especially states that no such laws had been

given to the people at the time of the Exodus. (Jer. vii. 22.)

that down into the time of Jeremiah some of the Israelites who were most zealous in their worship of Yahweh were still living a nomad life, and steadily refused to settle in cities. (Jeremiah xxxv. Compare 2 Kings x. 15, etc.) It is easy to see, therefore, that laws presupposing a life in tents and camps might arise in comparatively late times, and by no means lead us back necessarily to Moses and the wilderness. A great deal of this, however, belongs to the technical style of the legists, who often wrote on the supposition that their laws had been given by Moses. Mr. Herford thinks "it will hardly be maintained" that the directions about a movable "tabernacle," for instance, are "manufactured antiques." I can only answer that most students of the recent literature on the subject are at a loss to conceive how they can possibly be anything else!¹

Other laws, Mr. Herford thinks, are evidently ideal, such as Moses might have conceived for his people, but such as would have involved too great a revolution in the holding of land (for example) for Ezra to contemplate. To this it may be enough to answer that Ezekiel (chapters xl.-xlviii.) actually did project changes in the settlement of Israel, more sweeping than anything contained in the Pentateuch, under almost the identical circumstances which Mr. Herford thinks would have made it impossible for the author of the Priestly Codex to do the same.

But, says Mr. Herford, if Ezra's legislation had been practically new, how could the Samaritans have accepted it? Kuenen's answer that they yielded to the much higher civilization of the Jews, and took the Pentateuch from them when they had reduced it to its final form, is declared to be "wholly, almost ludicrously inadequate." But I think

that a little consideration will show that there is nothing either ludicrous or inadequate in this supposition, though the question is admittedly a difficult one.

It is needless to say that we are not justified for a moment in supposing that the mixed populace of the ancient territory of the northern kingdom was in possession of a written code of law and an elaborate cultus, when the Jews returned from Babylon. Everything is against such a supposition. They must therefore have received their Pentateuch from the Jews at some time, and it must have been after the alienation which began with the refusal of the Jews to let them join in the temple-building. Moreover, we find that after that "alienation had been going on for nearly eighty years" (to use Mr. Herford's own words) the Samaritans accepted a Jewish refugee as their high priest. After this they claimed to be pure Israelites by descent, and faithful followers of the Law of Moses. When they reached the stage of cultivation at which a systematic and written codification of the Law became a necessity to them, what choice had they but to accept the only one they then knew, or could know of? As, in spite of their jealousy, they had formerly taken their high priest, so now they took their Books of Law, from their rivals; and still later they accepted from them (with modifications) the uncanonical feast of Purim, which they still observe, though there is not a word about it in the Pentateuch. Kuenen tells us that other Jewish extensions of the Law likewise found favor with the Samaritans, so that throughout their history they paid the higher civilization of the Jews the involuntary testimony of discipleship and dependence, while they were all the while loudly proclaiming their independence and superiority. This does not appear to be at all an isolated phenomenon in history.

So far Mr. Herford does not profess

¹ Perhaps "legal fiction" would convey a more accurate idea of what is meant than "manufactured antique."

to have brought forward any new arguments, though he claims, as I understand him, to have urged the old objections from a somewhat new standpoint. In conclusion, however, he brings forward an argument for the scrupulous accuracy of the tradition concerning the Mosaic times which he believes has never before been dwelt upon.

It is found in the use of the peculiar phrase "Yahweh Isabaoth" (Lord of hosts).

Mr. Herford's argument is twofold. He combats the theory that this designation of the national deity of Israel possesses any mythological significance, and he employs it as a test of authenticity in the manner to be explained below.

I shall not enter upon the mythological question; but a brief statement and examination of the other portion of Mr. Herford's argument is necessary.

Throughout the period of prophetic activity, from the eighth century, downwards, it is urged, the phrase Yahweh Isabaoth is constantly used in original compositions. Yet in no single instance has it crept into the traditions which, according to Kuenen, were so often recast during this period. Surely, it is said, this shows that the very wording of the stories was so reverently preserved that "the favorite and habitual name for God during the ages of compilation has not crept in, in one solitary instance."

Here again we come upon Mr. Herford's deficient realization of the details of the system he criticises. According to Kuenen and all the other scholars who range themselves with him, the largest and in many respects the most important section of the Hexateuch (the blue passages in the painted Bibles) was written during the Captivity, and issued from a school of which Ezekiel was the founder, and the Psalms written in honor of the law some of the latest fruits. It is here that we must look for evidence

as to the linguistic usage of the probable authors of the Priestly Codex, and the phrase "Lord of hosts" does not once occur in all this, comparatively speaking, extensive literature. It is particularly noticeable that Ezekiel, in every respect the prototype and precursor of the unknown priestly codifier, abstains, throughout his long book, from the use of this phrase.

With regard to the other sections of the Hexateuch, trustworthy analogies are not so ready to our hand. The Deuteronomic portions are very marked in their style, and the absence of the special phrase "Lord of hosts" must be noted amongst their characteristics. This, as we shall presently see, is nothing very surprising, but it is unquestionably worthy of remark, as the phrase was in very frequent use in other writings of about the same date.

The remaining and earliest stratum of the Hexateuch was written not later than the beginning of the eighth century, and our safest analogies are to be found in the writings of Amos and Hosea, for Micah and Isaiah are a good deal later. Amos (even when allowance has been made for a number of suspected passages) employs the phrase "Yahweh, the God of hosts," repeatedly. Hosea uses it only once, and then, as it seems to me, it is to tell us that the memorial name of the God who appeared to Jacob at Bethel was "Yahweh, the God of hosts." If this is so, Hosea formally contradicts Mr. Herford's theory. The prophet never uses the phrase himself, but says that it was characteristic of the patriarchal period! Mr. Herford's contention is that the prophets always used the phrase themselves, but never attributed its use to patriarchal and Mosaic times! I admit, however, that the passage in Hosea (xii. 5) is difficult, and may not be thought to bear out the meaning I have assigned to it.

But we have further to ask, how the prophets employ this phrase. It would

not be admitted as an argument against Macaulay's authorship of the History of England that we nowhere find in it the expression "then out spake" So and So, which constantly appears in the Lays of Ancient Rome. A careful examination of the use of the designation "Yahweh Isabaoth" will show that the prophets themselves adopt it only in the actual delivery of prophetic addresses or cries. There are one or two exceptions to this rule in the late prophets, Haggai and Zechariah (first part), generally (at least in early times) in very solemn passages, and never in the historical or narrative matter that they intermingle with the record of their oracles.

This accounts for the fact that though the phrase occurs more than two hundred and seventy times in the Old Testament, there are only seventeen places, in all the narrative and historical books, of whatever date, in which it is found. Three of these are verbatim repetitions in Chronicles of passages in the older histories; of the remaining fourteen, nine occur in reported speeches, and of the still remaining five (all in Samuel), four refer specifically to Shiloh and the ark,—a curious and instructive fact.

In conclusion, some idea of the irregularity of the use of the name "Yahweh of hosts" may be gathered from the following facts: It is absent not only from the Pentateuch, Joshua, and Judges, but from Ruth, Ezra, and Nehemiah, the narratives of Daniel and Jonah, the whole mass of Hebrew "wisdom" (Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes), all the lyric poetry except seven Psalms, and from several prophetic works (Ezekiel, Joel, Obadiah, and the visions in the book of

Daniel). In some of the prophets who use it, it appears but once or infrequently, and in others it occurs in almost every other line.

Surely, when this is the case, the insecurity of any argument founded upon its absence from a given series of narratives must be obvious.

I have now passed in rapid review the objections which Mr. Herford has urged against the conclusions of the critics, and have indicated the lines upon which it appears to me they may be met; but even if he were to make them all good, we should still have to ask whether his own conclusions are not open to far graver objections. On this subject it is of course impossible to enter, and I will only remind my readers that Mr. Herford has made no attempt to disarm the positively overwhelming evidence which the documents themselves afford us of successive modifications and recastings of the traditional matter, of divergent accounts and contradictory statements, of shifting and advancing religious conceptions, modifying the whole coloring given by successive generations to their retrospective survey of history. The recent description of the prose Edda given by Vigfusson and Powell applies in its full extent to the Pentateuch: "It is a complex work, stamped with the mind-marks of the several men of genius who worked at it, one after another." Tradition (often historical tradition) lies behind the work of these men of genius, and may be restored with more or less completeness and security; but it is their work, rather than the traditions they worked upon, that we actually possess in the records of the Old Testament.

Philip H. Wicksteed.

THE FATE OF MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS.

How it was that I became acquainted with what I shall here relate, it is not worth the while to set forth particularly. Suffice it to say that through letters from all the persons whom I mention, from their own lips, and by my personal observation, I learned very thoroughly, and in the most trustworthy manner, what befell my masking friend and traveling companion.

The reader will please to recollect the quondam Washington Adams's experience during his sojourn at Toppington Priory and in its neighborhood: how he was thrown into companionship with the lady of that house and with her beautiful cousin; how he was fortunate enough to bring succor to the latter at a moment of extreme peril; and how she sent him the cluster of party-colored leaves which were the cause of the accident that befell her.¹ The tiny drop of blood which his eager eye detected on one of those leaves I do not believe that she had seen. On such a surface of mingled bronze and green and red and yellow, blending and shading into each other, a little crimson spot would hardly be observed, unless upon very minute examination. Had it been plainly visible, it would have been removed before he received this witness of his service and her gratitude. For although she was open-hearted enough and self-reliant enough to send such a token to a man whom she trusted as she trusted him, and who had been to her what he had been, there was in her soul a sense of delicacy mingled with that rarest of qualities in woman, a sense of humor, which would have made her shrink from seeming to provoke a sentiment which, when manifested, she regarded with a kind of worshipping admiration.

No word of fond suggestions had

passed between Mansfield Humphreys and Margaret Duffield, — although before he found her bleeding in the park he had quickly loved her with an all-absorbing love; for he had soon discovered in her the one woman whose presence stirred in him all impulses of soul and sense. Yet he did not woo her, except through that mightiest of pleadings from such a nature as his to such a soul as hers, — the being his simple self, and living his daily life before her. He did not shut his eyes to obstacles in his way; but, as often happens in like cases, he made most of that which was of least importance, — his age. Of this he had never seriously thought, before. Whether he was twenty years old, or sixty, was a question that never presented itself to him. He did his work and enjoyed his life; and he did both with thoughtless and almost unconscious vigor. But when he was brought face to face with the momentous fact that he — who, although he had fancied a few women for various qualities and in various ways, had never truly loved — now looked upon this beautiful young woman with a mingling of worship and longing unknown to him before, he suddenly be-thought himself that he was twenty-five years her elder.

Although a self-reliant man and sufficient unto himself, he was devoid of personal vanity, and had no confidence in his powers of pleasing; rather, he never thought whether he was pleasing or not, never sought to make himself agreeable to any one he liked, but did what he deemed was right, and showed what he thought and felt, — showed his liking without reserve, but did not talk about it, and never flattered. Consequently, the vain and shallow mass of men and women had never taken much delight in him; and, having no such

¹ *The Atlantic*, January, 1884.

debts to pay, had never flattered him. Respected, even admired, and a little feared, he was not popular; but he had a few friends, who would have trusted him with their lives and honors; and although he had not known it, there had been women, whom he had passed by without a look or a word more than ordinary courtesy demanded, who would have gladly given him their lives and their honors and themselves. Being this manner of man, and thus unskilled in woman's heart and ways, his age, although it came upon him as a mere intellectual conviction, a fact in the abstract, yet seemed to him, chiefly because of what he had read and heard, an insuperable barrier between him and the fruition of his love. He was not a man either to whimper, or to insinuate himself where he could not go openly; and therefore upon the subject dearest to his heart he maintained an absolute reserve, not only of speech, but of manner. Yet although he set a watch upon his lips, and chilled with cold resolve the tenderness that would have glowed in his eye, he could not wholly hide his love from a girl like Margaret Duffield; and he could not conceal, did not seek to conceal, himself. For her, that was enough; and although before her peril she had never said plainly, even to her own heart, that she loved Mansfield Humphreys, she was in just such a condition that when the peril came it revealed to her absolutely and pitilessly the state of her affections; from which revelation she did not shrink, indeed, but which, she being the woman that she was, had brought her mingled joy and fear.

For seeing, at least a little, the feeling of Mansfield Humphreys toward her, she had given herself up to the gladness of rejoicing in it, of worshiping it, without yet acknowledging more than that such a man's love was a sort of divine manifestation that any woman — not she, Margaret Duffield, in par-

ticular — ought to love and worship. But when she lay, an invalid, yet not diseased, in the luxurious languor which was the consequence of mere physical exhaustion, her mind quickly acting although not strongly active, she soon discovered that she prized her life more highly because it had been preserved to her by Humphreys, and indeed that the preservation was more to her than the life. She saw, moreover, that she had given herself, heart and soul, to a stranger, — a man who, while he was of her own race and speech, of her own religion, and even of her own habits of thought, and who, as he had told her, had cousins of her own name, and not improbably of her own kindred, although far remote, was not of her own people; of whose family and friends she was wholly ignorant; whose social surroundings were not those into which she had been born, and in which and by which she had been bred to what she was. She had given herself to a Son of Heth; and it was a grief of mind to her. For Margaret Duffield, notwithstanding her independence, and in spite of the protest of her noble soul against many of the trammels of the society in which she had been reared, was yet bound by the bonds and shut up within the limitations of that society. She was an English gentlewoman; and although this "American" gentleman seemed to her yearning soul and loving heart almost a god among men, she had imbibed vague notions of what "American" meant, and vague apprehensions of evil in the social experience to which she must submit if she became his wife. To a gentlewoman, her social experience is the very essence of her personal life; and therefore it was that Margaret Duffield looked upon Mansfield Humphreys' love for her, and the love that she now confessed to herself for him, with fear mingled with her joy.

None the less, however, she felt that she owed him something for her life,

and something more — oh, how much more, she now confessed ! — for the love which had given her life such greater worth in her own eyes. Therefore it was that, setting her teeth in the face of her fear, she had sent him the cluster of leaves that was the sign and token of the strong bond that was now between them, — a token which he might interpret as he pleased : either as a mere graceful acknowledgment of the great service that he had rendered her, or as an intimation that he might speak to her as he never yet had spoken. As to any risk that she ran that he might look upon her little memorial with the petty pride of a small-souled man in a female conquest, she did not give it one moment's consideration. Of him personally she felt sure. Her perfect love cast out all fear. Her trust in him was absolute, unquestioning.

Trust could not have been more safely placed. He could not be blind to the possible meaning of such a gift ; and although, in the innate modesty of his soul, and because of the life-long influence of his fine breeding, he said to himself, This may be merely a pretty token of thanksgiving from a girl whose nature acts upon a higher plane than that of mere social convention, he felt that, notwithstanding his prudent self-restraint, she might have seen his heart, and that if she had seen it he would not have received such a token if his love had been unwelcome.

Under like circumstances, in "America," he would have gone directly to her. Under like circumstances, he thought that an English gentleman would have been likely to tell her his love before he spoke to her family upon the subject. But he, too, felt the limitations of his position. Properly introduced (notwithstanding the grotesqueness of his first appearance at the Priory, which it should be remembered Margaret had not witnessed) ; frankly and warmly received, and treated with the consideration to

which he had always been accustomed ; finding in the company at the seat of this English earl nothing new to him in manners and little in social tone ; made, by the kindness of his friends, to feel himself completely at ease in a household and a society constructed upon larger lines and a more broadly based establishment than those with which any home-living "American" can be familiar, he yet felt that he was really a stranger. He knew these people, liked them heartily, and saw that they liked him ; and he was sure that they and he would be friends always. But they knew nothing of him but himself, — nothing of his family, his connection, his rightful place in social life ; and Mansfield Humphreys was too much a man of the world not to be conscious — now painfully conscious — that in any country, among people socially well established, although in ordinary social intercourse personal qualities will serve, in marriage, family, connection, social position, are of hardly less, and sometimes of even more importance. And the orphan Margaret Duffield, with her little hundred and fifty pounds a year, was the granddaughter of a marquess and the cousin of a countess, the ward of an earl. Therefore, as he sat ruminating upon the case in which he found himself, and gazing fondly at the cluster of leaves which had come to him from the heart of his soul's mistress, but without kissing it, he determined not to speak to her, not even to see her, until he had told his story to Lord Toppingham, and could woo her with the consent of her guardian.

He did not loiter. Mansfield Humphreys never loitered about anything ; and now it seemed to him that the very sun lagged slowly through the broken clouds, that cast their lazy shadows upon the verdure of the park.

After luncheon he sought Lord Toppingham, and found him, as he had expected, in his study, a little room just off the library, with guns in the corner,

and gloves and foils upon the walls, where he wrote his business letters, smoked his meerschaum, and gave himself up to unmitigated mannishness. But to Humphreys' surprise, Lady Toppingham was there, also. He did not shrink, however, nor abandon his purpose. He was not unwilling to confess his love before her; and indeed, after a moment's reflection, he hoped that he might find in this generous and truly noble woman an ally. But here he erred. A woman may be willing to sacrifice herself for love; but the world has not yet seen the gentlewoman who regarded with equanimity such a sacrifice on the part of any female member of her own family.

After a few words between him and his host and hostess, there was a pause, — one of those silences of expectation which demand more strongly than words the occasion of an unexpected interview.

Humphreys did not flinch, but said at once, "My lord, I have come to say to you that my life will not be happy unless I have Miss Duffield for my wife."

Lord Toppingham looked at him a moment in blank astonishment, and then said, but not unkindly, "Good gracious, my dear Mr. Humphreys, I hope it is not so. This is dreadful. Pardon me, but I never dreamed of anything like this."

Lady Toppingham flushed to her forehead, and she moved suddenly, as if she were about to rise, but she kept her seat. The truth was that she had dreamed of something like this. It was impossible that a woman of any experience of life could see a man like Mansfield Humphreys constantly in companionship with a girl like Margaret Duffield, and finally doing her such a service as his had been, without thinking that one, at least, was likely to love the other. Wherefore she had sounded her cousin, and tempted her, and provoked her; but all in vain. Margaret kept not only her own counsel, but, with a feeling of loyalty

which is woman's highest tribute of the heart, her lover's secret, also. She was as wary as the countess. If her cousin discussed Humphreys' character and person, with furtively watchful eyes, she discussed them also, freely and with a placid face. If Lady Toppingham praised him, she assented, and not too coldly. Nor could one or two half-earnest, half-crafty scoffs and sneers at the "American" provoke the girl into the indiscretion of a resentful defense. Margaret remained mistress of herself and of the situation; and Lady Toppingham came to the conclusion that her apprehensions were needless as to her cousin. And as to Humphreys, with all her liking for him, she did not feel called upon to concern herself greatly in the love affairs of any strange, traveling "American," who by some accident had been dropped into the Priory; so long, at least, as he did not flutter its ancient dove-cotes.

Therefore, when she saw this "American," to whom she had been so kind, actually before her husband, her cousin's guardian, proposing, with no hesitation and no apparent self-doubt, for her cousin as his wife, Lady Toppingham felt very much as if her great pet mastiff, Tor, had turned upon her, or had been guilty of some ungentlemanlike behavior; yet probably felt not quite so much surprise; for I am inclined to think that in the silent recesses of her soul her ladyship had more confidence in the thorough good-breeding of her English mastiff than in that of any "American" that ever lived, were he George Washington himself. Her feeling was one of mingled resentment and disappointment; and she said in her heart that she would n't have believed it of Mr. Humphreys, — he ought to have known better. And this resentment was not one whit the less because Margaret's self-contained manner had laid to rest apprehensions which were, as she herself saw now clearly, entirely as to the happiness and

future position of her cousin. Those seeming in no peril, she had dismissed the matter from her mind,—how absolutely she did not know until she heard Humphreys' avowal. Her impulsive nature might have manifested itself in reproaches; but the reserve of a well-bred woman and the deference of a well-bred Englishwoman to her husband sealed her lips, at least until he had given his opinion.

To Lord Toppingham's sudden expression of regret Humphreys at once replied, "I am sorry, my lord, to have startled you, and somewhat surprised, in my turn. Is it so strange that a man should love Miss Duffield, and wish to make her his wife? It is not long ago that you yourself told me of three men, of various ages and positions, who had done so."

"Ah, yes; quite so, quite so. But, my dear sir, in a matter of this sort we must speak plainly; and you'll excuse my sayin' to you that those were English gentlemen, and quite in Miss Duffield's own rank of life,—men of well-established position and fortune," and he paused, leaving contrast and inference to his hearer.

"But, my lord, Miss Duffield has no rank, nor had her father; and—pardon me for saying that I am almost glad to know it—neither has she any fortune. Serious as the matter is to me, I should not have ventured upon my proposal, if I had not what is considered a desirable position in society to offer Miss Duffield, and an income sufficient to maintain such a position with comfort."

"Just so, just so. I see; and I don't doubt for a moment that your position is one that any lady in America would be proud to share. But you'll see that that's quite a different thing. And America is so—so—very far away, and so—so—uncertain sort of a place, if you'll forgive my sayin' so, that the idea of lettin' Miss Duffield be married to any person, however estimable and

worthy of high consideration" (with a bow and a gracious smile), "that comes from there is—is—something so surprisin', so unprecedented, that you'll excuse me for sayin' it's quite inadmissible,—not to be thought of for a moment."

Here Lady Toppingham, having thus far yielded place to her lord and master, and heard him give a complete and decided opinion, came into the discussion, and took up her parable, saying, "Besides, Mr. Humphreys, what you say about Miss Duffield's family having no rank is not at all to the purpose. Margaret Duffield is of her own right in our society, born into our rank of life. Why, the Duffields are older than we are; they've been seated at Milton Duffield longer than we've been at A—,—since Henry II.'s time, and probably long before. There's not a peer in the country who would derogate at all from his rank by marrying Margaret Duffield; and there are scores of peers who in point of family are not to be named with her, although her father's estate was under five thousand a year."

"All that I see, madam. A king might be happy to marry Miss Duffield."

"No, Mr. Humphreys; excuse me, but you don't see. It's no King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid matter. It's simply that Margaret Duffield is an English gentlewoman, a proper wife for any subject in the kingdom, no matter what his rank, or wealth, or distinction; a woman who, whatever she might accept as to fortune, can't be expected or allowed to marry out of her own rank in life,—can't be asked to do so without offense. No reasonable Englishman out of that rank would dream of pretending to her hand." The lady used this large phrase in a large way, giving the *r's* a little extra roll, and then continued, "Why, there's Lady Harriet F—, whom they've put into a private madhouse: one of the surest evidences of

her being insane was that she wanted to marry out of her own rank of life. You'll excuse me, but my lord was quite right in saying that the marriage of such a girl as Margaret to an American would be inadmissible and unprecedented."

Lady Toppingham's manner became so warm and earnest as to approach excitement; and Humphreys, leaving her without reply, turned to the earl, saying, "As to precedents for marriages between persons of the highest social position in England and Americans, Lord Toppingham can hardly be ignorant that they have existed for some time; and that of late they have rather increased in number than diminished."

"To be sure. Yes, you're right, — quite so, quite so; right as to your facts, but pardon me for sayin' not quite right as to their value and the bearin' of 'em. Those marriages, all of 'em, in times past and present, have been of American women to English *men* among our nobility and gentry; a very different matter, you'll excuse me for sayin', from the marriage of an English *woman* of correspondin' rank to an American. And then, too," deprecatingly, "I'm sure that in all these cases there were considerations — certain advantages of fortune on the lady's part, and certain needs or deficiencies on the gentleman's — that rendered the union desirable."

"Indeed, I should say so!" exclaimed Lady Toppingham. "A man of rank may, if he will, — but even that's not very prudent, — take his wife from any condition of life, and if her reputation is untarnished, and her manners good, and she is a presentable person, she steps at once into her proper position as his wife, and makes her way according to her advantages, personal and other. But a gentlewoman who marries out of her own rank in life is — lost!" As she spoke her voice rose, and she uttered the last word almost with a cry; and no longer able to restrain herself

entirely, she rose quickly from her seat, and went to the window. Under Mansfield Humphreys' dispensation of Mr. Washington Adams, Lord Toppingham had been somewhat disturbed, if not excited, while Lady Toppingham had been quite calm and self-possessed; but now, as he brought forward his proposal of marriage, the man was calm and the woman excited.

With the kindest manner, and a gentle, almost pleading tone, Lord Toppingham said, speaking very low, "You'll not misunderstand Lady Toppin'ham, I'm sure. She has a very high regard for you, as you must have seen; but this matter presents itself differently to you and to us; and women always take such affairs so much to heart! You must have seen that I, too, and all our friends have not been backward in showin' our likin' for your society. You have been received among us, as you deserved to be, — pardon me for alludin' to it, — quite on the footin' of a gentleman of our own position; and I assure you it has given us great pleasure to do so. We have been the gainers — the gainers in every way — by the favor of your company. It is n't that."

"Yes, my lord," said Humphreys, with a slight tone of bitterness in his voice, "I know that people of your rank in England, if a presentable American, who is in any way interesting, happens among them, will receive him kindly, and accord to him for the time that he is with them a sort of brevet rank of gentleman, and ask no questions, nor care to ask any, so long as he behaves himself and is not a bore. But you'll excuse me for saying that, although I am not without respect for social distinctions (which have nothing necessarily to do with politics), and perhaps, indeed, for that very reason, I do not visit any gentleman's house, in any country, on those terms. I find fault with no man because he does not seek my society, even if it be because he

holds himself above me. Let him go his way, and let me go mine. I am content, and will think none the less of him, but rather the more, because he asserts himself and shows me his hand. But if a man seeks my company, and invites me to his house, among the ladies of his house, I do not appear among them as a gentleman by brevet. He has precluded that by making me their companion. No man has a right to set another down at dinner by his marriageable daughter, and then to complain if he wins her love."

As Humphreys earnestly uttered this protest, Lady Toppingham, who had silently returned from the window, startled him, as she stood unseen at his side, by asking suddenly, "Have you won Margaret Duffield's love?"

He was taken unprepared. What could he say? He was desirous, above all things, to be frank and open, in this interview; to have no semblance of concealment or reserve of thought. He was not certain that Margaret loved him; but he was by no means certain that she did not. After a little hesitation he replied, "I have no right to think so, whatever I may hope. I have never spoken to her, directly or indirectly, upon this subject; and I am firmly determined not to do so without Lord Toppingham's consent."

"Quite correct and handsome on your part," said the earl, with a little bow, "if you'll let the occasion excuse my sayin' so. Just what I should have expected of Mr. Humphreys."

Lady Toppingham now changed her tactics slightly. Humphreys' prompt action had prevented her from learning anything about the sending of the cluster of leaves, which would have told her all; but a moment's reflection showed her that his hesitation and the nature of his reply indicated some indefinite but significant relation between him and Margaret; and she feared that this, if it were brought to light in connection with

Humphreys' manly and self-sacrificing behavior, might weaken Lord Toppingham's opposition. "Mr. Humphreys," she said, "you mentioned the sufficiency of your income. You know that in an affair of this kind that is of importance. Have you any objection to telling us its amount?"

"None, whatever; rather the contrary. It will appear small to you, although I consider it sufficient. I have between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a year; that is somewhat more, you know, than five thousand pounds."

"Not quite Sir John Acrelipp's rent roll," the lady said, "but very handsome, I admit. Quite enough, if that were the only question. Margaret's father had no more at Milton Duffield when he married my aunt. Where is your estate situated?"

"Pardon me, madam; perhaps you misunderstood me. I have no estate. We do not have estates in America. I have a house or two; but my income is from government bonds, railway stocks, and mortgages."

"No estate!" said Lord Toppingham, pricking up his ears. "I feared something of the sort. It seems, then, that, notwithstanding your income, you are really without any established position, even in America. A man whose family has no estate we" (slightly emphasizing the word) "cannot regard as one of established position, however good his connection, or however high his character and unexceptionable his manners. Stocks and bonds," smiling, "are very agreeable adjuncts to a landed estate; but they cannot take its place. Miss Duffield might better accept the proposals of some successful English barrister, or — or other professional person. I fear that you must make up your mind finally to my declinin' the honor of your proposal."

"Of course, of course," said the lady. "Why, Miss Duffield's own little income is on a sounder footing. It is

a rent charge upon her grandfather's estate."

Lord Toppingham rose, and held out his hand, saying, "Believe me, I'm extremely sorry that this interview has necessarily terminated in a way which, I must assume, is very unsatisfactory to you. Let me beg that you will not therefore leave us directly. We should really feel hurt if you did. As you have not addressed Miss Duffield, and as she is ignorant of your feelings and intentions, I shall say nothing to her of your proposal."

Humphreys saw that he was finally and absolutely dismissed; and taking Lord Toppingham's hand for a moment, and bowing to the countess, he left the room. He decided, however, to accept Lord Toppingham's invitation, and to remain a day or two longer at the Priory: not with the intention of abandoning his resolve and urging his suit to Margaret herself, but with the vague notion and eager hope of some possible change in the situation.

The invitation did not meet Lady Toppingham's approval. She saw that the most important step was to get Humphreys out of the Priory, and indeed out of England; knowing, as she did, that a meeting between two hitherto isolated but highly charged bodies might flash into an explosion which would blow all her plans beyond the moon. But the invitation was given, and could not be recalled.

Lady Toppingham therefore resolved to address herself directly to Margaret, as to whom *she* had made no promise of silence; and going to her room that night after dinner, she told her fully of what had passed in the afternoon. She did not ask her as to the nature of her feelings toward Mansfield Humphreys; but she pressed upon her, with all the earnestness and adroitness of which she was capable, the view of Humphreys' proposal which Lord Toppingham and she had taken, — a view which, as we

have seen, was not at all strange or foreign to Margaret herself, even in the present state of her affections; and these were of a strength and warmth far beyond what her cousin suspected, and even beyond what Humphreys hoped. During the week of her convalescence her love had fed upon her silent thought, and had grown greater day by day and hour by hour. But the influences to which she had been subjected from her childhood were still at work within her, and seconded all Lady Toppingham's endeavors. She was reserved to a degree that alarmed her cousin; but the result of the interview was an assurance, spontaneously given, that she would accept no offer of marriage without her guardian's consent.

The next day, having obtained the consent of her physician, she came down to luncheon. Lady Toppingham dreaded the possible consequences of this step, and endeavored to persuade her cousin to keep her room a day or two longer; but Margaret was quietly firm, and Lady Toppingham knew her cousin well enough to be sure that importunity would not only be in vain, but would provoke rebellion. The truth was that under her placid demeanor Margaret was sick with longing to see her lover's face, and to read in his eyes the love which she had consented to sacrifice.

When they met, her faint and faded lips were drawn tight upon her teeth; her dark eyes glowed like coals above her pallid cheeks; and the hand she mechanically held out to him was cold and rigid. It was the first time that she had seen him since he had assisted at her bedside to complete that preservation of her life which he had begun; but she did not thank him, nor mean to thank him. What were thanks from her to him, to him from her? She knew this, and was silent. But when he said, "I was longing for you to come down; for I am leaving the Priory soon," she answered, looking him

straight in the eyes, "I knew it; and I came." He had approached her merely with the manner of a friend who was rejoiced at her recovery, and she had so received him, as any one would have seen who had watched them closely. But that mutual glance when eyes first meet, that instant of communication, which is hardly an instant, but time inexpressible, almost inappreciable, — quicker than lightning, for lightning lasts long enough to be photographed, — had fed full the mutual hunger of their souls, and their hearts were rejoicing with an exceeding great joy one in the other. Therefore, when he told her that he had been longing for her to come down, his voice sounded to her still enfeebled and somewhat dreamily acting brain as if he spoke with the right and the authority of a long-accepted lover, — one whom she had won and acknowledged and made her master in some far, dim, yet well-remembered time; and her answer seemed to her, for him merely a simple and proper recognition of his right, and for her a delightful recognition of it.

Humphreys did not sit by Margaret, at luncheon. Even if he had sought to do so, — which he did not, — Lady Toppingham had, with due forethought, arranged matters to prevent it; and very few words passed between them. Directly after luncheon the countess took Humphreys aside, and with the greatest kindness and consideration, but very seriously and impressively, told him that she had informed her cousin of what had passed the day before, of Margaret's reception of the news, and of her promise never to wed without the consent of her guardian. The information produced the effect that she intended. Humphreys knew that he could trust Lady Toppingham not to misrepresent, and not even to color, any evidence which she gave so seriously; he saw Margaret's self-sacrificing determination, and understood it; and he said at once that it would be better for him

to leave the Priory that afternoon, and asked the favor of a wagonette to take him to the station.

Meanwhile poor Margaret herself was passing through an experience which would have afforded a young beauty of more thoughtless head and harder heart some amusement; but which, in her present state of mind and body, was a new cross laid upon her overburdened shoulders. Captain Surcingle had been much exercised by Margaret's injury and illness. During her confinement he had brooded over his love; and in his simple way he thought that now, as she had come down again, but was evidently feeling "so awfully seedy," it would be a good time to offer her the support of his arm for a little walk, and the cheer of his companionship for life. She gladly accepted his invitation to "a stwoll;" and taking his arm, she loitered languidly along, leaning upon it as she might have leaned upon her father's, and ungratefully thinking thoughts of mingled happiness and grief, in which he had no share. Insensibly their steps tended toward a remote and retired part of the garden, which she had been so much in the habit of frequenting, in solitary moods, that it was called Margaret's Den. There were the remains of an old pleached alley, some venerable yews, once trimmed to artificial shapes, but now neglected, and a great evergreen maze, which dated from the time of Charles II.

Captain Surcingle supported his fair burden in perfect silence until they reached this green recess of shade; in silence while he placed her upon a rustic seat; and sat in silence until he had made ineffectual attempts to scrawl with the end of his stick upon the hard old garden walk. Then turning suddenly to her, and as suddenly away again, he broke out, —

"Margy, I feel awfully about you."

"Oh, Jack, you need n't be troubled any longer. I'm quite well now, except

a little weakness. See here! That's all now," and she held out her arm, from which her sleeve fell away, and showed only a broad black band over the wound.

"Oh, I say, Margy! that won't do. That's the way you always put it on me; and it is n't fair to a fellah that's so awfully in earnest. I was awfully sowwy you got hurt, of course, — awfully; but you're out of the splints now, and a girl of your b— bone and pluck 'll soon come all right again. But you know well enough that's not what I mean. I mean I feel awfully about you for myself. 'Nevah was weally spoons on any other girl."

"Don't, Jack, — don't."

"Yes, but I will. Why should n't I? Who's got 'better wight? Ain't you all in the family? What's the use of goin' out of it? Won't find 'fellah's fond of you as I am."

"Jack, Jack, why will you talk so? You know it's all nonsense."

"Not a bit of it: no nonsense about it. I'm not such a fool as you think. I've got enough, you know, to carry on the war comfortably in a cozy way; and if you'd have me, the governor'd come down with something handsome. I'd like to give you everything in the world, if I could."

This does not sound like very tender wooing, but Margaret knew that few of the suits couched in finer phrase were half as sincere; and she exclaimed, half to herself, half to him, "Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry!"

"Sowwy! What' you sowwy for? You 'ah enough to dwive 'fellah cwazy," and starting up from her side, he began to stride up and down the path before her.

Margaret looked at him a moment in silence; and then, rising, she went to him. As he stopped before her and looked down into her face, she laid her hands upon his shoulders, and returning his look kindly, said, "Dear Jack,

you're as good as gold; and I'm more sorry over this than you can think. But, Jack, listen! I can never be your wife, — never. No, no," shaking her head sadly, "nor the wife of any other man. Listen, again! I can trust you, and I will tell you what I have not told anybody. I belong, heart and soul, for all my life, to a man whose wife I cannot hope to be."

Surcingle looked at her a moment, with unwonted penetration in his eye, and then said interrogatively, —

"Mewican fellah?"

Her lips did not move, but her face said Yes; and the captain ruefully commented, "Mewican fellahs gettin' ewwythin' nowadays, — all the cups; an' if they're goin' to get all the nice girls, I go in fo' a wow. Ought to be a war, so we could polish 'em off. I'd like to take two such as that fellah for my share in the first sewimmage."

"Jack, dear, you need n't do that, to prevent his getting me. Don't you see how wretched I am? I can never be his wife. It would n't do. But I'll never be any other man's. Don't you believe me?"

"Believe anything you say, Margy."

"I know you do, Jack. And now will you do something for me?"

"Do anything for you, Margy."

"I thought you would; even this. I'm sure he's going away directly, — to-day, I think; going home to America; and I shall never see his face again, — never, never, never." Her voice sank low, and there was a wail in it as she uttered these words. "I want you to find him now, and send him to me, here. Say nothing to anybody else; and do it now, won't you, Jack — now?"

He looked at her blankly a moment, and then said, "By George, of all the cheek I ever knew, the cheek of a woman is the cheekiest!" But although he relieved his feelings and expressed his astonishment in this slang, he pressed

her hand, and said, "Yes, Margy, I'll go." Poor Jack, brave, simple, self-sacrificing soul! you would rather have led a forlorn hope at Delhi, or the charge at Balaklava, ten times over. Before she could say another word he had left her.

Within a few minutes he stood before his successful rival, and, lifting his hat, said with even voice, as if he were giving a military order, "Mr. Humphreys, Miss Duffield's compliments, and would you do her the favor to see her in her Den, — d'wec'ly?" and, turning on his heel, was gone.

Margaret had resumed her seat, and, drawing herself against the high back at one end of the rustic settle, she leaned there, with her hands lying listlessly in her lap, as she saw Humphreys come out from behind the maze. He sprang quickly forward, to take her hand; but she withheld it, and, drawing back, waved him to a seat at the other end of the settle. He obeyed.

"Miss Duffield!"

"Call me Margaret now and here. I shall never hear you do so again."

"Margaret, it was very kind in you to send for me."

"It was not kind; it was selfish, — pure selfishness; perhaps cruelty — to us both." As she said this, the sharp, bitter tone in her voice, usually so rich and low, cut him to the heart.

"I leave the Priory this afternoon."

"So I supposed."

"Intending to take the next steamer for New York."

"That is the best that you could do; except never to return."

"Margaret, Margaret! I see you know what you are to me, — the only woman in the world. I have some reason, have I not? to believe that you value my love; and yet you can let me go when you might keep me here; and you bid me never return. Can you really love me?"

"For that very reason, I bid you.

See! I have no concealments from you;" and her fair face flushed rosy red as she opened the top of her corset a little, and taking forth a crumpled handkerchief held it out to him. The little crimson dashes in the corner were not blood, but the initials W. M. H.

He put out his hand to take it, but she drew it back, saying, "No, no! At least, I may keep this."

"I have the other."

"The leaves. Poor leaves! How little I thought, when I first saw them, that they would lead to this!"

"And yet, Margaret, if you love me now" —

"If?" — almost with resentment, — "and you here at my bidding?"

"You must have felt some love for me before."

"I did not think; I was only happy."

"Happier, perhaps, than I was then. And now?"

She bowed her head, and twisting her fingers together wrung them in and out, crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" in a tone which, although hardly more than a murmur, was full of anguish.

It was not in man, in loving man, to bear this longer, and he moved quickly toward her. To his surprise, she sprang up, and stepping behind the back of the settle leaned upon it, saying, "No, no! Spare me; for I am weak, — weak in body and in soul. Let me keep my faith. Why ask for more than you have, for more than you know, when I cannot be your wife?"

"Why not, Margaret? Why?"

"I have promised. I am Lord Toppingham's ward. It is not right that I should be your wife without his consent; and that he will never give, — perhaps ought not to give. I cannot control my heart, — cannot now, at least. Perhaps I ought, before; but I can my actions."

"And I must leave you, never hope to claim what your heart has given me,

merely because you were born and bred in a certain rank of life here, and I am an American, and not an English gentleman?"

"Yes. — Let me sit down; for you know that I am not strong;" and she pointed to his former place, which he resumed. "See, Mansfield Humphreys," she said, speaking now in her usual sweet, clear tones, "I am only a very young woman, but a woman who, you have said, sees what she looks at, and thinks about what she sees. Must a girl like me tell a man like you that rank is not a mere name, but a result, — the flower and fruit of a long growth; that to those who have it, is the most important possession of their lives? You know this."

"I do."

"And yet you ask me — me, a woman, to whom this atmosphere has been the breath of my nostrils since I was born — to give it up?"

"I did not ask you, until" — and he checked what might have been both a boast and a reproach.

"You might have gone on. — Well, if that were all, I would give it up for you as easily and as quickly as I give you this;" and she broke a bud from a sprig that hung over the settle, and tossed it into his lap.

He brushed it scornfully away.

"You are right. One is of no more real value than the other; and yet for the sake of that valueless thing, and that I may not wound and wring the hearts of those of whom I am a part, and who have loved and cherished me from my infancy, I send you away, — away from me forever! Oh, forever, forever!" and again she moaned, and tormented her soft, white fingers.

"You love them better than you love me."

"An unkind, cruel speech, if you understood; but you do not understand. First of all I must do right. It is not only men who must sacrifice their lives

to duty. To that I am sacrificing all the happiness that woman can hope for, except in the consciousness that she has made the sacrifice."

"And I? My happiness?"

"It is for that, too, that I make the sacrifice. Listen to me coolly;" and she leaned a little forward, speaking with a calm and even voice. "Don't flout or doubt what I say; for a young woman may sometimes see what escapes the eyes even of a mature man."

"I know; I have often thought how much older I am than you."

Her glance fell upon him, full of reproachful love, and with a little contemptuous flirt of her fingers, scarcely perceptible, she went on: "I have never been in America, but I know more of it, have read more about it, than most of those who are around me; and I know that I could not live in America and among Americans, and be happy — except always in you. And therefore you, after your first gladness in calling me your wife had passed, — you would not be happy — except, sometimes, perhaps, in me. Our ways are not as your ways, unless you are misrepresented by your own people and your own writers. Do you believe the Bible? I know you respect it. 'Be ye not unequally yoked' is as true socially as it is in religion. But I am ashamed to preach to you; and it is needless. There is my promise to my guardian, — a promise which it became me to make, and which it is my duty to keep. I shall keep it. But can you think it strange that, although I keep it, I sent for you, that I might hear your voice, and see your heart, and — show you mine, before we parted?"

"God bless you, Margaret."

"Yes, yes; before we parted forever." She sat a moment, and clasped her hands in silence. "And now go, or we shall be interrupted."

"Margaret, Margaret, give me something that you have touched; something

that has lain close to you, that is a part of you, — something, Margaret!"

She raised her hands mechanically to her neck, and unclasped a slender chain, from which hung a little blue enameled jewel that had dwelt beneath her handkerchief, and held it out to him. The hand that gave it was, unconsciously to her, that of her injured arm, and again the sleeve fell away from it, and showed the wounded place. Humphreys seized the hand and covered it with kisses. She yielded to him for a moment, and then, firmly withdrawing her hand, she turned her back, and said, "Now leave me, and farewell!"

He rose, and walked slowly away. At the corner of the maze around which his path lay, he turned again. She had fallen upon her knees, and was gazing after him, bent forward eagerly, and with her arms stretched out as if in piteous entreaty. He paused; but at once she shook her head, and wildly waved him away. He did not see that when he passed out of sight she fell upon the ground, and lay prone as he had found her wounded in the park. *

He had made his adieus at the Priory, and going directly to the stables he took his wagonette, and was driven to the station. Within a week he was homeward bound upon the ocean.

Mansfield Humphreys did not pine for Margaret Duffield. No strong-bodied, strong-brained man pines for any woman. But he went about his work with a cherished sadness in his soul, which he took out at times from its hiding-place, oftenest at night when he sat alone, as he did Margaret's jewel; and love and jewel and sadness together made him a sweet torment, that he would not have exchanged for all the gayety of heart that ever bounded to pipe and tabor. But no one knew that he had this tender aching in his bosom.

This had gone on nearly a year, when one morning, at breakfast, he found

among his letters one with a British stamp and "Toppington Priory" upon the sealing-flap. It was addressed —

Mansfield Humphreys, Esqre,
Boston, Massachusetts,
America.

He opened it and read: —

THE PRIORY, TOPPINGTON —SHIRE,
10th September, 1877.

DEAR MR. HUMFREYS, — Would you mind coming to the Priory? We should n't mind having you, altho' we're not all very well. Lord Toppingham sends kind regards. Sincerely yours,

C. TOPPINGHAM.

The phraseology of the letter seemed a little strange to him, but not so strange as if it had come from one of his Boston friends. He had never happened to see Lady Toppingham's handwriting; for during his really short although momentous visit, she had occasion to write him but once, a mere invitation, and that her cousin had written for her. He recognized the Priory stamp on the paper and on the envelope; and as to the spelling of Massachusetts, and even of Priory, he thought little of that. The former was only an example of the prevalent English ignorance of American things; and as to the latter, he had caught himself, sometimes, in unconscious phonetic slips of the same kind. The subject of the letter expelled all other thoughts from his mind. He was summoned to Toppington Priory, and by Lady Toppingham, and all were not well. Was the "all" she who was all to him? With his usual promptness of action, he made arrangements for an absence of a few weeks, and in due course of steam by ship and rail he presented himself at the Priory gate, and sent up his card.

Lady Toppingham received him in the drawing-room, with marked kindness, but without the air of expectation or of consciousness that he looked for.

After a few words, he said, with an earnestness which his reserved manner did not conceal, —

"May I ask after the welfare of Miss Duffield?"

"Ah, I see how it is, and why you have come; I think I see, at least. Mr. Humphreys, do you still love my cousin?"

"Lady Toppingham, it is hardly three weeks since I received your letter, and I am here."

"My letter! Pardon me; I wrote you no letter. I don't quite understand."

Humphreys took out his pocket letter-case, and quickly finding the letter handed it to his hostess.

"That is our paper, but this is not my hand, nor even an imitation of it. I did not write this letter. What is all this? I see, I see. This is poor Jack's hand; and Jack's spelling, too," she added, with a smile. "How came he to do such a thing? And now I think of it, he's been here almost all the time, these two or three days; riding over early in the morning, and hanging about the house and the stables, poring over the newspapers that he never looked at before. I'll find him, and ask him about this. Why, there he is, coming along the terrace! Excuse me for a moment;" and she pushed open a window, and stepped out.

"Jack," holding out the letter to him, "what does this mean?"

The captain stopped, and tugging at his mustache looked ruefully at the paper for a moment, and then said, —

"Own up. Means I've committed fo'gwey. I wote it. Meant to tell you befoah Mewican fellah got here. Did n't want to tell you too soon, an' have you blow on poor Margy. Mewican fellah got here when I was off duty, that's all. Letter means wight. Letter means that Margy's sick fo' Humphreys. I'm awful spoons on Margy, myself, and was fool enough to think that she'd look at a fellah like me; but when 'fellah can't

get a girl himself, there's no use in bein' dog in the manger, when he sees she's dyin' for 'nother fellah, and means to do it, if she can't have him. What's the use o' blockin' the game, if other fellah is n't a cad or a muff? You may want to kill Margy; but not if I can help it. Now Mewican fellah's over here, better give her her head." And having uttered the longest and most connected speech of his life, the captain left the terrace, and went down the drive with his long, swinging stride.

Lady Toppingham took a turn or two upon the terrace, and then entering the drawing-room went to Humphreys, with water glistening in her eyes, saying, "That dear old Jack, poor fellow, has been wiser and better than we all." And then she told him Jack's story; and also how, after Humphreys had left the Priory, the light in Margaret's eyes went out, and the spring from her step; and how, although she was cheerful, her smile was sad to see, — "oh, so sad, so sad;" and how she seemed to have no joy in life, not even in her music, although she would sit at the piano-forte every evening in the twilight, and play "things that would break your heart;" and how they had taken her to Italy, Jack going with them; and how she had looked at Italy as if it were a mere heap of rubbish lying above a buried life; and how they had brought her home again. "Jack's way," she said, "is the only way. I know that my lord will yield; for I confess that I — yes, even I, a woman," and she bowed her head for a moment in her hands — "have had to hold him up to withstand another woman's happiness. And now go up to the poor girl. You'll find her altered. She was in my room with me when your card came in. Be sure she's there yet. You know the way."

Humphreys was quickly at the door of the morning parlor; and as he silently opened it, he saw that Margaret had seated herself at the instrument where

they first had talked and listened together to music; but her arms lay upon the unlifted lid, and her head was bowed upon them.

His step aroused her; and suddenly rising, she fled to the farthest corner of the room, whence she looked at him with pallid dread. Surprise at her act, her attitude, and the expression of her face arrested his step, but he spoke her name.

For an appreciable moment she did not answer, but looked at him, shrinking. Then she said, with scorn in her voice, "Did they send for you to come to me?" But before he could reply, her white, transparent cheek flamed red, and she cried, "God bless them, if they did! For, Mansfield Humphreys, if you had not come, I should have died."

Lady Toppingham, who did everything handsomely that she did at all, secured them against interruption; and it was after a long hour of happiness so great as almost to repay them for their suffering that Margaret said, "You'll please not think, you vain creature, that it was for love alone I should have died. But, oh Mansfield," clinging to him and nestling upon his shoulder, "it was the struggle with myself. There was such a fighting in my brain and such a wailing in my heart. I had no rest by day and little sleep at night."

After a few happy weeks of health-

restoring joy, Margaret was married to Mansfield Humphreys, in the little parish church of Toppington; and all the county neighbors came to see. Her bridesmaids were her cousins, the Ladies Alice and Elizabeth, younger sisters of Lady Toppingham; who nevertheless, in spite of a certain liking for Humphreys, regarded the whole proceeding with apprehension: "Only an American, you know!"

And who should be best man to Humphreys but Jack Surcingle! Knowing that the bridegroom had no near friends at hand, he frankly proposed himself, and was as frankly accepted. When the marriage service was over, and the wedding party was in the vestry, he went to the bride, and taking her face between his hands and gazing into her eyes, he said, "God bless you, cousin Margy!" and stooped and kissed her long upon her forehead; but before he could turn away, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. Then Jack Surcingle, without waiting further ceremony, went straight out of church, and was no more seen. He managed easily to get an exchange, and served Her Majesty in Egypt.

There is another chapter of the story; but here ends all that can be told in these pages of what befell him who first went to Toppington Priory as Mr. Washington Adams.

Richard Grant White.

HENRY IRVING.

To say that of all the actors who have appeared in this country Mr. Irving is the hardest to criticise fairly and intelligently is to state a vexatious truth with extreme moderation. The leading English critics, after years of familiarity with his acting, are still puzzled by it, and find a difficulty, which

seems almost exactly proportioned to their acuteness and candor, in analyzing it and in accounting for its effects. And the problem is complicated, or appears to be complicated, for Americans by the introduction of a peculiar factor: this is the necessity, immediately imposed upon us by Mr. Irving and his friends,

of setting off our knowledge of his slowly won success against any lively dissatisfaction which may attend our early impressions of his performance. His great success is indeed not to be doubted; but the amplest knowledge on this head will include the facts that even in England there are a small number of persons, of a high intellectual order, who detest and abhor his playing, and that everywhere, in the best English society, "to admire him without reserve is held eccentric to the verge of affectation." As for the deprecation which is used by Mr. Irving's admirers to quench the anticipated violence of our first displeasure, surely the like of it was never before known in the case of an actor. "Be patient with his mannerisms" is the innocent and slender phrase employed; but this is presently found to bear an awful burden of meaning. We find that we are asked to forgive, under the name of mannerisms, sins which we have always accounted unpardonable in a dramatic artist. It is much, it seems at first blush, as if an amateur of painting were to say, "You will be delighted with M. Blank's pictures. He has some unpleasant mannerisms, to be sure,—his coloring is poor and his drawing incorrect; but in spite of these, you are sure to like his work." Or as if an acquaintance were to recommend for confidential clerk a young man who was a little weak on the score of honesty and accuracy, but, aside from these trifling mannerisms, had every desirable qualification. The view which a majority of Mr. Irving's American auditors naturally take, at first, of his most conspicuous faults is highly unfavorable. It is, indeed, the view which the more critical portion of his English audiences took when they were beginning to make his acquaintance. And the difference in the attitudes of the French and the English nations towards the art of acting cannot be better indicated than in this: that Mr. Irving, in spite of his

faults, is to-day accepted and recognized as the greatest actor of his land; while, if he had been a Frenchman, he and his "mannerisms" would not have been tolerated on the Parisian stage for a month, and probably not for a single performance.

In Mr. William Archer's exceedingly brilliant "study" of Mr. Irving, which was printed in London a few months ago, it was said that the English critics, "obeying an inevitable tendency of dramatic criticism," have "made Mr. Irving a law unto himself." In this country, the dangers attendant upon close familiarity with the actor do not yet beset us; and I plead an American's "innocence of eye"—to use Mr. Ruskin's happy phrase—in extenuation of my somewhat premature attempt to determine Mr. Irving's rank as an artist. The disadvantages of slight acquaintance with the actor, on the part of the general audience or the particular critic, are of course plain. But it is most interesting and suggestive to see how swiftly and how completely the story of Mr. Irving's later career in England has been repeated in America. Ten years or more of London have already been epitomized in four months of New York, Boston, and Chicago. Even now we have a small but knowing faction who violently reject and refuse him, denying him even the name of actor; a large and fashionable class who are inclined to demonstrate their culture by taking him as the object of a cult; a great public who accept him, with all his demerits, as an artist of remarkable parts and powers. In other words, Mr. Irving has met with full and hearty recognition in America, and with a remarkable measure of success. And although the voice of fierce dispraise is not and never will be quite silenced, the number of conversions which have been made from the ranks of his early detractors is comically large. The "heretics," who used to go to scoff, already remain, as

Mr. Archer says, "not, perhaps, to pray, but at least to reflect and qualify their unbelief."

Let us swiftly, but not carelessly, review the grosser blemishes of Mr. Irving's style. I do not find these so offensive that I cannot endure them for the sake of becoming familiar with his art, though it is an odd experience to subject one's self to a hardening process as the condition precedent of sensitiveness and insight; but, on the other hand, I earnestly protest against any and every attitude of mind in Mr. Irving's auditors which shall result in their disregarding or tolerating his more atrocious offenses. Mr. Irving, as has been succinctly said, can "neither walk nor talk." Amazing paradox, — of which "the time" now "gives proof," — that the most successful and cultivated of English actors should not have mastered the rudiments of his art! Whatever explanation or apology there may be, the fact remains, and its enormity cannot be gainsaid. He has been on the stage the larger part of his life, and yet he has not learned how to sit, stand, or move with the ease, repose, vigor, and grace which are by turns or all together appropriate to attitude or action; and, worse even than this, he does not know how to speak his own language. He has many lucid intervals of elegant motion and pure speech, — trebly aggravating as a demonstration that his faults are not the consequence of utter physical incapacity, — but he can never be quite trusted with his legs, his shoulders, or his tongue for five consecutive minutes. His ungracefulness is bad, but, as was just implied, it is a venial fault in comparison with his atrocious enunciation. If there were such a crime as *lingua-matricide*, Mr. Irving would have suffered its extreme penalty long ago; for night after night he has done foul murder upon his mother-tongue. Soon after his arrival in New York, Mr. Irving was reported to have said

that he hoped the Americans would not be intolerant towards any English mannerisms of his speech which might offend their unaccustomed ears. If he said this, and said it seriously, the remark may be taken as a curious proof of his unconsciousness of the peculiarities of his delivery. For his oddities of utterance are no more English than they are Choctaw; sometimes they suggest Cornwall, sometimes Devonshire, occasionally Northern Vermont. But such hints are given by fits and starts; the dialect is always substantially his own, an Irving *patois*, developed out of his own throat and brain through the operation of the familiar law of the survival of the unfittest. An alternate swallowing and double-edging of consonants, a constant lapse into an impure, nasal quality, an exclusion of nearly all chest tones, the misdelivery of the vowels by improper prolongation or equally improper abbreviation, an astonishing habit of confounding and confusing different vowel sounds, are the most marked of his disagreeable peculiarities. The great broad vowels are the ones which fare the worst in Mr. Irving's mouth, and the reform of his delivery must therefore be regarded as hopeless; an actor of middle age whose chief pronunciations of "face" are *fāāāce* and *fēāāce*, and of "no" are *nāo* and *nawo*, is past praying for in this regard. Yet it is a part, and an important part, of the duty of the stage to be a pronouncing dictionary of the language, to bear aloft the standard of correct and elegant speech, and to make a constant appeal to the public ear in behalf of pure and refined enunciation. This function of the stage is one which the unmitigated partisans of Mr. Irving regard with supremely contemptuous indifference. Indeed, they go much further, and, with more or less careless expressions of regret at his mannerisms, speak of his faults in this kind as superficial and unessential; of elocution as a matter of form, and not

of substance. And they constantly inquire whether the spirit within the artist is not of more importance than the character of the tool with which he works. The inquiry is pertinent, the correct answer obvious, the figure employed a good one. An actor is like a painter, and the soul of the limner is of much more consequence than the shape of his implements. But if the artist has only a boot-brush and a palette-knife to work with, his soul will find great difficulty in giving expression to its inspirations. Mr. Irving's acting often reminds me of the work of such a painter. It is a perpetual annoyance to see how ill his hand and tongue subserve his purposes; how the pooriness of his tools is shown in dull or ugly lines; in other words, how his absurd enunciation disables and discredits his thought. It is necessary to go even further. Mr. Irving's elocution is bad in other and perhaps more important ways than those already indicated: his voice possesses very little resonance, and almost no richness of tone; it is high-pitched, and has a very narrow range; he seems absolutely incapable of *sustained* power and variety in speech, and the inevitable consequence is that his declamation, especially of long passages, is exceptionally weak and ineffectual. The trouble with the artist here lies in the want of something more important than a delicate brush; he has no proper assortment of colors to choose from, — little more, indeed, than plain black and white, — and Mr. Irving's work, under these conditions, when he aims at very strong effects, seems like the attempt of a painter in monochrome to reproduce the complicated beauty of a sublime scene in nature.

That the most conspicuous English-speaking actor of the day should be thus poorly equipped for his work may well be the subject of wonder to every thoughtful person. A scrutinizing glance at the man will furnish some new mat-

ter for wonder, but will also afford the beginning of an explanation of his remarkable hold upon the public. The tall, slender, flat-chested figure; the high forehead, defined at its base by strongly marked yet exceedingly flexible eyebrows; the large, positive nose; the narrow, sensitive lips; the long, thin jaw; the large, deep-set, darkly-luminous eyes, belong to a most striking and impressive personality. Speaking for myself, I should say that Mr. Irving's face is without exception the most fascinating I have ever seen upon the stage. Once beheld, it will not out of the memory; and I find, upon sifting my recollections, that, when there is no deliberate effort of my will, his face appears to me, not under the distorting or glorifying transformations of the stage, but with its usual look of quiet and somewhat sad thoughtfulness. It is a countenance obviously not adapted for all parts, perhaps not appropriate for many; but wherever it is seen it immediately constrains and inflexibly retains the attention of the spectator. There is no impropriety in saying that this peculiar charm seems to grow out of the nature of the man himself, — out of a rare and lofty refinement, a subtle and delicate intellectuality, a largeness and sweetness of nature. The quality of refinement, indeed, makes itself felt in everything which Mr. Irving does or says; strongly appealing, I have observed, even to persons of no special cultivation; marking the tone of his ordinary speech, whether the sound be agreeable to the ear or otherwise; never forsaking his delivery when his enunciation is most uncouth; and clinging like a faint odor, in spite of all the artist's fumigating processes, to such repulsive impersonations as his *Dubosc* and his *Louis*. For the purposes of the dramatic art, Mr. Irving's face is found to be singularly well adapted, within the limits which will presently be shown, to the indication of fear, disgust, suspicion, malice, jealousy, superstition, and hatred, and to

be incomparably well fitted for the expression of dignity, reserve, and melancholy. It is capable of gentle but not poignant pathos, of a certain sort of unmirthful intellectual mirth, and scarcely at all of heroic scorn, rage, frenzy, despair, or exaltation. Mr. Irving uses gesture very sparingly, — a fault, if it be a fault at all, which is near akin to a virtue, — and not in such a way as to contribute to the vivacity or significance of his text; a statement which at once demands qualification in favor of some half dozen bits of brilliant or beautiful illustrative gesture which I can recall, and nearly all of which are divided between Hamlet and Shylock. In the art of fencing, if one may judge by the duel of Hamlet with Laertes, Mr. Irving is a master; and the evidence given in that scene of the docility of the actor's muscles as the result of his training is to be added to the mass of inconsistent testimony which makes Mr. Irving the least comprehensible of actors in respect to his professional furnishing.

The prime distinctions of Mr. Irving's acting and the chief sources of its effectiveness and charm are its intensity, its artistic propriety, and its intellectuality; all these being, of course, derived or reflected from the artist's mind. By intensity I mean here that quality which results from the actor's capacity of delivering himself and all his forces and faculties, without reservation, to the demands of the character which he assumes. The sum of Mr. Irving's powers is much less than that of many other great players, but I have never seen an actor whose absorption in his work was so nearly complete and unintermitted as his. He never trifles, never forgets himself, never wearies, never relaxes the grip which he at once takes upon his part. It may be Hamlet or Mathias, Charles I. or Louis XI., Lesurques or Dubosc: from the moment of Mr. Irving's first appearance he gives up to its

service "the execution of his wit, hands, heart." That this intensity is accompanied by indications of self-consciousness in the actor, and that every such indication impairs the worth of his work, is true; but the injury in this kind is much less than any one, upon a merely theoretic consideration of Mr. Irving's art, would believe to be possible. His absolute sincerity of purpose is indeed the burdock which heals most of the wounds made by the nettle of self-consciousness. The dramatic consequence of such a high intensity is obviously great, but the value of the quality in holding the attention of audiences is inestimable. The spectator soon discovers that it will not do to skip any part of the performance; that if he leaves Mr. Irving out of sight or out of mind for a single second he may lose some highly significant look or action. The impersonation of Mathias, in *The Bells*, best illustrates this, perhaps, although any one of his assumptions would serve almost equally well. There are but two prominent ideas in the part of Mathias: remorse for the commission of a murder, fear of detection and punishment. Through Mr. Irving's utter self-surrender, these thoughts are present in every moment of his effort, each portion of which bears the same relation to the whole that a drop of water bears to a bucketful. Or, rather, the spirit of the character may be said to pervade the representation as the soul, according to certain metaphysicians, pervades the body, "being all in the whole and all in every part." So that it is not extravagant to say that the nervous apprehension of an undetected criminal is to be seen in every look, movement, and tone of Mr. Irving's Mathias, from his entrance on the stage to the last instant of his death agony; appearing as obviously to the view when he tenderly embraces his daughter as when, in talk, he nervously courses around his secret, or turns to a statue of anguish and terror

at the imagined sound of the memory-haunting bells.

Mr. Irving's artistic sense is exceedingly just and delicate, and is an ever-present factor in his performance. In witnessing eight of his impersonations, I never saw it fail him, except occasionally in a presentation of Doricourt, in *The Belle's Stratagem*, which was given at the close of a very fatiguing engagement. This faculty in Mr. Irving is pictorial, — nothing about him or his art being in any sense statuesque, — and makes him, with the help of his intensity, the most entirely picturesque actor of our time. Mademoiselle Bernhardt has a gift of like nature, but not equally high in quality or large in measure. In all his assumptions there is an abundance of delicate shading, of careful adjustment and contrast, of nice relation between parts; no touch is made so much for its own sake as for its contribution to the general effect; and though the inability to use grand and immediately effective strokes marks one of Mr. Irving's peculiar limitations, the difference, in this respect, between his work and most of the popular performance, with its vulgar and violent sacrifice of the truth and beauty of nature to the frenzy for making points, is very striking, and altogether in his favor. In his finest efforts his skill in this kind is masterly, and fills the appreciative spectator with the liveliest pleasure. Among these, *Louis XI.* stands easily first, and *Dubosc*, of *The Lyons Mail*, is second, with no long interval. A more thorough and complete embodiment of wickedness than the former impersonation — of cunning, cruelty, sensuality, treachery, cowardice, and envy, each vice being subordinate to a passionate superstition, which it feeds, and by which, again, it is fed — can hardly be conceived. Every utterance of the strident, nasal voice, with its snaps and snarls, its incisive tones of hatred, its hard notes of jealousy, its cold accents of suspicion,

its brief touches of slimy sweetness when a saint is to be propitiated by devotion, or a foe is to be destroyed by flattery; every movement of the false, sneering, lustful lips; every attitude of the feeble frame, which in the midst of its decrepit ugliness has instants of regal dignity; every one of the countless expressions of the eyes and eyebrows, with their wonderful power of questioning, qualifying, searching, doubting, insinuating, and denying, — of all these and many more details in this marvelous picture, each one is absolutely true to life; each one has its own place and significance, and its own precise relation to the general effect; none is exaggerated or unduly intrusive. A finer, truer, and more artistic adaptation of means to ends than this has not been seen upon the stage within our time. *Dubosc* is as depraved a character as *Louis*: but in the robber of the Lyons mail-coach reckless courage replaces timidity; violence alone does the work which the king divides between it and chicane, and the element of superstition is wanting. The professional thief and murderer is of course less varied and interesting than the kingly member of his guild. But Mr. Irving's portraiture of the former is of comparatively less dramatic worth for that reason, and no other. For Mr. Irving's *Dubosc* is perfect in its kind, and the contrasts between it and *Louis* serve to exemplify not only the keen discrimination of the actor, but the fine propriety and thoroughness of his artistic sense. The theme is low, but there is a high and legitimate aesthetic pleasure in the contemplation of such a creature as *Dubosc*, when face, carriage, speech, and action, the very movement of the hands in the division of booty, the kick and sprawl of the legs in the recklessness of drunken joy, are but vivid tints in a picture of magnificently complete ruffianism. The personation of the king, in Mr. Wills's tragedy of *Charles I.*, also offers many fine illustra-

tions of the same artistic quality in Mr. Irving, and I regret that I have no more space than will suffice for a mention of its melancholy beauty, its refinement, and the exquisite gentleness of manner which waits upon its regality of soul.

But the principal source of Mr. Irving's professional power and success lies in the character and quality of his intellect. Many of our native players, both of tragedy and comedy, are persons of decided mental force; but Mr. Irving appears to me to demonstrate by his performances his right to the first place in the scale of pure intelligence, among all the actors of every nationality whom I have ever seen, Mr. Edwin Booth and Madame Ristori holding the positions next in honor. It is an old axiom of the dramatic art that temperament is of the first, second, and third consequence in the actor. Mr. Irving does not shake my faith in this truth, but I admit that his career goes far to show that, in exceptional cases, the intellect may successfully take upon itself a considerable part of the burden which is usually borne by other portions of the artistic nature. It makes, of course, the greatest difference what kind of a mind is in question, for much more than mere mental strength will be required. Mr. Irving's intelligence seems to be of remarkable power, breadth, subtilty, and keenness; it is morally supplemented by a fine patience and devoted persistence; it includes a genuine inventive faculty; it is enriched by careful cultivation. The highest dramatic temperaments couceive and represent character through the exercise of a reproductive and creative faculty which is like the poet's. Similar results may be reached through the deliberate, cumulative work of the mind, which first analyzes the character, and then, piece by piece, fabricates an imitation; and the mental gifts required for such a process of analysis and simulation are of a rare

and varied sort. That there is an immense delight in encountering such an intelligence as this upon the stage, no one will deny. Its noblest and loftiest exercise must inevitably be had in the presentation of Shakespeare; and here Mr. Irving's work becomes, in every matter where pure intellect and refined scholarship can avail, a subject for the profoundest satisfaction. His skill in arranging the scenes and in cutting the dialogue is admirably good, and his reverent regard for the accepted text is scarcely less excellent than his brilliant ingenuity in varying the text of doubtful passages. In playing Hamlet, his mental power and learning have their highest exemplification. No character in Shakespeare, with the possible exceptions of King John and King Lear, asks, "in the true performing of it," such variety, penetration, subtilty, and sensitiveness of mind as the accomplished Prince of Denmark. Simply to understand his plainer speech is much, for Hamlet's meaning does not often lie near the surface. But to follow all the twists and turns of his swift-pacing wit, even before it shows the disorder of real or pretended disease; to feel, as the condition precedent of reproducing them, the contrasting glow and gloom of his wondrous imagination; to justify his incoherence by exhibiting the missing links of thought which his indifference or ecstacy so often drops; to display the deep affectionateness which the keener intuition discovers under all his masks; to show the superfine sanity which constantly characterizes his wildest utterances, and yet to indicate his dangerous nearness to that madness with which "great wit ever is allied;" and finally, to exhibit a character that, in spite of all the contradictions with which the master-poet has chosen to fill it, shall yet be human, lovable, and reasonably comprehensible, — these are tasks which require the most searching, refined, and patient intelligence; and by

their accomplishment Mr. Irving proves his mental quality beyond dispute, and his ability to grapple with any dramatic difficulty which a well-furnished brain can overcome. The artist's intelligence, in this impersonation, constantly shines with electric clearness, and it seems to me that there is scarcely a sentence which does not receive a new illumination from his action or utterance. Even soliloquies, which of course suffer under his poor elocution, are thought out so lucidly and given with such care — though always as if the actor were thinking aloud, and not "speaking a piece" — that they often disclose new beauties and new meanings. Exquisite taste, as well as acumen, constantly appears in an unerring sense of the relation of each speech to every other, to every personage and the whole play, and in the subordination of his own part, when, as in the first long scene with the Ghost, a temporary effacement of himself is due to the artistic needs of the situation. The melancholy of the Prince is of a sort which Mr. Irving is singularly well fitted to reproduce, through the cast of his countenance, the quality of his voice in its low tones, and the bent of his temperament; and with Hamlet's habits of introspection and metaphysical speculation the actor's sympathy is most intimate and profound.

It must be remembered, as a practical qualification of all which has been said of Mr. Irving's intensity, artistic perception, and mental force, that these noble qualities are sorely let and hindered, in their operation upon the stage, by the faults of style and method to which I have called attention, except only in the performance of parts like Louis and Dubosc, where his eccentricities are as often helpful as hurtful. Yet I have meant it to appear that Mr. Irving, in spite of his faults, is, in my opinion, the most purely intellectual, the most picturesque, and perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting of mod-

ern English-speaking actors. The adjective "interesting" gives the cue for a plain statement of his peculiar limitations. I have never seen a performer that aspired to the name of tragedian who was so deficient as he in the higher emotional force and in sustained passionate power. Except in his gift of dealing with the supernatural, — by which, in Mathias, he makes a tremendous attack upon the nerves, and in Hamlet finely affects the imagination, — he is an extraordinarily *light* actor in so far as he appeals to the feelings. Many a poor player, who is immeasurably below him in refinement, taste, and learning, is his superior in this respect. The want from which the difficulty grows is deep-seated, and is, I am convinced, nothing else than a lack of that temperamental solidity and force out of which alone the actor's most potent lightning can be forged. It is not necessary for the purposes of passion that this force should be accompanied with what Mr. Irving's idolaters sneeringly denominate "robustiousness." The sinew and muscle — the brawn, if you please — of which I speak is in the will and heart and imagination, not in the arms and legs. If one seeks it in its grandest form to-day, it is to be found in Signor Salvini, who in intellect is but little inferior to Mr. Irving, and in artistic faculty is decidedly above him; but it filled the genius of the pigmy Edmund Kean, and it is abundant in our own slender Mr. Booth. It lies at the root of the ability both to conceive and to express the greatest human emotions; it is the source of the pure, pathetic faculty; it is essential to a complete mastery of the spectator; it gives the eagle's tireless wing to the actor's impassioned speech. I have already alluded to Mr. Irving's inability, through lack of elocutionary variety and strength, either to attain or to sustain the effects of noble declamation; but his entire performance displays,

through an unbroken series of phenomena, the want of that temperamental impetus of which his feeble speech and his monotonous repetition of the rhythmic nod of the head, the dull stamp of the foot, and the queer clutch of the breast in exacting passages are but single symptoms. Mr. Irving's style has in no respect the sustained quality; it is, so to speak, altogether staccato; there are no sweeps or long strokes in it, but everything is accomplished by a series of light, disconnected touches or dabs, the total effect of which, when the subject is not too lofty, is agreeable and harmonious. As for his loftier-reaching passion, it has the flight, not of the storm-defying eagle, but of the short-winged, often-resting domestic fowl. Mr. Irving's selection of parts for performance in America affords a pretty sure indication of his consciousness of his limitations. But every one of the impersonations which he has given here furnishes evidence, directly and indirectly, of the truth of my thesis. The appeal which he makes is generally to the intellect or the artistic sense; he goes higher only when he must, and then he almost always fails. Louis and Dubosc are "character parts," and are natural and proper subjects for picturesque treatment. But Mr. Irving does not attempt to make anything more of them, and their malevolent wickedness, which an actor of emotional genius might use to fill the spectator with loathing and abhorrence, is a purely æsthetic delight to the most sensitive observer of his interpretation. Charles I. is an exquisite portrait, painted with beautiful softness and tenderness of tints, and is mildly touching in its melancholy dignity; but its opportunities for poignant pathos are neglected, or frittered away. In Shylock Mr. Irving makes his most conspicuous failure in this kind. There are some very strong points in his impersonation, and the outlines of the character are drawn with a firm and skillful

hand; but the stress of the Jew's great passion is scarcely hinted at, except through the grim reserve of the latter half of the trial scene, and the explosions of his volcanic nature are accompanied by nothing more than a little noise and steam. Mr. Irving's Hamlet is not far from being an exception to the rule which has been laid down; but upon close scrutiny, I think it will not be found to weaken the force of what I have urged. It shows, indeed, the highest reach and amplest scope of the actor's intelligence; but I venture to differ from Mr. Archer, the critic, by asserting that Hamlet is not essentially heroic, and, on the contrary, is a "character part." That Hamlet is eminently picturesque is obvious; that he is not a character of sustained passion is equally obvious, inasmuch as infirmity of will is his chief moral trait. At all events, it is certain that Mr. Irving follows the lighter method in his impersonation, and that his success in it is won chiefly through the variety, vivacity, and delicacy with which he represents the picturesque side of the Prince's nature. Upon a review of Mr. Irving's efforts, it will even be seen, not only that he has no capacity for displaying vigorous, sustained passion, but that he never attains a lofty, emotional pitch, even for a moment. In all his performances, I can recall but one instance to the contrary, and that, as all my readers know, occurs just before the close of the "play scene" in Hamlet, where his snaky wriggle towards the King, his scream of triumph and wrath, and his frenzied but regal action in mounting the throne and holding it, as if he had just dispossessed a usurper, always produce a strong thrill in the audience. The instance, however, is isolated, and it is curious to note that Mr. Irving accomplishes all the best of the effect of the scene without the help of any comprehensible speech. If further proof were wanting of the lightness of Mr. Irving's emo-

tional gift, it might be found in the uniform demeanor of his audiences; those of America repeating, according to my experience, the behavior of those of London, who, if Mr. Archer's keen eyesight is to be trusted, are almost always "intellectually interested, but not emotionally excited." That Mr. Irving ever attempted Macbeth and Othello seems impossible; that he should ever presume to attempt King Lear is incredible.

My conclusions, then, are these: that Mr. Irving's art would be much more effectual than it is if "to do" were one half "as easy" with him as his knowledge of "what were good to do" is clear; that if abundance, brilliancy, clearness and refinement of thought, artistic insight, definiteness of purpose, sincerity of feeling, and intensity of devotion were all that is needed in a player, he would be easily first among the actors of our time; that, since the highest end of acting is not to refresh and stimulate the mind, to refine and gratify the taste, or to charm the fancy, but strongly to move the spirit and profoundly to stir the heart, his claim to a place among the greatest masters of his craft is not as yet made out. After all is said, I find there is a certain charm in his performance which has not been accounted for, which defies analysis, and refuses

even to be described, out which is strangely potent upon the imagination of the spectator. That his existence in the dramatic profession, even as he is, with all his imperfections on his head, is an inestimable boon to the stage of England and America seems to me quite clear, inasmuch as it is impossible that his peculiar faults should find many imitators. And, looking at Mr. Irving, the most advanced English student of the drama may find one obvious compensation for the absence of a conservatory like that of Paris, and of a theatre like the Français: for in the destruction of his mannerisms, which must have made a part of Mr. Irving's pupilage, the artist himself would surely have perished, as the heroine of Hawthorne's most fanciful story died under the process of obliterating the birthmark from her cheek. To Mr. Irving's marvelous skill in setting and adorning his stage, and in guiding his supporting performers, — a skill which seems to amount almost to genius, — I can make only this brief allusion. Our public are not likely to forget that they owe to him representations of Shakespeare which have done more to educate the community, and which have given, on the whole, more complete satisfaction and refined pleasure, than any others which the American stage has ever known.

Henry A. Clapp.

THE AMERICAN EDITION OF KEATS.

NEXT to being introduced to a poet's works by the living voice of a friend who loves him stands the good fortune of making his acquaintance through a notable edition: either an early one, such as the author himself held in his hands;

¹ *The Letters of John Keats.* Edited by JNO. GILMER SPEED. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

The Poems of John Keats. With the annota-

or one small, brown, stained, dingy, that shows how even corroding time has respected the "tales and golden histories;" or one like this of Keats,¹ a trio of volumes, at once beautiful and plain. The first volume is made up of the letter of LORD HOUGHTON, and a memoir by JNO. GILMER SPEED. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

ters previously printed by Lord Houghton (including Severn's account of the poet's death) and by Harry Buxton Forman, and, in addition, the unpublished letters to George Keats, who settled in Kentucky; the second and third volumes contain an unimportant memoir, the suppressed preface to *Endymion*, one new and inferior sonnet, and the poems heretofore edited by Lord Houghton, with the latter's notes. Several portraits are given. Those in colors are from the oil painting of John, the miniature on ivory of George, the water-color sketch of Tom, —all by Severn, and in the possession of the American branch of the family. The others, variously reproduced, are the mask of the poet by Haydon, 1818; the sketch by Severn, 1818, and the drawing made by him at Rome when the poet lay dying; and a silhouette of Miss Brawne. The entirely new matter consists of about fifty pages (a sixth of the whole body of letters) from Keats' correspondence with his brothers. It puts the financial relations of the poet and his brother George in a more honorable light, makes out Audubon to have been a cheat and the chief cause of George's embarrassments in his first years in America, and pleasantly reveals the affection between the brothers, and in the poet himself a spirit of self-sacrifice and entire trustfulness that will redound much to his praise. Two important corrections are made of errors by Lord Houghton. That author says that Keats' eyes were large and blue, and his hair auburn. The note by Mrs. George Keats is, "A mistake. His eyes were dark brown, almost black, large, and expressive, and his hair was a golden red." A more important matter is mistaking the "East Indian," of whom Keats wrote, "She makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess," etc., for Miss Brawne. The latter he describes as follows:—

"Shall I give you Miss Brawne? She is about my height, with a fine

style of countenance of the lengthened sort; she wants sentiment in every feature; she manages to make her hair look well; her nostrils are very fine, though a little painful; her mouth is bad and good; her profile is better than her full face, which, indeed, is not full, but pale and thin, without showing any bone; her shape is very graceful, and so are her movements; her arms are good, her hands baddish, her feet tolerable. She is not seventeen, but she is ignorant; monstrous in her behavior, flying out in all directions, calling people such names that I was forced lately to make use of the term,—Minx. This is, I think, from no innate vice, but from a penchant she has for acting stylishly."

The judgment to be passed on Keats is not materially affected by the present addition to his memorials. There is more ample illustration of his humor, and in general of the familiar relations he sustained with his intimate friends, but there is little to throw further light on his literary character. It is so long, however, since these letters were published, and their importance is so great for an intelligent knowledge of Keats, that we shall attempt, mainly by liberal quotations from them, to show their bearing on his reputation, in the hope of contributing somewhat toward correcting the common impression of him as essentially characterized by a refined sensuousness,—an effort already made by Mr. Arnold, but too briefly and circumspectly. Before entering on this, it must be unwillingly said that the edition before us cannot be praised without reservation. One would think that the proof-reading, at least, might have been faithful: such blots as "*Edymion*," "a women's," such an ignorant retention of an old error as "*Herme's*," and like defects, are inexcusable in an issue of such pretensions. Again, in a professedly complete edition, why should only the extract made by Lord Houghton from the letter printed in Leigh Hunt's *Lord*

Byron and his Contemporaries be given, instead of the whole? The collection of the poems, too, is by no means so complete as it might have been made, even before Mr. Forman's recent edition, since some of these, given by Lord Houghton, as well as others printed in newspapers, have been omitted. In fact, the fifty pages of the American correspondence is all that especially distinguishes this work.

In the domestic, chatty, and nonsense portions of these letters, new and old; in their chaffing, their abandon, their unregarded laughter (and admirable fooling they are, too), there is a spontaneous and irresponsible gayety, which, being quite natural only to the young heart and mind, charmingly discloses Keats' youthfulness, his prime quality. Of all the famous English poets, he had most of the spirit of April in him. His senses were keen; his temperament was feverish, now jealous and irritable, and straightway humble and indulgent; his imaginary joys and sorrows were spiritual possessions, subjecting him; his humor was scampering, his fancy teeming, his taste erratic, his critical faculty exposed to balking enthusiasms; his opinions of men and affairs were hasty, circumscribed, frequently adopted unreflectingly at second-hand; and, with all these boyish traits, he was extremely self-absorbed. At the centre of his individuality, nevertheless, was the elemental spark, the saving power of genius, the temperance, sanity, and self-reverence of a fine nature gradually coming to the knowledge of its faculties and unriddling the secret of its own moral beauty. Hence Lord Houghton, with more essential justice to Keats than any of his louder eulogists have done, describes his works as rather the exercises of his poetical education than the character of his original and free power; and Matthew Arnold, even when placing him with Shakespeare, excuses him as a 'prentice hand in the wisest art. Too

many of his admirers, seizing upon the external, accidental, and temporal in his biography and the fragmentary and parasitical in his poetry, have really wronged Keats more than did the now infamous reviews; they have rescued him from among the cockneys only to confound him with the neo-pagans. It will, consequently, be well to inquire more carefully than has heretofore been done wherein the charm and worth and promise of Keats lay. The first step toward the solution is the recognition of his immaturity, — the acknowledgment that his memorials must be searched for the seeds of time rather than the fruits.

Sensuous Keats was, as every poet whose inspiration is direct from heaven must be; unfortunately, the extraordinary beauty and facility of his descriptions of sensation and his addiction to climax and point in his prose have made it easy to quote phrases which seem to show that he was unduly attached to delights of mere sense. To pass by the anecdotes of Haydon, not too scrupulous a truth-teller, here is a characteristic paragraph written to his brother George: —

"This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent, and supremely careless; I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*; my passions are all asleep, from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me to a delightful sensation about three degrees this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl and the breath of lilies, I should call it languor; but as I am I must call it laziness. In this state of effeminacy, the fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree that pleasure has no show of enticement and pain no unbearable frown; neither poetry, nor ambition, nor love have any alertness of countenance; as they pass by me, they seem rather like threec figures in a Greek vase, two men and a woman, whom no one but myself could distinguish in their

disguisement. This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overpowering the mind."

Similarly he enumerates the pleasures of drinking claret or of eating a peach with a zest that would have made him a boon companion of Lucullus; and his luxurious description of the East Indian, referred to above, needs but a few lines of the passage to his brother's wife to recall it:—

"She kept me awake one night, as a tune of Mozart's might do. I speak of the thing as a pastime and an amusement, than which I can feel none deeper than a conversation with an imperial woman, the very 'yes' and 'no' of whose life is to me a banquet. . . . As a man of the world, I love the rich talk of a Charmian; as an eternal being, I love the thought of you. I should like her to ruin me, and I should like you to save me."

Such quick susceptibility to sensuous impressions of every kind might be plentifully illustrated by opening almost at random in his works. But the characteristics that mark the real sensualist—the content that the lotus-leaf vapors forth, the fierceness of the centaur's pursuit, the struggle of the faun's transformation—are nowhere to be found in the letters or the poems; before his illness, at least, there is nowhere any debilitation, any irresolution, any mastery of the instincts over the mind. In fact, without any revolution of his nature, without the slightest effort, by mere growth it would seem, he passed on into the Chamber of Maiden Thought, as he phrased it, and became absorbed as deeply in his reflections as previously in his impulses. At no time, indeed, was he wholly unthoughtful. The passages that have been given above are parenthetical, and should be read in connection with such as these, of the opposite tenor:—

"I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of a man; they make our prime objects a refuge as well as a passion."

"I am becoming accustomed to the privations of the pleasures of sense. In the midst of the world, I live like a hermit. I have forgot how to lay plans for the enjoyment of any pleasure. I feel I can bear anything, — any misery, even imprisonment, — so long as I have neither wife nor child."

"Women must want imagination, and they may thank God for it; and so may we, that a delicate being can feel happy without any sense of crime."

"Scenery is fine, but human nature is finer; the sword is richer for the tread of a real nervous English foot; the eagle's nest is finer for the mountaineer having looked into it."

Many a remark, based like these immediately upon his own experience, shows that Keats had an insight into his own life and an outlook on the world inconsistent with the portrayal of him as merely impassioned with sensuous beauty.

So far, in fact, was Keats from being either lapped in Lydian airs or fed on food of sweetest melancholy that he was sometimes a disagreeably unhappy person, if his brother George's description of him be wholly true, since his moodiness was vented in complaints, irritable jealousies, and like ways. However exceptional such occasions were in the intercourse of the brothers, this exposure, taken together with some of the upbraidings in the letters to Fanny Brawne, is very significant. Keats himself refers to the strain of morbidity in him, and, although from time to time he felt the strong awakening of the philanthropic instinct, frequently expresses his distaste for society, his misanthropy, his indifference to the public, his wish to live withdrawn, free from human relations, engaged in poetizing for his own sake. Toward women especially he had a bitter tongue, before he fell in love with Fanny Brawne.

"When I was a schoolboy, I thought a fair woman a pure goddess; my mind

was a soft nest in which some one of them slept, though she knew it not. . . . When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen ; I cannot speak or be silent ; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing ; I am in a hurry to be gone. You must be charitable, and put all this perversity to my being disappointed since my boyhood. Yet with such feelings I am happier alone, among crowds of men, by myself, or with a friend or two."

He ascribes this peculiarity to his love for his brothers, "passing the love of women."

"I have been ill-tempered with them, I have vexed them, — but the thought of them has always stifled the impression that any woman might otherwise have made on me."

He saw but little to choose, in his satirical moods, between men and hawks: —

"The hawk wants a mate; so does the Man. Look at them both: they set about it and procure one in the same manner; they want both a nest, and they set about one in the same manner. The noble animal man, for his amusement, smokes a pipe; the hawk balances about the clouds: that is the only difference of their pleasures."

Experience did not teach him more charity, though it made him more discriminating: —

"The more I know of men the more I know how to value entire liberality in any of them. Thank God, there are a great many who will sacrifice their worldly interest for a friend. I wish there were more who would sacrifice their passions. The worst of men are those whose self-interests are their passions; the next, those whose passions are their self-interest. Upon the whole, I dislike mankind. Whatever people on the other side of the question may advance, they cannot deny that they are always surprised at hearing of a good action and never of a bad one."

This temper toward man in the ab-

stract is the general feeling of which his mood toward the public is a special instance. He simply disregarded men who stood in no intimate relation to him, whether he met them in society or wrote verses for them to read. He was not, if his word be literally taken, sensitive to criticism or ambitious of popularity: he neglected the one because he put faith in his own judgment, and he despised the other because it was to be got at a vulgar cost. His depreciation of the life of men, as he saw it, arose partly from a consciousness of power, partly from a sense of the distance between his thoughts and hopes and those of his fellows. The aloofness of genius he had in full measure. That curiously complex emotion, into which so many instincts and perceptions enter that it is scarcely analyzable at all, and is forced to go under the name of pride, was often dominant in his moods when others than his friends were before his attention. In short, Keats was as incompatible with his surroundings as ever any young poet left to the oblivion of his own society; and he was as indignant at stupidity, as tired of insignificance, as thoroughly world-weary, as a solitary enthusiast for the ideal could well be. In his last letter to George he sums the whole matter up more fully than at first but to the same purport: —

"T is best to remain aloof from people and like their good parts without being eternally troubled with the dull process of their every-day lives. When once a person has smoked the vapidity of the routine of society he must either have self-interest or the love of some sort of distinction to keep him in good humor with it. All I can say is that, standing at Charing Cross and looking east, west, north, and south, I can see nothing but dullness. I hope while I am young to live retired in the country. When I grow in years and have a right to be idle, I shall enjoy cities more."

In this opinion he did retire to one

place or another, — the Isle of Wight, or Winchester, or Teignmouth, and there isolating himself dreamed out his poems. He lived in a sort of ecstasy during no small portion of these solitary hours, when he could call the roaring of the wind his wife, the stars through the window panes his children, and rest contented in the abstract idea of beauty in all things. This absorption in the idea of beauty which underlaid the formulation of his creed in the oft-quoted lines, —

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know;"

which also led him into that much-misunderstood exclamation, "O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts;" this intoxication, as it were, with the loveliness of earth, was in his belief a true Pythian inspiration, the medium of the divine revelation. The world takes such expressions as extravaganzas, or as mystical philosophy; but to Keats they were as commonplace as the proverbs of the hearth; he meant them as entirely lucid expressions of plain sense. This point in the criticism of Keats has been too little insisted on and brought to notice. He put his faith in the suggestions of the spirit; he relied on the intimations of what is veiled from full sight; he had little patience with such minds as could not be content with half-knowledge, or as would refuse to credit convictions because they could not be expressed in detail, with logical support, and felt with the hand of sense all round, if one may employ the phrase; in other words, he believed in the imagination as a truth-finding faculty, not less valid because it presents truth in a wholly different way from the purely logical intellect. This was the deepest and most rooted persuasion of his mind from the time when he first comes under our observation. To bring together a few expressions of it is the only right way of setting Keats' creed in this matter before the reader.

The following extracts are from various parts of his letters, from the earliest ones on to the later: —

"At once it struck me what quality went to form a man of achievement, especially in literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously — I mean *negative capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason. Coleridge, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verisimilitude caught from the penetralium of Mystery, from being incapable of remaining content with half-knowledge. This pursued through volumes would perhaps take us no further than this, that with a great poet the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration."

"Many a man can travel to the very bourne of Heaven, and yet want confidence to put down his half-seeing."

"I never feel certain of any truth but from a clear perception of its beauty, and I find myself very young-minded, even in that perceptive power."

"The whole thing must, I think, have appeared to you, who are a consecutive man, as a thing almost of mere words. But I assure you that, when I wrote it, it was a regular stepping of the imagination toward a truth."

"What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth, whether it existed before or not. . . . The imagination may be compared to Adam's dream — he awoke and found it truth. I am more zealous in this affair because I have never yet been able to perceive how anything can be known for truth by consecutive reasoning, and yet [so] it must be. . . . However it may be, O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts! It is a 'vision in the form of youth,' a shadow of reality to come."

A shadow of reality to come! What a light that sentence throws on Keats' aspiration for sensations rather than

thoughts, for beauty rather than logic, for the sight rather than the inference, for the direct rather than the mediate perception of the divine ! So, at least, it is plain, he understood himself ; and whether one counts his faith a vague self-deception, meaningless except to a mystic, or has found the most precious truth borne in upon his heart only by this selfsame way, the recognition of Keats' own philosophy not merely lifts him out of and above the sphere of the purely sensuous poets, but reveals at once the spiritual substance which underlies his poetry, and which gives it vitality for all time. To other men beauty has been a passion, but to him it was a faith ; it was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen, — *a shadow of the reality to come*. It was not, as with other poets singly, in the beauty of nature, the beauty of virtue, the beauty of a woman's face, that he found his way to the supra-sensible ; he says in his most solemn words, "I have loved the principle of beauty *in all things*." Though dying, he said it proudly, as one who had kept the faith that was given him ; and since he chose that declaration as the summary of his accomplishment, it needs to be borne in mind, with all its large and many-sided meaning, by those who would pluck out the heart of his mystery.

But although to Keats the worship of beauty in all things was the essence of his life, and the delight that sprang from it the essence of his joy, he did not find in these the whole of life. At first he had been satisfied if the melancholy fit fell on him, "sudden from heaven, like a weeping cloud," — eager to let the passion have its way with him, until it was wreaked upon expression ; but he felt this overmastery of his own will an injury, not merely exhausting but wasteful.

"Some think I have lost that poetic ardor and fire 't is said I once had ; —

the fact is, perhaps I have ; but, instead of that, I hope I shall substitute a more thoughtful and quiet power. I am more frequently, now, contented to read and think, but now and then haunted with ambitious thoughts, . . . scarcely content to write the best verses for the fever they leave behind. I want to compose without this fever. I hope I one day shall."

Similarly, he wishes to know more, and is determined to "get learning, get understanding," if only that he may keep his balance in the "high sensations" that draw him into their whirl.

"Although I take poetry to be the chief, there is something else wanting to one who passes his time among books and thoughts on books. . . . I find earlier days are gone by — I find I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good to the world. . . . There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it ; and, for that end, purpose retiring for some years."

The years that should have perfected his powers were denied to him ; his account was made up. In these broken plans, however ; in this constant expansion of his view and faithful laying of his experience to heart ; in the wisdom of his interpretation of what came within his scope ; in a word, in his teachableness as well as in his steadier enthusiasm, his uncloyed sensibility, his finer spirituality, as the promise of Keats seems brighter, so his worth seems greater. These letters show that more had passed into his character than was ever reproduced in his poems. We come back to Lord Houghton's decision. Fine as the work of Keats is, his genius was, nevertheless, only

"The bloom, whose petals, nipt before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit."

It has been suggested in some quar-

ters that, notwithstanding Keats' early death, he would probably have done no better work, if indeed he even maintained himself at the height he had reached. In support of this it is urged that Wordsworth's best poetry was written in youth, and that Coleridge's powers were employed on really excellent verse only for two years. Keats' letters make it folly to entertain such a belief; they (and the works too) exhibit not only an increase of intellectual, but also of artistic power. There is no present occasion for a reviewal of his poems; but, in connection with this point, it may be remarked that his principal defect is in style, as is shown by the necessity he continually felt of studying literary models, which nevertheless affected his productions hardly at all, except in linguistic handling, — in the choice and flow of words, after Spenser, the structure of sentences, after Milton and later (in *Lamia*) after Dryden, and in a movement and kind of verbal *esprit*, after Ariosto. This restless change from one master to another, as well as some few critical remarks, indicates a power to form a distinctive style of his own. Again, the marked pictorial character of his poetry — the quality it has to impress one like a cartoon or a bas-relief ("the brede of marble men and maidens"), the grace of form and attitude in the figures of his poetic vision — was clearly recognized by him to be in excess in his compositions. Originally, this was due, in a high degree, to the accident of his friendship with Haydon; the portfolios of the masters helped his imagination in definiteness, in refine-

ment, and especially in power of grouping. As the mind became more to him, and the eye less, he was dissatisfied with the *ensemble* of his works. He condemned even the most perfect composition of this kind in English: "I wish to diffuse the coloring of St. Agnes' Eve throughout a poem in which character and sentiment would be the figures to such drapery." One who could speak of such a poem as "drapery" was far from the conclusion of his artistic education. Lastly, he was from the beginning ambitious of writing dramas. *Otho* and *King Stephen* are by no means unmistakable prophecies of success, had he continued in this hope. The effort, however, proves an interest in humanity of a different order from that shown in the mythological or lyrical pieces, and makes evident how far the naturalism of his published poetry was from expressing the fullness of his mind. These three things — the incipency of his style, the acknowledged insufficiency of picturesque art in creating the best poetry, and the ardent desire to deal with human life directly, and on the large scale in the drama — are enough to convince us that Keats was truly a Chatterton, only less unfortunate, — "Born for the future, to the future lost;" one who, though he wears, Adonis-like, the immortal youth that lies in the gift of early death, would have been even dearer to the world, had his name lost in pathos and gained in honor, as it assuredly would have done if his grass-grown grave wore the wheaten garland of England instead of the Roman daisies.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

M. CHARLES YRIARTE's *Françoise de Rimini dans la Légende et dans l'Histoire*¹ is a valuable addition to Dantesque literature; giving in a brief and attractive form the results of the efforts made by himself, and others before him, to ascertain the facts concerning the tragedy sketched by Dante in the fifth canto of the *Inferno*, and the three persons who figured in it.

The author foreshadows his own conclusions at the outset, when he avers that "the legend, thanks to the incomparable genius of Dante, has acquired a life more real than that of history." Most of the first chapter, which comprises a somewhat vague description of the state of the Holy Roman Empire in general, and of Italy in particular, during the thirteenth century, is wholly superfluous. The interest begins only with the second chapter, in which Francesca's story, as given in the *Inferno*, is criticised, and the *dramatis personæ* are discussed.

Francesca's family derived its name from the castle of Polenta, near Ravenna, and first appears in history in 1196. Her father, Guido di Lamberto di Ravenna, called Guido the Younger, was a Guelfic *condottiere*, and in 1275 Gregory X. rewarded his services to the Papacy by appointing him to rule over Ravenna. It was in this year (1275) that her fatal marriage with Giovanni di Malatesta, nicknamed Gianciotto (Lame John), took place. Giovanni was the son of Malatesta da Verucchio di Rimini, and was not only lame, but ill-favored. At the age of twenty he had already gained a reputation as a military leader, and he is constantly named, between 1278 and 1304, as *podestat* of Forlì, Faluza, and Pesaro.

He was probably born about the year 1248, and Francesca between 1255 and 1260.

Paolo di Malatesta, Francesca's lover, was as handsome as his brother was ugly, — so handsome that he was surnamed *Il Bello*. He was born in 1252, and in 1269 married Orabile Beatrice, daughter of Uberto, Count of Chiaggioli. This marriage was designed to secure the Malatestas in the possession of certain lands which they had coveted and unjustly seized. While all agree that Francesca's marriage was in the nature of a treaty between the Polenta and Malatesta families, opinions differ as to the moving cause. Some maintain, with Boccaccio, that hostilities had existed between them, and that the marriage was a pledge of peace; others follow the conclusion of Muratori, based on certain chronicles of the fourteenth century, that it was the price paid by the Polentas for friendly services rendered them in time of need by the Malatestas. The fact remains, in either view of the case, that Francesca was sacrificed to political expediency.

M. Yriarte next proceeds to inquire into the circumstances of the tragedy and Dante's knowledge of them. However he acquired that knowledge, it was not during his residence with the Polenta family, which began in 1317, for the *Inferno* was written in 1300. The comparison of these dates, moreover, conclusively proves that he did not immortalize Francesca's story to requite the good offices of her family, as has been asserted, and makes one suspect that, on the contrary, their favor was bestowed in requital of his lines.

Dante was twenty years of age in 1285, when Francesca and Paolo were

¹ *Françoise de Rimini dans la Légende et dans l'Histoire*. Avec vignettes et dessins inédits

d'INGRES et d'ARY SCHEFFER. Par CHARLES YRIARTE. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1883.

murdered; old enough to be in the way of learning all the details of the case.

The current version of the murder is that given by Boccaccio in his lectures upon Dante, delivered in Florence in 1373, nearly a century after the occurrence. He distinctly states that in his opinion Francesca's guilt "is an invention, based on the possibility of the fact, rather than anything which he (Dante) knew of his own knowledge;" but oddly enough he adduces nothing in support of his hypothesis.

According to him, Francesca was the victim of a base deception. Owing to the revolting appearance of Gianciotto, Paolo was sent as proxy to sign the marriage contract, perform his brother's part at the marriage ceremony, and conduct her to Rimini; and she supposed him to be her husband, until the next morning, when she discovered Gianciotto at her side.

Relations of easy but innocent familiarity were soon established between Francesca and Paolo, and they continued undisturbed, until a servant excited the suspicions of Gianciotto. He was frequently absent, attending to his duties as podestat; but one day he returned secretly, and was informed that Paolo was in his wife's chamber. Rushing to the door, he found it fastened inside; he exerted all his strength to open it, but in vain.

Paolo begged Francesca to undo the fastening, while he escaped by a secret door leading into another apartment. Unfortunately, his clothing caught in something, as he was passing through the door, and his brother, perceiving it, ran at him, sword in hand. Francesca interposed, and received the full force of the blow intended for Paolo.

Seeing his wife, whom he tenderly loved, lying dead, the desperate Gianciotto killed his brother, and then, leaving the bodies as they fell, withdrew from the palace, and returned to his post.

The lovers were buried the next

morning in the same tomb, amid the tears of the people.

Comments upon Dante's line,

"Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse,"

follow the discussion of Boccaccio's version of the story, and are here made to show that Dante proclaims Francesca's guilt no less clearly than Boccaccio declares his belief that she was innocent.

Galahad was the book and he who wrote it, says Francesca's shade; that is, the book (Lancelot of the Lake) which Paolo and I were reading played between us the part of Galahad, who, it will be remembered, fostered Guinevere's guilty love for Lancelot.

The issue thus raised between Dante and Boccaccio is tried by consulting the chroniclers.

No mention of Francesca occurs in history until long after Dante's death. Marco Battaglia, in his Latin chronicle known as the *Anonymi Itali Historia*, which dates from 1354, is the first historical writer who relates her story.

He simply and briefly states that Francesca and Paolo were killed by Gianciotto, "*ex causa luxurie commissæ*." Jacopo della Lena is the only other historical authority on the subject that antedates Boccaccio. He asserts that the lovers were killed "*suso el peccato*."

As all subsequent chroniclers sustain this assertion, it is obviously impossible to believe with Boccaccio that Francesca was innocent.

M. Yriarte, however, gallantly gives Francesca the benefit of such doubt as exists by reason of the lack of other contemporary evidence than that of Dante.

The illustrations in this work are not particularly pleasing or well executed. Three of them are from hitherto unpublished drawings of Ingres. The artist has thrice attempted and thrice failed to portray the catastrophe depicted by Dante. The attitudes of the figures are theatrical, and the accessories have all the appearance of stage properties.

ENGLISH FOLK-LORE AND LONDON HUMORS.

POPULAR superstition is so long-lived and popular humor is so antiquated that the two volumes¹ before us, although they would naturally be thought to belong to different centuries, may be regarded as contemporaneous in their subject matter. Both titles are, to a certain extent, misnomers: in Mr. Dyer's book there is much that is not folk-lore, and in Mr. Ashton's there is a considerable portion of the humor that belongs to all times and nations alike. But, not to cavil, traits of rural England in Shakespeare's day and for long afterwards are instructively illustrated in one; and, in the other, characteristics of the city of the Roundheads in the Cavalier time are exemplified by a series of anecdotes and ballads, many of which Shakespeare undoubtedly laughed at when he was young, and was bored by when he grew old. By the help of both, an amusing, vivid, and tolerably complete idea of the habits of thinking and pleasuring among the lower orders before the Revolution can be made out.

In the volume especially devoted to Shakespeare and the country, — for one cannot think of folk-lore in a municipality, — there is a plentiful store of knowledge regarding witches, ghosts, elves, fairies; the Robins, Pucks, Jacks, Wills, Joans, Pegs, Hobbs, Gills, and all benevolent or malicious sprites; demons of earth, fire, and air, and the other ranks of the devil's hierarchy, with which our ancestors made walking o' nights a diversion. But, instead of confining himself within such limits, the author has really written a dictionary of popular beliefs and customs referred to by Shakespeare, and by sucking dry special authorities on one or another subject

has swelled out his one book so that it is a little library by itself. Although not an original work, as might be thought, but a compilation and condensation of several others, small and large, it does not pretend to being anything new. Its usefulness, so far from being impaired by its second-hand nature, is the greater, inasmuch as the author opens in a general view a much larger horizon than any specialist could have done by his own separate investigation.

Opening the volume at random, one cannot but be struck by the curious psychological fact that the uneducated hold nothing so true as that into which an element of doubt enters. In the history of all superstitions, hallucinations, chicanery, or other sources of vulgar error, faith is not only harder to combat than is common sense, but faith in evil is more obstinate than faith in good. The devil-worshippers, however dignified by more euphemistic names, are by no means an extinct sect now, and in our forefathers' day their imaginations were active. What more plausible historical argument could a modern pessimist adduce for his opinions than the disproportionate number of evil beings which were conjured out of the north of old, the traditional habitation of demons, as may still be noticed in Milton? They thronged the witches' Sabbath; they rode howling down the winds in the pack of the spectral hunter; they assumed all disguises, corporeal or ghostly, ugly or fair, strange or ordinary, human or beastly, — Amaimon, whom Glendower gave the bastinado, Barbason, Mahu, the chief dictator of hell, and the whole unloosed legion. Nor did they only walk the earth in "all shapes that

¹ *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare*. By the REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M. A. OXON. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. 1884.

Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century. Collected and Illustrated by JOHN ASHTON. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1884.

man goes up and down in;" their shadowy influence was felt in many a ludicrous conceit or cruel custom. The goat still went to the devil every twenty-four hours to have his beard combed; a tailless cat would empty a room like the pestilence; the stool and stake were at hand for the trial and execution of any withered, crooked, mumbling old crone. The supernatural was as usual then as scientific experiments are now. The moon shed insanity, engendered the abortive moon-calf, touched herbs with medicinal virtue; the thunderstone fell; the Scotch barnacle blossomed into geese; the owl shrieked, —

"the fatal bellman

Which gives the stern'st good night;"

the basilisk fascinated; the phoenix, dragon, and unicorn were names of weird meaning; and rats were rhymed to death in Ireland. Similarly, the plants, flowers, insects, reptiles, had curious properties and strange histories. In medicine, — next to religion the great field of unreason, — alchemists distilled potable gold, witches made mummy for Othello handkerchiefs, and quacks sold drugs against the malign influence of the sun's and moon's eclipses. To a truly scientific mind, how almost out of nature must it seem that the sanest mind in all literature was "evolved" during the prevalence of such a view of natural phenomena!

In the latter half of his work Mr. Dyer has given attention to pastimes, habits and customs, and miscellaneous matters, that exhibit the material rather than the mental state of the English country-folk in Shakespeare's age. "England was merry England then," as the verse says, and it is pleasant to know that a few of the old Maypoles remain: "one still supports a weathercock in the churchyard at Pendleton, Manchester; and in Derbyshire, a few years ago, several were to be seen standing on some of the village greens." Around them, adorned with St. George's

banner and the white, forked pennon, ranged the ancient morris-dance of Scarlet, Maid Marian, and Little John; and near by were played the comic interludes that furnished "more matter for a May morning." The revolving months brought frequent festivals, each with its special character: now there was drinking of the Whitsun ale, sold by the church-wardens to repair the church; and now the "booting" and hock-cart of the harvest home furnished more amusement to the young; Midsummer Eve and Hallowmas, and above all Christmas, with their questioning maids, their soul-cakes, their gilt nutmegs and was-sail candles; and many, many more there were that make our own holidays seem starvelings by comparison. Births, christenings, marriages, deaths, and burials, now too generally only matters of record, were solemn and, even in the case of the last two, happy occasions. But all this is become, so to speak, an old wives' tale. Briefly, by merely glancing here and there in the last two hundred pages, one is sure to come upon some "rite of May" that he would have been glad "to do observance" to. Cakes and ale we have, and ginger is hot i' the mouth; but how many a pretty extravagance has gone by that once made Britannia's Pastorals something more genuine than an elaborated suggestion from Theocritus! Colin Clout is a homely name, and Autolycus is a pleasant one, but both "suffer not thinking on with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, —

"For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot."

Would that Colin might again come to court, say we; even at the risk of not escaping a peerage so easily as he was wont!

Mr. Ashton's volume exhibits city life, or such of its least repulsive elements as gave color to some of the vulgarities and tavern fooleries of Shakespeare's dramas, and formed the staple of the low comedy. It is a collection

of jests, brief tales, and ballads, with a slight admixture of political satire, and is consequently a book to be read in, and not through. In large quantities, a jest book is almost as dry reading as Jewish history. In the first place, much of it is already familiar, and has been from the dawn of the humorous faculty in man; in the second place, many of the jokes have been improved on since antiquity, so that to look for attractive humor in them is like looking for human beauty in an anthropoid ape; in the third place—but this is to be guilty of that very lack of freshness in treatment of which we complain. The man who hoped to live to hear his own funeral sermon preached; the sot who went to bed last night like a beast,—“What, so drunk?” “No, so sober;” the trio who, being tied over a stream by girdles, the first to a tree, the second to the first, and so on, hung quietly while the upper one undid his fastening in order to tighten it (*Hibernice*, “Wait till I spit on my hands”); the rogue who called on the bystanders to seize the judge, “for I go in danger of my life because of him;” the husband who gave speech to his dumb wife by the help of the magician, but found no magician potent enough to stop her tongue; the lass who remarked of the very old wine that it was very little for its age (ascribed sometimes to Foote); the new-fledged scholar who proved two glasses, or chickens, or herrings, or whatsoever, to be three, and was told to solace himself with the third; and many another of the witty characters who are resuscitated in these pages, were probably among those who told Noah that “it would n’t be much of a shower.” In fact, one need only read over the list of sources whence Mr. Ashton has reprinted these extracts to see that some of his authorities are merely compendiums of all the wit extant, as is declared on their title-pages; and consequently the collection, as a whole, belongs to the seven-

teenth century only in the sense that it was all printed between the extreme limits 1600–1700.

It should not be understood, however, that the work is without local or temporal color. The chief butt is of course the countryman, as always. The despised nationality is, as in Shakespeare’s time, the Welsh; but there must be some tenderness in Mr. Ashton’s heart for the Scotch, who surely were more shot at than would be thought from these extracts. The Irish and the Jews, who furnish so many first and second clowns to our contemporary drolleries, appear scarcely at all. The Puritan, who in humor is necessarily the hypocrite in a vile form, and the Cavalier, who poses as dandy or braggart, are more fully represented. In general, however, no class or sect is aimed at; the wit is individual, ascribed to the jesters of the age, Scogin, Hobson, George Peele, or Tarlton, and the humor universal, dealing with such themes as the married man’s repentance, the evils of getting poor by drink, the millennium to come when the devil goes blind, the cozening of tailors, and the praises of the black leather bottle. What is read here, in fact, is just such a farrago as would have been heard by a frequent loungee in the old London taverns. There is a smell of nappy ale in one’s nostrils, and a noise of roisterers in one’s ears, throughout the perusal.

The illustrations make, to our taste, the most entertaining part of the volume. Rude as the cuts are, there is a certain speaking quality in their postures, an *esprit* in their very woodenness, a *naïveté* in their ignorance of drawing and perspective, that are charming; their stiffnesses are those of Punch and Judy, their diminutiveness is puppet-like, and they frequently tell the story more quickly than does the text. “THE JOLLY WELSH WOMAN, Who, drinking at the Sign of the Crown in London, found a Spring in her Mugg, for Joy of

which hur Sung the praise of Old *England* resolving never to return to *Wales* again," is made far more interesting, with her smooth, long, old-maidish hair and melancholy features, as she hugs the huge tankard with a crone-like fondness. The captain stepping boldly off the globe, with his "Hey for Lubberland" (a new Cockayne, except that now it is roasted pigs instead of geese that go about crying, "Come, eat me"), gives us a new sense of the locality of that carnal paradise. The wonderfully black devil, with a stiff tail like a twisted harpoon, and evidently with the intentions of a very bad Bruin; pig-faced Miss Tannakin Skinker, the long-nosed lass, "dashing" the countenances of her suitors; Prince Rupert's aged monkey; the Cavalier, with his ribboned love-lock, his half-unbuttoned doublet and sleeves, his ruffled hosetops, big spurs, and horned boots,—a very modish figure; Mrs. Caudle giving her first Boulster Lecture to her mate, who vainly simulates slumber; the unfortunate maid who counted her chickens too soon,—all these, and others, have a kind of galvanic lifelikeness. With what a jaunty grace the valiant cook-maid prances off on her rocking-horse of a steed! With what a piteous and solemn patience the Anabaptist convert suffers himself to be dipped! How the beauty of Nell Gwynne's face is clouded under its grotesque patches, and with what meekness does the prince,

afterwards her royal lover, bend his head while the Scots (1651) hold "their young kinges nose to y^e grinstone"! Especially pathetic are the cuts delineating the death of Prince Rupert's famous white Lapland dog, Boy, who was slain at Marston Moor, near the field where, among the pre-Raphaelite bean plants, his master's head may be seen in hiding. Boy was believed to be supernatural, a witch, and there was great rejoicing over his poor corpse among the Parliament men; for his fall was gazetted far and wide.

There is one great defect in the volume. It is, as has been said, a book to be referred to, but not read; yet there is neither a table of contents nor an index. The omission, in such a case, is unpardonable. The historical value of the work is particularly lessened, since no one can possibly carry in his memory such disconnected and brief illustrations of the times, or find any one of them without a careful and tedious hunt. Mr. Dyer's Folk-Lore, on the contrary, contains an admirable and exhaustive index, and the matter itself is arranged in a very plain and systematic way, with many sub-titles and cross-references. Both volumes are valuable contributions to the history of the common people; but from their fragmentary nature, only a very incomplete and piecemeal idea of their contents can be given in the space at our disposal.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE present discussions about ancient and modern languages in education are likely to revive a sort of assertion, which turns up now and then, as to the comparative advantages of one language over another, for purposes of conversation, oratory, science, etc. It was un-

doubtedly the fashion, within the memory of living men, to set down English as vastly inferior to the Continental languages in copiousness and in neatness; and this verdict was meekly accepted by Englishmen and Americans. I suspect that it has long since been set aside

as against evidence; and I believe that exceptions might be taken to the rulings of many of the older judges in the case. At all events, it is amusing that just about the time when the Germans began to revolt most against the intrusive French element in their language, French began to open its doors to a quantity of English words. But I was struck, the other day, with a curious awkwardness in French expression, arising from grammatical forms, which may have its precise parallel in our own language, though I have not yet detected one. I find the labels of two esteemed French wine houses reading, respectively, "Cruse et Fils Frères" and "Les Fils de Victor Jacqueminot," which we translate, "Cruse and Sons" and "Victor Jacqueminot's Sons;" the point being that "Cruse et Fils" and "Jacqueminot Fils" might mean one son, as well as many, and, the plural being the same as the singular, what seem to us singularly roundabout phrases have to be adopted. I should like, however, to see "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" adequately translated into English, so as to look well on a signboard.

A superior French scholar called my attention to what appeared to be a novelty to him, that there is no proper French word for *to stand*. I explained it to him as resulting from the absorption of *sto* into *sum*; *stabam* in French becomes *étais*, and *stare* becomes *être*. But why should this be necessary in French, when Italian can still keep *stare* in its original sense, after making *stato* = "been"?

In modern French *froidement* is an adverb in constant use to describe a certain manner in conversation. I was much perplexed by it as long as I translated it "coldly," for it evidently was used of people who were quite cordial to those they were answering. But is "coolly" much better? Would "composedly" be right, in most cases, or "calmly"? Can the difficulty be that

froidement expresses the ordinary unnoticed manner of our race, and that therefore we have no special phrase to describe it at all!

I say "our race." One is often put to it for a word to include English and Americans alike. "Anglo-Saxon" and "English-speaking" are both used, and both are unsatisfactory. But surely, no coinage ever exceeded in awkwardness the late Dr. Lieber's "Anglican tribe."

— I was very much interested in Octave Thanet's story, *The Bishop's Vagabond*, in the January Atlantic, and still more in the reproduction of the "Cracker" dialect of South Carolina, which is on the whole very good; but I am sure that no Cracker would recognize some sounds as his own. I have just questioned several South Carolinians, one from near Aiken, with regard to the sounds to which I shall call attention, and not one recognized them as genuine reproductions. Nearly everybody about Aiken will of course say *cyar*, *gyarden*, etc.; but this breaking regularly occurs, I think, only when *c* and *g* come before *ar*. No person in South Carolina, Cracker or otherwise, will accept *cyant*, *cyould*, *cyoffin*, *no'cyount*, *cyoop*, as reproductions of any native sounds, while *wyould* is impossible for anybody. The Cracker would say neither *cyoop* nor *coop*, but *coob*; nor would he say (for *sure*) either *shoo'* or *suah*, but always *sho'*. *Suah* is a very good rendering of a sound common among classes above the Cracker. A Cracker would say, I think, "I'm gwine ter do it," but never, "What hev you gwine and done?" that is, *gwine* for *going*, but not for *gone*. He would say, not *real*, but *r'al*; not *yes'day*, but *yis-tiddy*; not *mahnin'* (morning), but *mawn-in'*, just as he is made to say, correctly, *bawn* (born) and *Lawd* (Lord). I do not believe that any amount of assumed dignity in the presence of guests of "quality" would bring from him "*alight*,

light," but "light, 'light;" nor would he be likely to say, even on such an occasion, *potatoes*; the most that could be expected of him would be *pertaters*, while ordinarily he would say *'taters*. Certainly, not one Cracker in ten thousand would say *afternoon*, but always *evenin'*. Afternoon is little used by any class in South Carolina. The word *chipper*, in Deming's mouth, is protected only by the admission of the writer that "even his dialect is no longer pure South Carolinian; it is corrupted by Northern slang;" but this remark will not apply to the other words to which I call attention, for they are not slang. Under no circumstances could a Cracker be expected to say *Carolina*, but always *South C'liny* or *South C'lina*; and I believe that *hev*, *hed*, and *thet* are unknown in the Cracker dialect, as well as any other in South Carolina; for if there is any shibboleth for the South Carolinian of any degree, it is the *a* sound (as in *fan*). The negroes from the coast do say *tek* (take), or something very like it, but I do not think the Crackers ever do.

— I am sorry to find in the Contributors' Club for October an article which was evidently written in haste, and which is obviously a mistake throughout.

The contributor proposes to "lighten the labor of reading by calling the attention of writers to some of the much-neglected notes of that ancient worthy, Goold Brown," and quotes from memory the following: "When the definitive words, *the one*, *the other*, are used, the former [one] must refer to the second of the antecedent terms, and the latter [other] to the antecedent term which was used first."

I am somewhat familiar with Goold Brown, and with other leading authorities on the structure of the English language, but I know of no such rule as the one above. Undoubtedly the contributor had in mind the following, which I quote from Brown's Gram-

mar of English Grammars: "When the pronominal adjectives *this* and *that*, or *these* and *those*, are contrasted, *this* or *these* should represent the latter of the antecedent terms, and *that* or *those* the former."

To prove his "a simple rule and a reasonable," the contributor says, "We point with the mental index-finger to that thing lying nearest us, which is *the one* last named, and motion with a broader sweep of gesture to that which lies farther from us, the thing first mentioned, *the other*."

This reasoning is good when applied to *this* and *that*; but *other*, when used in correlation with *one*, means *the second of two*. *One* and *other*, referring to things previously mentioned, simply mean *first* (one) and *second* (other).

This interpretation of these terms, I believe, accords with the teaching of the professional grammarians and with the usage of the best writers. I am not surprised that the contributor has no difficulty in quoting, in violation of his rule, such authorities as The Atlantic, Sterling, and Emerson.

— There seems to be a popular belief in the law of the attraction of opposites as applying in the matter of love and friendship, — a law supposed to be based on induction, according to the true method of science. But is it not simply one of those formulæ which is true when it is true, and no oftener? Does the appeal to experience prove any more here than it does when made use of by believers in what are called "special providences," who have a way of calling to witness this or that special fact, which is held to confirm their theory, while they persistently disregard the more general facts, which lie right beside the particular one, and contradict the inference it is desired to draw from it? Opposite natures do attract each other, there is no doubt: a man of phlegmatic temper sometimes finds an irresistible fascination in a woman whose gay vivacity cheers and

stimulates him like sunshine and the birds' song ; or, again, it is the sanguine, buoyant-natured man who is mated happily with a wife whose serious and discreet mind is the balance-wheel insuring the safe running of the household machine. Indisputably, there is an attraction, sometimes difficult to account for, between persons of contrasted natures ; nevertheless, a nice observation will often show, I think, that dissimilarities between husbands and wives or between intimate friends are superficial, while the strength of the mutual attraction resides in an underlying likeness. A marriage which is truly such, or a serious friendship, involves a very close intercourse, which to be sustained must rest on certain deep moral affinities, — if there be also intellectual affinities, the union or communion will be stronger still ; but such are not necessary, as the former are. Circumstances may play their part, and an important one, in the formation of our friendships or the selection of our life-mates ; but among persons of any depth of character, choice as well as chance has to do with the matter, although the choice be often rather instinctive than deliberate. My opinions may agree or disagree with those of my friend ; my sentiments may or may not correspond always and exactly with his ; but that he should not be destitute of ideas and sentiments seems indispensable, if we are to find lasting satisfaction in companionship. The closer the bond, the more it becomes a spiritual or emotional one ; the older we grow, the more we find that the stable affection our friend cherishes for us is precious above any mere similarity of tastes, pursuits, etc., there may be between us, while at the same time we may perhaps remember that it was the delight of sharing these that drew us together in the beginning. The ready sympathy which springs up between high and noble minds, and draws them into lifelong union has its counterpart, I believe, in

the mutual attraction of shallower natures. There is a tacit comprehension between such ; and whatever their external, superficial contrast, their mere negativity of character becomes the tie, which is as real, in its way, as that uniting characters of positive weight and worth. A further evidence of the truth of this view of the matter seems to be the fact that each of us finds it possible to maintain an intimate friendship with persons who differ greatly from each other in many respects. My friend A may be of an emotional nature, while B is reserved and chary of expressions of regard : the former is intellectually quick and fine, the latter of a slow and solid order of mind. Superficially, the two are most unlike, and yet I, who stand between, the friend of both, am aware of that in each of them which is the source of my deepest feeling for them, and which, should opportunity for acquaintance offer, would bind them together, as they are now separately bound to me.

— I wish to describe a beautiful form of aquatic life lately seen upon one of our Western rivers. To my eye, it was the most conspicuous object in sight ; with its presence it honored and idealized the stream, and made the moment in which it was seen seem worthy of remembrance. A figure all curves and grace, as befits whatever lives in the suave communion of waters ; pure white, like a drift of new-fallen snow kept by enchantment from melting, it moved without starting a ripple or leaving the slightest wake, while itself and its mirrored image "floated double." I may have wished it would rise from the water, that I might see the spread of its wings and the manner of its flight, but in this I was not to be gratified. It had the appearance of sleep ; and as neither head nor neck could be seen, these were, doubtless, folded under its wing. If it had come as a migrant from distant regions, it was now resting oblivious of its

long voyage. Fancy suggested that the poetry of its motion be set to the music of a swan-song. To what island of rushes, or to what bare sandy margin, would it at last come to die, — to dissolve in the sun and the wind, leaving only a pinch of yellow-white dust, which the least breath might scatter away? Was I perhaps mistaken as to the spe-

cies of this water-fowl? I looked again, and saw that it was one of the brood fledged in storm at the foot of the mill-dam. Air and water were its parents, and its whole substance but a drift of foam. A wild, white swan it was (such as no fowler ever snared or shot), sailing solitary and beautiful down the amber-colored river.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Criticism. Mr. Palgrave's now classic *Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language* has received a continuation, embracing selections from the works of recent and living English poets, by John Foster Kirk. (Lippincott.) Mr. Kirk, in his admirable preface, shows that he clearly apprehends the limitations which Mr. Palgrave accepted; he has not touched the original work, but has simply added a fifth book, which represents the lyrical work of the last half century, and is dominated by Tennyson. Since Wordsworth closed Mr. Palgrave's book, we have here the next great poetic epoch; for Mr. Kirk has disregarded Mr. Palgrave's rule to admit the work of the dead only. The book contains only English verse, and is a valuable sequel. — *A Day in Athens with Socrates* (Scribners) is a little volume consisting of translations from the Protagoras and the Republic of Plato. The translation is in excellent English, and an interesting introduction brings the subject of the work out of the range of bare scholasticism into that of current thought. — A curiosity of literature appears in Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature, under the title of *The Güegüence*, a comedy-ballet in the Nahuatl-Spanish dialect of Nicaragua, edited by Daniel G. Brinton (Philadelphia). Mr. Brinton says that it is the only specimen known to him of the native American comedy. As the great progenitor, therefore, of American humor, it ought to receive careful attention; and such it would seem to need before the humor can be discovered. It is rough horse-play and certainly very curious, while the liberal annotations and vocabulary of the editor supply all necessary help to those who would make a serious study of it. — In the *Riverside Literature Series* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), W. C. Gannett has prepared a helpful little *Studies in Longfellow*, outlines for schools, conversation classes, and home study. Mr. Gannett works upon a plan which he has already tested, and his manual will be found of essential service to those who make a study of poetry, and do not merely entertain themselves with it.

Science and Philosophy. Where did Life Begin? is a question asked by G. Hilton Scribner (Scribners), and answered by him in a brief monograph to the effect that it began in the Arctic zone; "and now," he closes, "cold and lifeless, wrapped in her snowy winding sheet, the once fair mother of us all rests in the frozen embrace of an ice-bound and everlasting sepulchre." The book is a small one, and is written so clearly and even picturesquely that one at all interested in such subjects will not lay it down until he has finished it.

History and Politics. *O Abolitionismo*, by Joaquim Nabuco (Abraham Kingdon & Co., London), deals with the subject as related to Brazilian history. — *Anecdotes of the Civil War in the United States*, by Brevet Major-General E. D. Townsend (Appleton), is an entertaining collection of stories, told in a simple, unaffected manner in print by one who has told them often by word of mouth. The absence of egotism on the part of the narrator adds to the general air of truthfulness. — *The History of Democracy* considered as a party name and as a political organization, by Jonathan Norcross (Putnam's), is an arraignment of the Democratic party in the United States, with scarcely a reference to the fundamental article in the Democratic creed, state-rights, and certainly with no examination of it. — *Mrs. Darling's Letters* (John W. Lovell Co., New York) is a collection of letters written by Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, who will be recognized as having made persistent claims upon the United States for losses incurred during the rebellion. The letters, addressed to Judge Norton and various people, not only cover the matter of her claim, but relate many personal adventures before, during, and after the war. — *A Sketch of the Life and Times and Speeches of Joseph E. Brown*, by Herbert Fielder (Springfield Printing Co., Springfield, Mass.). This is a conglomerate volume, which belongs here rather than under biography. It begins with a description of Georgia, followed by a chapter of reminiscences by Mr. Brown, who was governor of Georgia. Governor Brown's early life is sketched, apparently by Mr.

Fielder; and then there comes the bulk of this large volume in the shape of documents, letters, and narratives, relating chiefly to the Confederate movements so far as Georgia was concerned. An appendix gives Governor Brown's speeches when U. S. Senator. The book contains material for history.

Biography. A Memorial, with Reminiscences, Historical, Personal and Characteristic, of John Farmer, A. M., is the title of a little volume in which an old friend, John Le Bosquet, has portrayed the New Hampshire antiquarian in an affectionate and interesting manner. He is not above telling the color of Dr. Farmer's trousers, but with all the homeliness of the reminiscences there is also a tender and true perception of the nobility of the character.

Poetry. Those who like snatches of poetry from unexpected sources should possess themselves of a little volume, *Rhymes of a Barrister*. (Little, Brown & Co.) It has only eighty pages, can be read in less time than the evening paper takes, and will leave upon the ear the pleasant music of some melodious songs, some clever bits of translation, and some deft lines. — Mr. George Lunt's Poems (Cupples, Upham & Co.) are set to a variety of keys, and have a freedom and ease which make them easily read. He is a somewhat belated singer, one feels constrained to say, coming in these latter days with his unhappy views of a nation which has staggered through a civil war and is hard at work upon many designs of national well-being. Not that poetry is not sometimes good for reproof, but Mr. Lunt's reproofing poetry seems aimed at retrospective evils. — *The Nazarene*, by George H. Calvert. (Lee & Shepard.) — *The Happy Isles and other Poems* by S. H. M. Byers (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a tasteful little volume of agreeable poems, in which the sentiment is unstrained and the measure is musical for the most part. — *A Royal Pastoral*, and other Poems, by John Gosse (E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), is a medley of poems, religious, satirical, sentimental, didactic, lyrical, humorous, in which the author lets loose his mind, not especially freighted with wisdom or poetry.

Hygiene and Domestic Life. Voice, Song, and Speech, a Practical Guide for Singers and Speakers, from the combined view of Vocal Surgeon and Voice Trainer, by Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke (Putnams), is an octavo volume, illustrated by wood-engravings and photographs, in which the two authors, representing the two sides of the subject, have united to give the physiological foundation and the experimental application. — *For Mothers and Daughters*, a manual of hygiene for women and the household, by Mrs. E. G. Cook, M. D. (Fowler & Wells), contains the customary admonitions and advice. — *A Bachelor's Talks about Married Life and things adjacent*, by William Aikman (Fowler & Wells), is a series of chapters upon the minor morals of the home, sensible though rather wordy.

Art. Mr. Edward Armitage's Lectures on Painting, delivered to the students of the Royal Academy, have been published (Putnams), and have the

attractiveness which belongs to the half-formal, half-familiar talk of an artist of experience. Mr. Armitage mingles history, criticism, and practical advice. It is a pity that so agreeable and otherwise useful a book should lack an index.

Fiction. Jackanapes, by Juliana Horatia Ewing, with illustrations by Randolph Caldecott (S. P. C. K., London, E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), is a mannered and yet sincere little story of English village life at the close of the last century. It is a trifle, less than fifty pages, but written with great care. — *Topelius's Surgeon's Stories* (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) is continued by the publication of the Times of Charles XII. The fiction by which a family group listens to stories and interrupts them with questions gives a continuity to the series, but somewhat interferes with the flow of the narrative. — *Hope's Heart Bells*, a romance by Mrs. S. L. Oberhaltzer (Lippincott), is a story of which the characters are for the most part Quakers, but the Quaker element scarcely goes beyond the use of *thee*. A parcel of boys and girls are shaken together, and after some three hundred pages come out young men and young women, but some juvenile traits cling to them. — Under the title of *The Crusaders* (Peabody, Macey & Co., New York), Emma R. Norton has written a story of the Women's Temperance movement of 1873-74, which is in the main a series of conversations between women engaged in the crusade and the men whom they attempted to influence. It is, from its nature, a very religious work. — *Morning News Library* is the title of a fiction series issued by J. H. Estill, Savannah, Georgia; the eighteenth number is entitled *The Rescue*, a Virginia story, by Miss Janey B. Hope; the Virginia is that of the middle of the last century. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library the latest numbers which we have received are *All in a Garden Fair*, the simple story of three boys and a girl, by Walter Besant; *A Noble Wife*, by John Saunders; *Adrian Bright*, by Mrs. Caddy; *A Great Heiress*, by R. E. Francillon; *Jenifer*, by Annie Thomas; *Annan Water*, by Robert Buchanan; *An April Day*, by Philippa Prittie Jephson; *Round the Galley Fire*, a collection of sea sketches and stories; and *The Millionaire*.

Books for Young People. The Boys of Thirty-Five, a story of a seaport town, is a bright reminiscence, thrown into boy-story form, of Portland, under the disguise of Landsport, by E. H. Elwell (Lee & Shepard). One does not need to have been a Down-Easter to enjoy the rough heartiness of the book. — *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of American History*, by Charlotte M. Yonge and H. Hastings Weld (Appleton), is a series of stories in which the United States, Canada, Mexico, Peru, and other American states are run together in a queer fashion. The Aunt follows commonly received authorities and the Church of England in her treatment of the country. The book is colorless rather than impartial, but it has the advantage of being written in good English. It would not be difficult to follow after and show where the Aunt has been misled, but the general truthfulness is of the most account.

